Light and Life Songs No. 3

Light and Life Songs No. 3

James E. Campbell

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, SOCIAL WORSHIP, CAMP MEETINGS AND REVIVAL SERVICES

WILLIAM B. OLMSTEAD, Editor

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PREFACE

THIS collection will form the third volume of Light and Life Songs, first published in 1904.

The two numbers of the series now before the public have met with most favorable reception, especially from those who have desired suitable songs for Sunday-schools, Gospel Services and Prayer Meetings.

Much care has been exercised in the selection now presented, that the same standard of excellence which characterized the two preceding volumes should also be found in Light and Life Songs, No. 3.

That the Spirit of song may attend the use of this collection, is the prayer of

THE PUBLISHER

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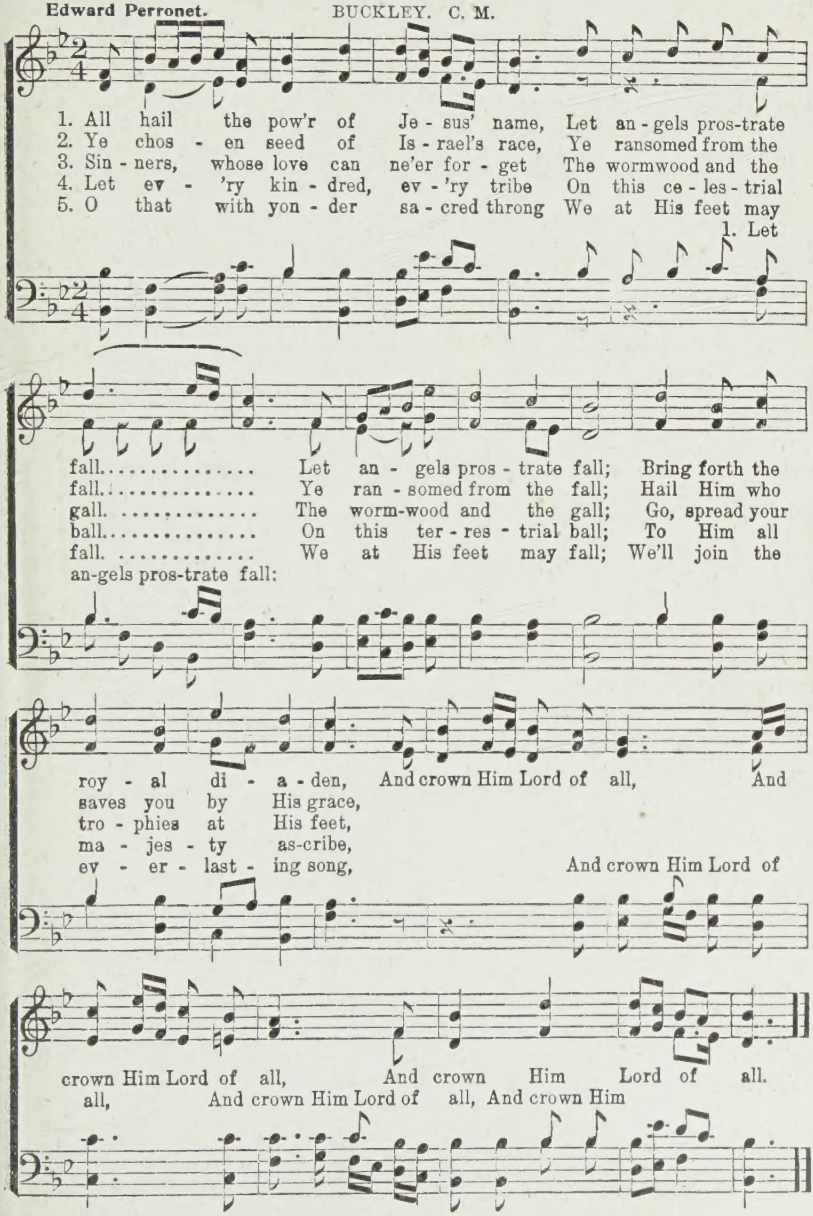
Light and Life Songs.

Number Three.

1

All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. BUCKLEY. C. M.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ce - les - trial
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may
1. Let
fall..... Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the
fall..... Ye ran - somed from the fall; Hail Him who
gall..... The worm-wood and the gall; Go, spread your
ball..... On this ter - res - trial ball; To Him all
fall..... We at His feet may fall; We'll join the
an-gels pros-trate fall:
roy - al di - a - den, And crown Him Lord of all, And
saves you by His grace,
tro - phies at His feet,
ma - jes - ty as-cribe,
ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of
crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all.
all, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him

He Careth for You.

1 PET. 5: 7.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. God pit - ies His chil - dren, He cares for His own
2. Do tri - als op - press you Too great to be borne?
3. God sees all your sor - row, He hears when you pray;
4. He'll nev - er for - sake you; Tho' far you may roam,

With love true and ten-der No mor-tal hath known. Wher-e'er you may
O think of the Suf-'rer En - cir-cled with thorn! Do loved ones you
By tears are you blind-ed? He'll point out the way. Per-plexed, do you
His love-light is shin - ing To wel-come you home. To Him who re-

wan - der, What-e'er you may do, O dear one, re - mem - ber, He
cher-ished Lie hid - den from view? One Friend yet re-main - eth Who
won - der What course to pur - sue? There's One who can guide you— He
deemed you Be loy - al and true; For He is your Sav - ior And

f REFRAIN. *p*

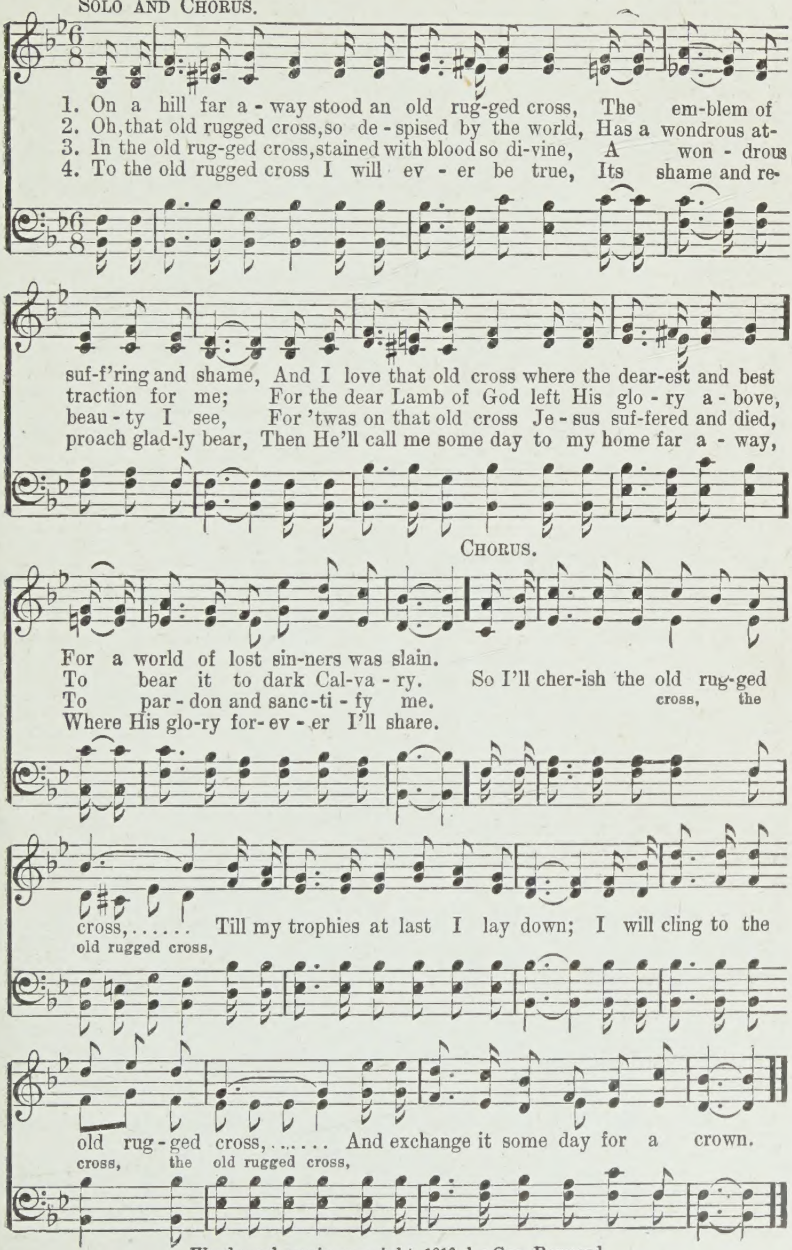
car-eth for you! He car - eth for you,..... He car - eth for
He car-eth for you, He
you;..... O dear one, re - member He car - eth for you!
careth for you;

The Old Rugged Cross.

The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—GAL. 6: 14.

G. B. Rev. GEO. BENNARD.

SOLO AND CHORUS.


1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won - drous
4. To the old rugged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-
suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
traction for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
beau - ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
proach glad-ly bear, Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,
CHORUS.
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal-va - ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
To par - don and sanc-ti - fy me. cross, the
Where His glo-ry for-ev - er I'll share.
cross,..... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rugged cross,
old rug - ged cross,..... And exchange it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rugged cross,

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Alone With God.

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gather'd o'er me? What tho' I've pass'd beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,
4. And when I see the moment nearing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
God's perfect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
I see the King in all his beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.
When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

CHORUS.

A-lone with God..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with
A-lone with God,

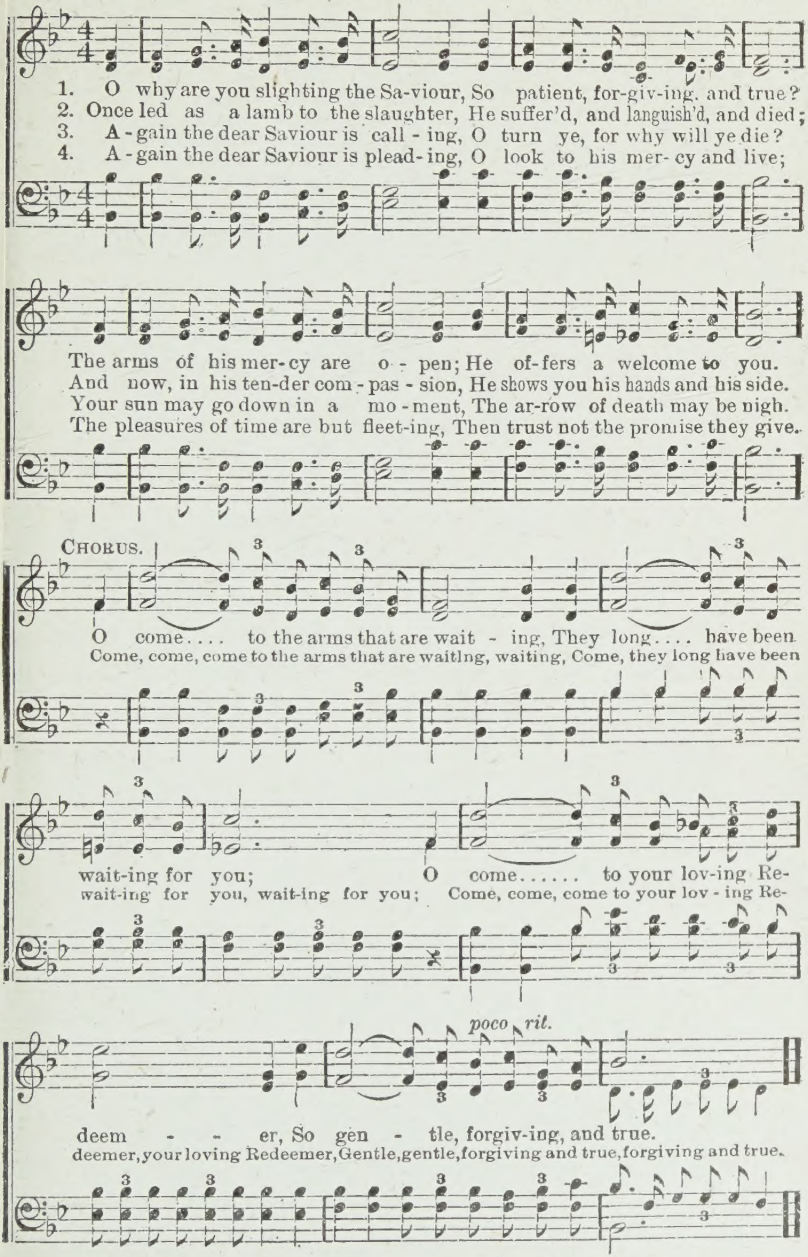
God,..... O blest re-treat! Alone with God,..... and in him
A-lone with God, Alone with God,

ritard.

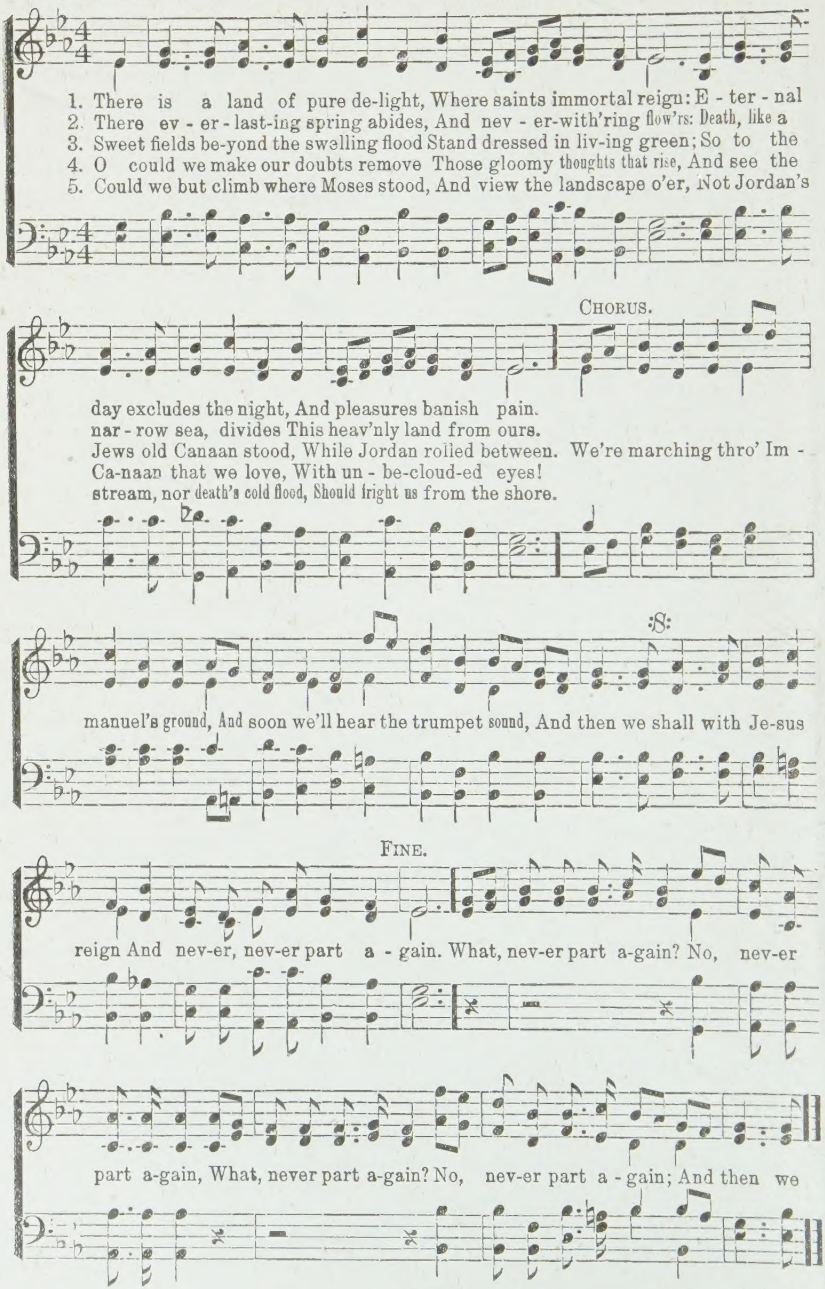
hid-den, To hold with him..... com-mun-ion sweet.
To hold with him

The Open Arms.

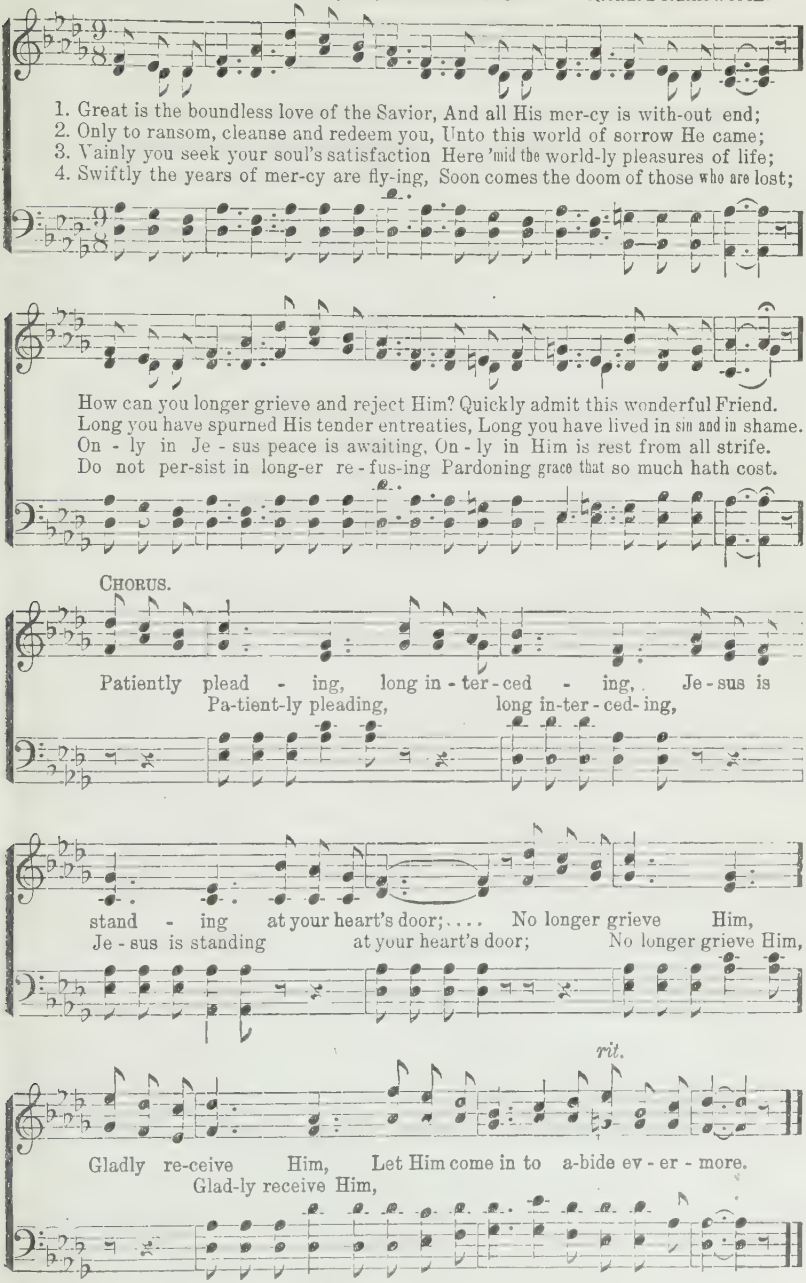
HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Copyright, 1912, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, renewal. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. O why are you slighting the Sa-viour, So patient, for-giv-ing, and true?
2. Once led as a lamb to the slaughter, He suffer'd, and languish'd, and died;
3. A-gain the dear Saviour is call-ing, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
4. A-gain the dear Saviour is plead-ing, O look to his mer-cy and live;
The arms of his mer-cy are o-pen; He of-fers a welcome to you.
And now, in his ten-der com-pas-sion, He shows you his hands and his side.
Your sun may go down in a mo-ment, The ar-row of death may be nigh.
The pleasures of time are but fleet-ing, Then trust not the promise they give.
CHORUS.
O come.... to the arms that are wait-ing, They long.... have been
Come, come, come to the arms that are waiting, waiting, Come, they long have been
wait-ing for you; O come..... to your lov-ing Re-
wait-ing for you, wait-ing for you; Come, come, come to your lov-ing Re-
poco rit.
deem - - er, So gen-tle, forgiv-ing, and true.
deemer, your loving Redeemer, Gentle, gentle, forgiving and true, forgiving and true.

Never Part Again.

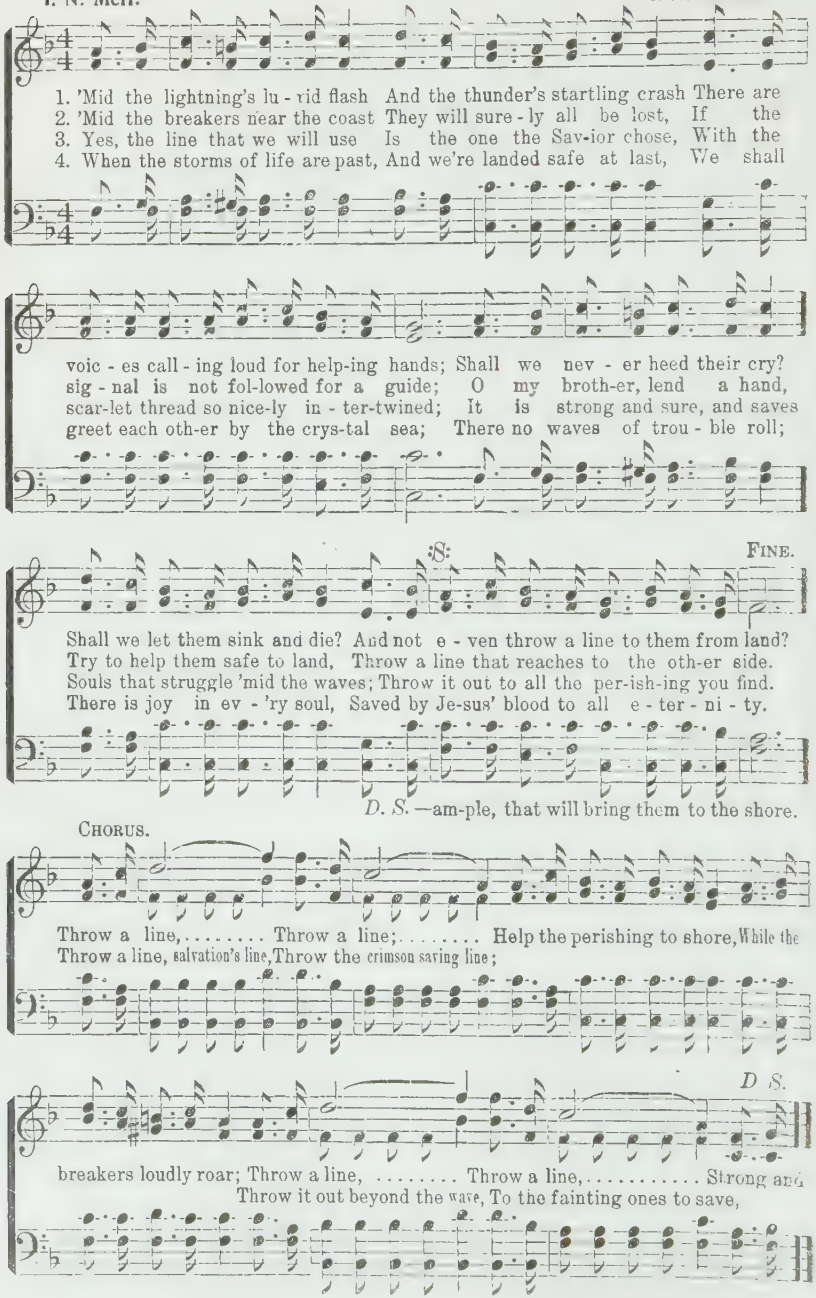
Isaac Watts.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign: E - ter - nal
2. There ev - er - last-ing spring abides, And nev - er-with'ring flow'rs: Death, like a
3. Sweet fields be-yond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green; So to the
4. O could we make our doubts remove Those gloomy thoughts that rise, And see the
5. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's
CHORUS.
day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
nar - row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. We're marching thro' Im -
Ca-naan that we love, With un - be-cloud-ed eyes!
stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.
:S:
manuel's ground, And soon we'll hear the trumpet sound, And then we shall with Je-sus
FINE.
reign And nev-er, nev-er part a - gain. What, nev-er part a-gain? No, nev-er
part a-gain, What, never part a-gain? No, nev-er part a - gain; And then we

Patiently Pleading.

Haldor Lillenas. Copyright, 1918, by W. B. Rose, Agent. Richard Hainsworth.

1. Great is the boundless love of the Savior, And all His mer-cy is with-out end;
2. Only to ransom, cleanse and redeem you, Unto this world of sorrow He came;
3. Vainly you seek your soul's satisfaction Here 'mid the world-ly pleasures of life;
4. Swiftly the years of mer-cy are fly-ing, Soon comes the doom of those who are lost;
How can you longer grieve and reject Him? Quickly admit this wonderful Friend.
Long you have spurned His tender entreaties, Long you have lived in sin and in shame.
On - ly in Je - sus peace is awaiting, On - ly in Him is rest from all strife.
Do not per-sist in long-er re - fus-ing Pardoning grace that so much hath cost.
CHORUS.
Patiently plead - ing, long in - ter - ced - ing, Je - sus is
Pa-tient-ly pleading, long in-ter - ced- ing,
stand - ing at your heart's door; .... No longer grieve Him,
Je - sus is standing at your heart's door; No longer grieve Him,
rit.
Gladly re-ceive Him, Let Him come in to a-bide ev - er - more.
Glad-ly receive Him,

Throw a Line.

I. N. McH. I. N. McHose.


1. 'Mid the lightning's lu - rid flash And the thunder's startling crash There are voic - es call - ing loud for help-ing hands; Shall we nev - er heed their cry?
2. 'Mid the breakers near the coast They will sure - ly all be lost, If the sig - nal is not fol-lowed for a guide; O my broth-er, lend a hand,
3. Yes, the line that we will use Is the one the Sav-ior chose, With the scar-let thread so nice-ly in - ter-twined; It is strong and sure, and saves
4. When the storms of life are past, And we're landed safe at last, We shall greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea; There no waves of trou - ble roll;
:8:
FINE.
Shall we let them sink and die? And not e - ven throw a line to them from land?
Try to help them safe to land, Throw a line that reaches to the oth-er side.
Souls that struggle 'mid the waves; Throw it out to all the per-ish-ing you find.
There is joy in ev - 'ry soul, Saved by Je-sus' blood to all e - ter - ni - ty.
D. S. —am-ple, that will bring them to the shore.
CHORUS.
Throw a line, ... Throw a line; . . . . . Help the perishing to shore, While the
Throw a line, salvation's line, Throw the crimson saving line;
D. S.
breakers loudly roar; Throw a line, ... Throw a line, ... Strong and
Throw it out beyond the wave, To the fainting ones to save,

'Twill Be Joy.

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Frank E. Roush. Haldor Lillenas.

1. When I cross the swelling tide, And the gates swing o - pen wide, 'Twill be joy to meet my Sav - ior first of all; When the saints my welcome sing,
2. When the cit - y I shall see, Where I'll spend e - ter - ni - ty, 'Twill be joy to meet my Sav - ior first of all; When I hear the an-gel throng
3. In that land of end-less day, Where all tears are wiped a - way, 'Twill be joy to meet my Sav - ior first of all; By the crys-tal riv - er side
4. When my life work here is done, And my star - ry crown is won, 'Twill be joy to meet my Sav - ior first of all; When I stand before the throne,

:S: FINE.

And the harps of heav - en ring, 'Twill be joy to meet my Savior first of all.
Sing the ev - er - last - ing song, 'Twill be joy to meet my Savior first of all.
Where the ransom'd hosts a-bide, 'Twill be joy to meet my Savior first of all.
Yon-der in my hap - py home, 'Twill be joy to meet my Savior first of all.

CHORUS.

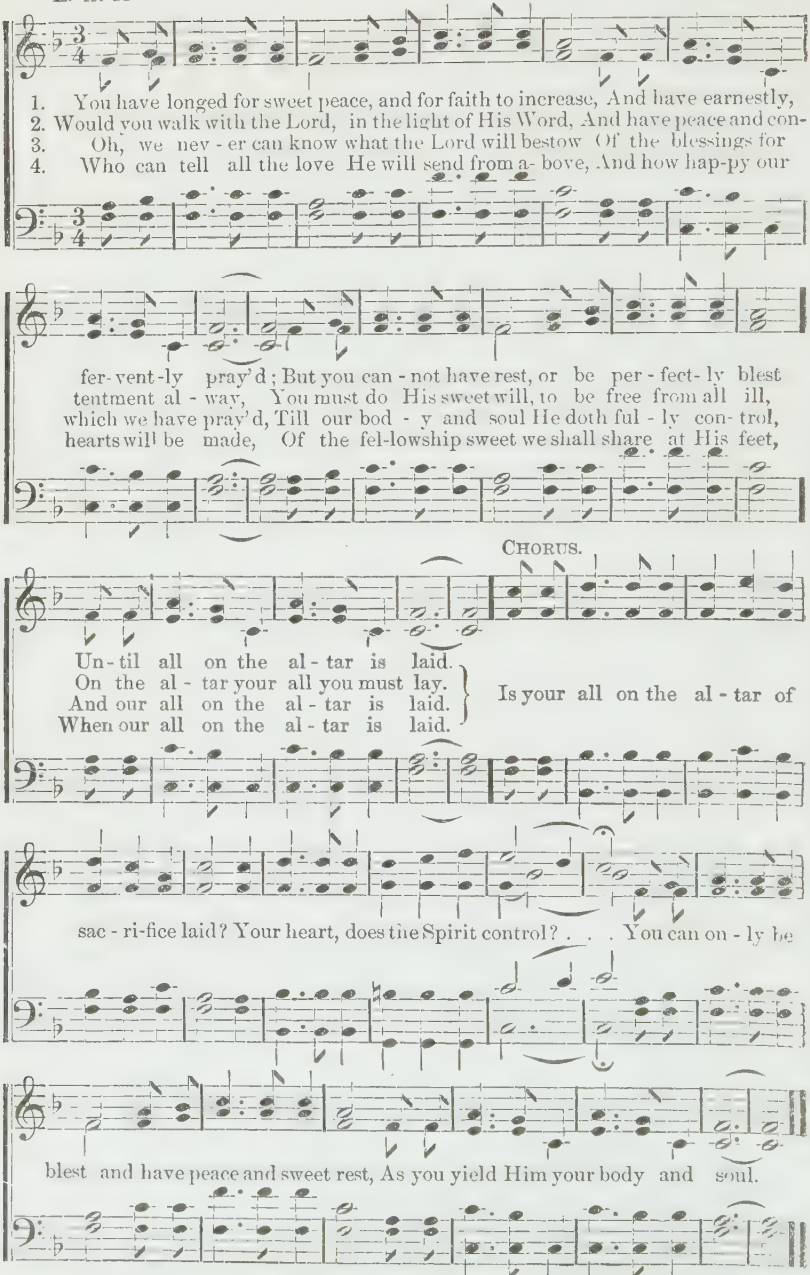
'Twill be joy, ... 'twill be joy, ... 'Twill be joy to meet my Savior first of all;
Won-der-ful joy, won-der-ful joy, Wonderful joy, wonderful joy,

D. S.

'Twill be joy, ... 'twill be joy, ...

Is Your All On the Altar?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have earnestly,
2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and con-
3. Oh, we nev - er can know what the Lord will bestow Of the blessings for
4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a- bove, And how hap-py our
fer- vent-ly pray'd; But you can - not have rest, or be per - fect- ly blest
tentment al - way, You must do His sweet will, to be free from all ill,
which we have pray'd, Till our bod - y and soul He doth ful - ly con- trol,
hearts will be made, Of the fel-lowship sweet we shall share at His feet,
CHORUS.
Un - til all on the al - tar is laid.
On the al - tar your all you must lay.
And our all on the al - tar is laid.
When our all on the al - tar is laid.
Is your all on the al - tar of
sac - ri-fice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit control? . . . You can on - ly be
blest and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your body and soul.

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13 When I Stand At the Judgment Bar.

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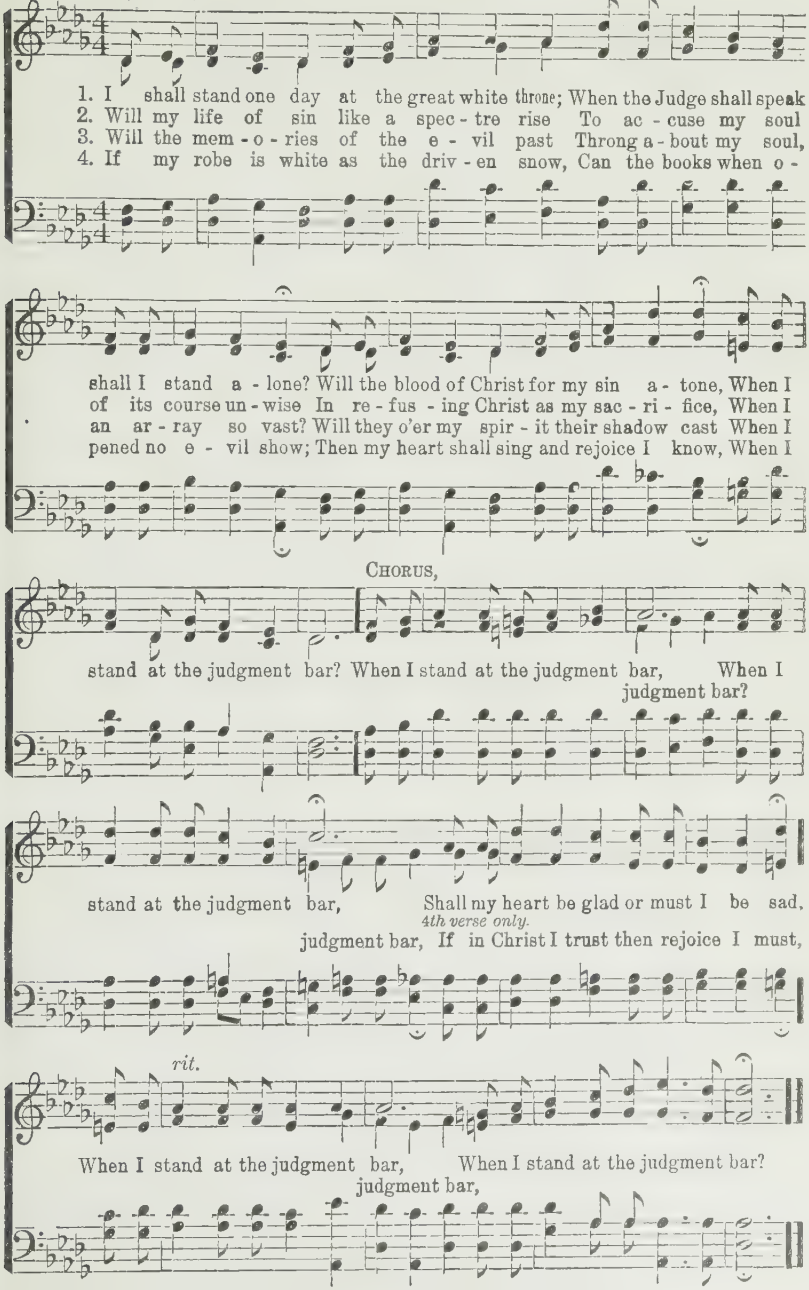
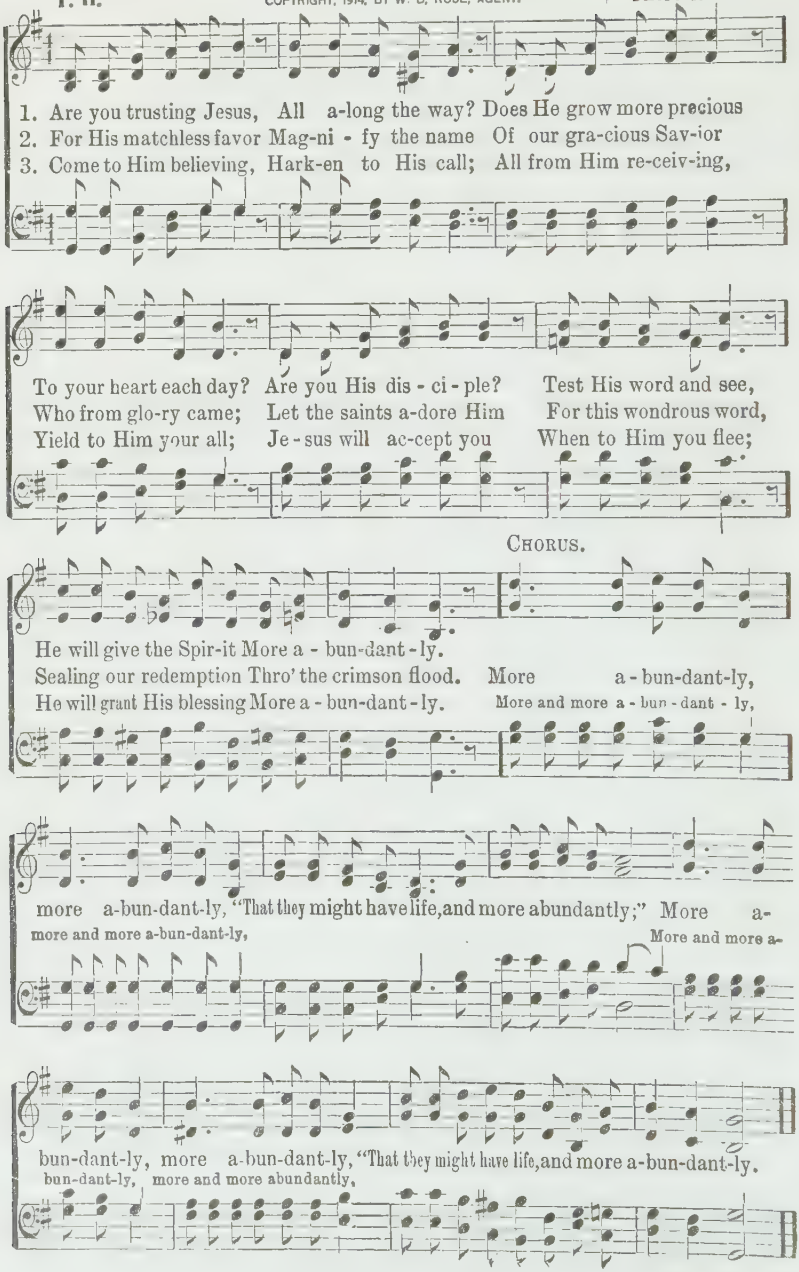

1. I shall stand one day at the great white throne; When the Judge shall speak
2. Will my life of sin like a spec - tre rise To ac - cuse my soul
3. Will the mem - o - ries of the e - vil past Throng a - bout my soul,
4. If my robe is white as the driv - en snow, Can the books when o -
shall I stand a - lone? Will the blood of Christ for my sin a - tone, When I
of its course un - wise In re - fus - ing Christ as my sac - ri - fice, When I
an ar - ray so vast? Will they o'er my spir - it their shadow cast When I
pened no e - vil show; Then my heart shall sing and rejoice I know, When I
Chorus,
stand at the judgment bar? When I stand at the judgment bar, When I
judgment bar?
stand at the judgment bar, Shall my heart be glad or must I be sad,
4th verse only.
judgment bar, If in Christ I trust then rejoice I must,
rit.
When I stand at the judgment bar, When I stand at the judgment bar?
judgment bar,

More Abundantly.

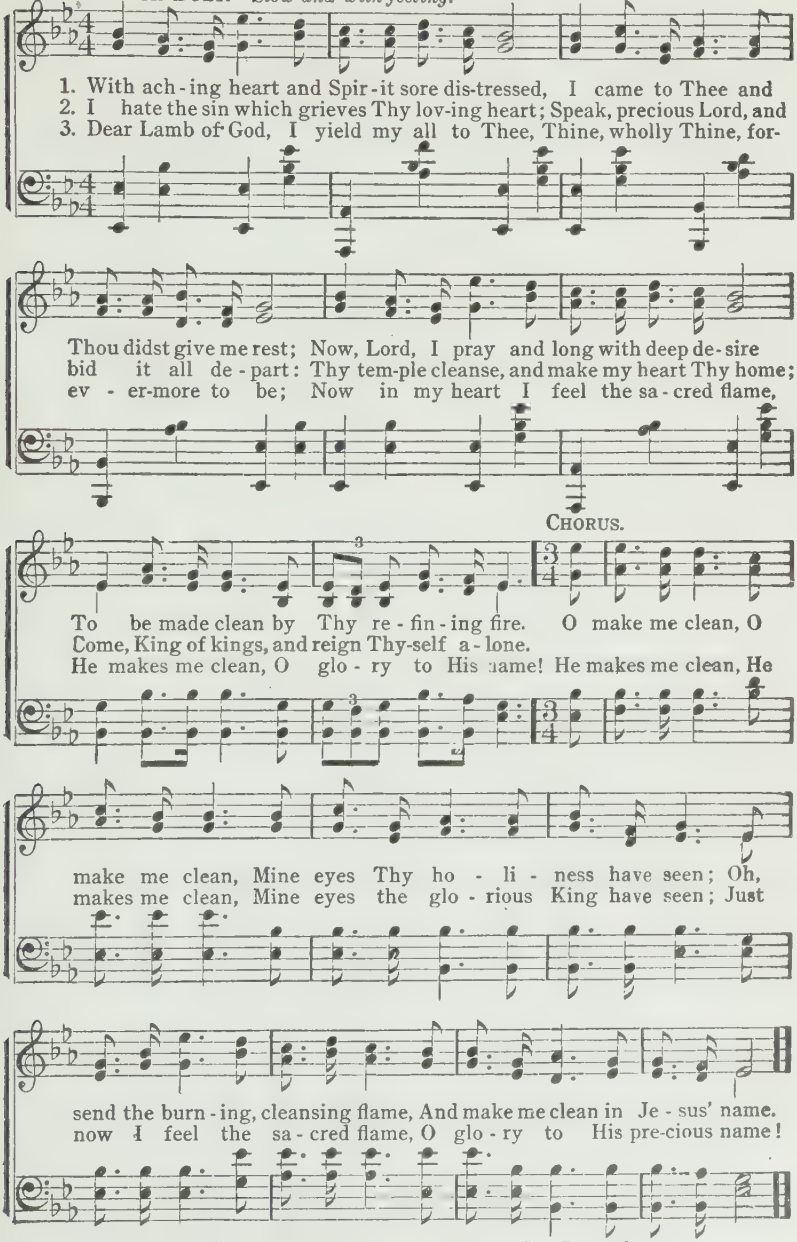
T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT. Thoro Harris.


1. Are you trusting Jesus, All a-long the way? Does He grow more precious
2. For His matchless favor Mag-ni - fy the name Of our gra-cious Sav-ior
3. Come to Him believing, Hark-en to His call; All from Him re-ceiv-ing,
To your heart each day? Are you His dis - ci - ple? Test His word and see,
Who from glo-ry came; Let the saints a-dore Him For this wondrous word,
Yield to Him your all; Je - sus will ac-cept you When to Him you flee;
CHORUS.
He will give the Spir-it More a - bun-dant - ly.
Sealing our redemption Thro' the crimson flood. More a - bun-dant-ly,
He will grant His blessing More a - bun-dant - ly.
More and more a - bun - dant - ly,
more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more abundantly;" More a-
more and more a-bun-dant-ly,
More and more a-
bun-dant-ly, more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more a-bun-dant-ly.
bun-dant-ly, more and more abundantly,

O Make Me Clean.

G. B. ISAIAH, 6:7. Rev. GEO. BENNARD.

SOLO OR DUET. *Slow and with feeling.*


1. With ach-ing heart and Spir-it sore dis-tressed, I came to Thee and
2. I hate the sin which grieves Thy lov-ing heart; Speak, precious Lord, and
3. Dear Lamb of God, I yield my all to Thee, Thine, wholly Thine, for-
Thou didst give me rest; Now, Lord, I pray and long with deep de-sire
bid it all de-part: Thy tem-ple cleanse, and make my heart Thy home;
ev-er-more to be; Now in my heart I feel the sa-cred flame,
CHORUS.
To be made clean by Thy re-fin-ing fire. O make me clean, O
Come, King of kings, and reign Thy-self a-lone.
He makes me clean, O glo-ry to His name! He makes me clean, He
make me clean, Mine eyes Thy ho-li-ness have seen; Oh,
makes me clean, Mine eyes the glo-rious King have seen; Just
send the burn-ing, cleansing flame, And make me clean in Je-sus' name.
now I feel the sa-cred flame, O glo-ry to His pre-cious name!

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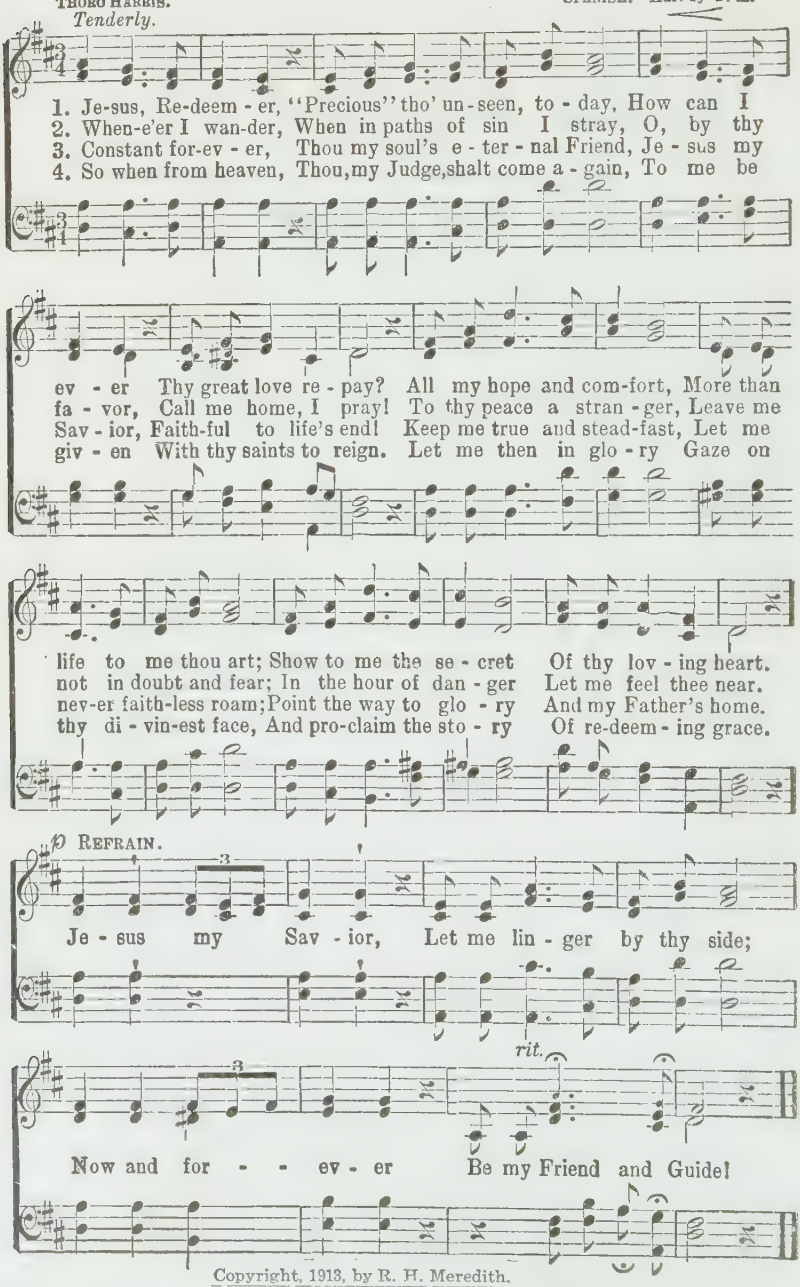
My Friend and Guide.

THORO HARRIS.

SPANISH. Har. by T. H.

Tenderly.


1. Je-sus, Re-deem - er, "Precious" tho' un - seen, to - day, How can I
2. When-e'er I wan-der, When in paths of sin I stray, O, by thy
3. Constant for-ev - er, Thou my soul's e - ter - nal Friend, Je - sus my
4. So when from heaven, Thou, my Judge, shalt come a - gain, To me be
ev - er Thy great love re - pay? All my hope and com-fort, More than
fa - vor, Call me home, I pray! To thy peace a stran - ger, Leave me
Sav - ior, Faith-ful to life's end! Keep me true and stead-fast, Let me
giv - en With thy saints to reign. Let me then in glo - ry Gaze on
life to me thou art; Show to me the se - cret Of thy lov - ing heart.
not in doubt and fear; In the hour of dan - ger Let me feel thee near.
nev-er faith-less roam; Point the way to glo - ry And my Father's home.
thy di - vin-est face, And pro-claim the sto - ry Of re-deem - ing grace.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus my Sav - ior, Let me lin - ger by thy side;
rit.
Now and for - - ev - er Be my Friend and Guide!

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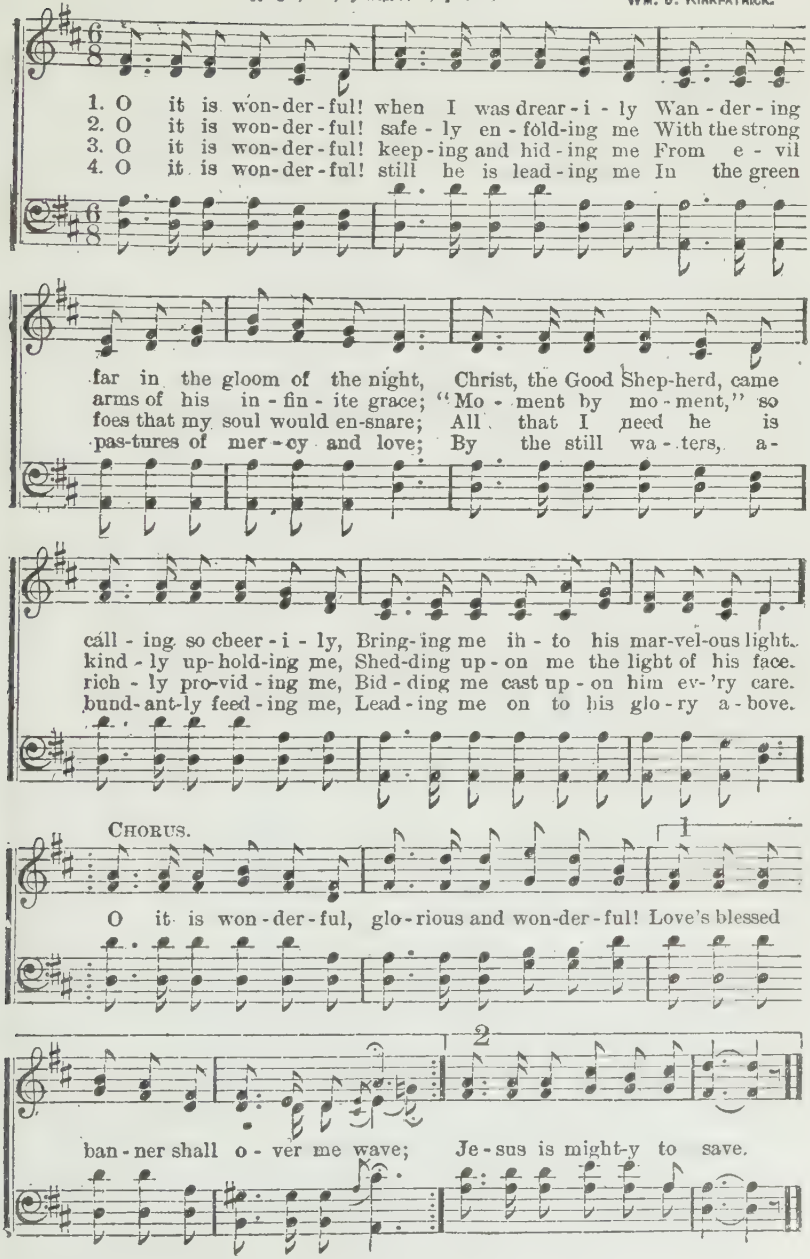
O It Is Wonderful.

E. E. Hewitt. Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O it is won-der-ful! when I was drear-i-ly Wan-der-ing
2. O it is won-der-ful! safe-ly en-fold-ing me With the strong
3. O it is won-der-ful! keep-ing and hid-ing me From e-vil
4. O it is won-der-ful! still he is lead-ing me In the green
far in the gloom of the night, Christ, the Good Shep-herd, came
arms of his in-fin-ite grace; "Mo-ment by mo-ment," so
foes that my soul would en-snare; All that I need he is
pas-tures of mer-cy and love; By the still wa-ters, a-
cáll-ing so cheer-i-ly, Bring-ing me in-to his mar-vel-ous light.
kind-ly up-hold-ing me, Shed-ding up-on me the light of his face.
rich-ly pro-vid-ing me, Bid-ding me cast up-on him ev-'ry care.
bund-ant-ly feed-ing me, Lead-ing me on to his glo-ry a-bove.
Chorus.
1
O it is won-der-ful, glo-rious and won-der-ful! Love's blessed
2
ban-ner shall o-ver me wave; Je-sus is might-y to save.

Somebody Ought! Will You?

L. F. J.

Copyright, 1909 by H. L. Gilmour.

LYMAN F. JACKSON.

1. There is some-bod-y near to you burden'd with sin, Whom some one should
2. There is some-body's heart that is burden'd with grief, In sad- ness and
3. There is some-bod-y who by temp-ta- tion is tried, Whom somebod-y's
4. There is some-bod-y troubled by doubt and by fear, And struggling a-

lead to the Sav - iour; Some-bod- y's cry should be heard in earth's din,
shad- ow he wan - ders; Some one should point him to Christ for re - lief,
ef-fort should strengthen; Some one should patient - ly of - fer to guide
lone in the dark- ness; Some-bod - y longs for a sweet word of cheer,

rit.

Someone should help him the vict'ry to win: May not that some one be you?
Time is fast fly-ing, and sure- ly is brief: May not that some one be you?
To the great Shepherd, the Christ cruci-fied: May not that some one be you?
Someone should tell that the Saviour is near: May not that some one be you?

CHORUS.

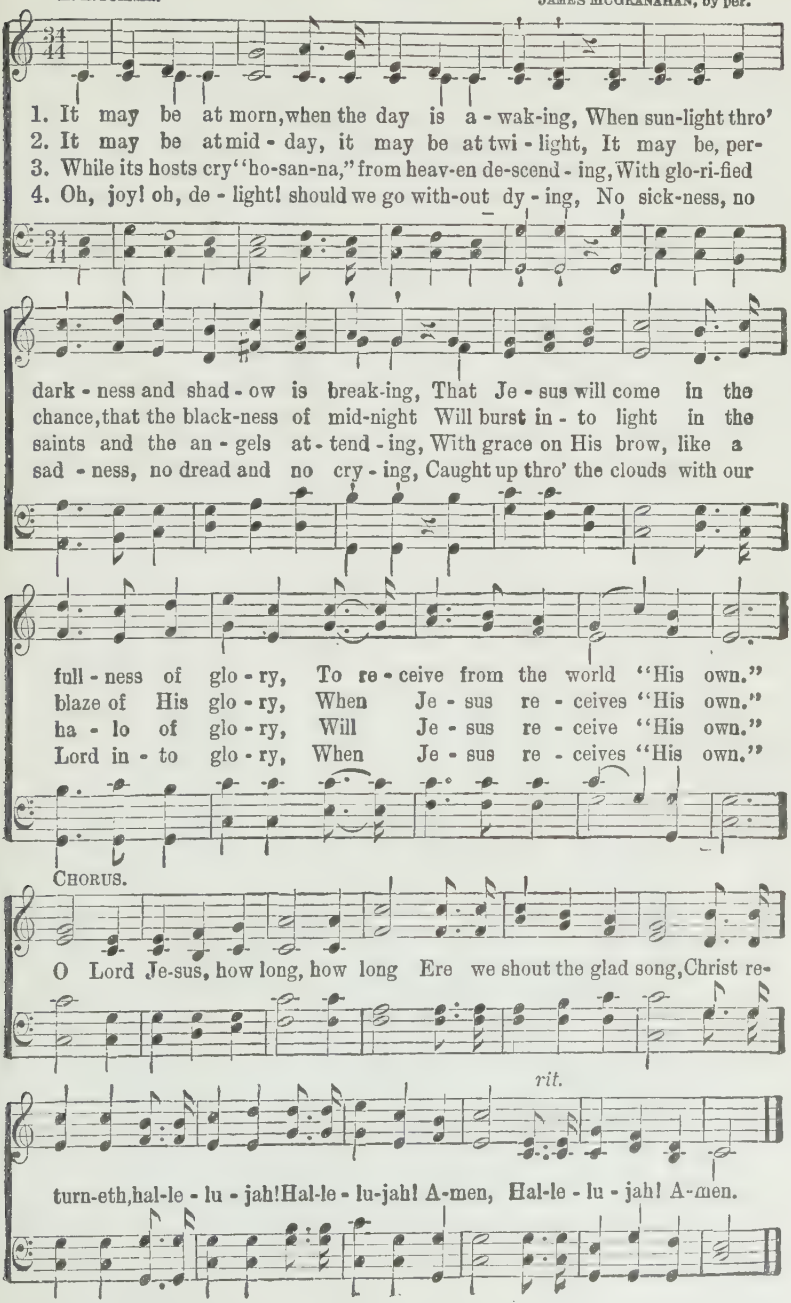
Somebody ought! will you, will you? Some bod-y ought! will you? Some one should
will you?

lead him to Je - sus the Saviour, O may not that some one be you?
be you?

Christ Returneth.

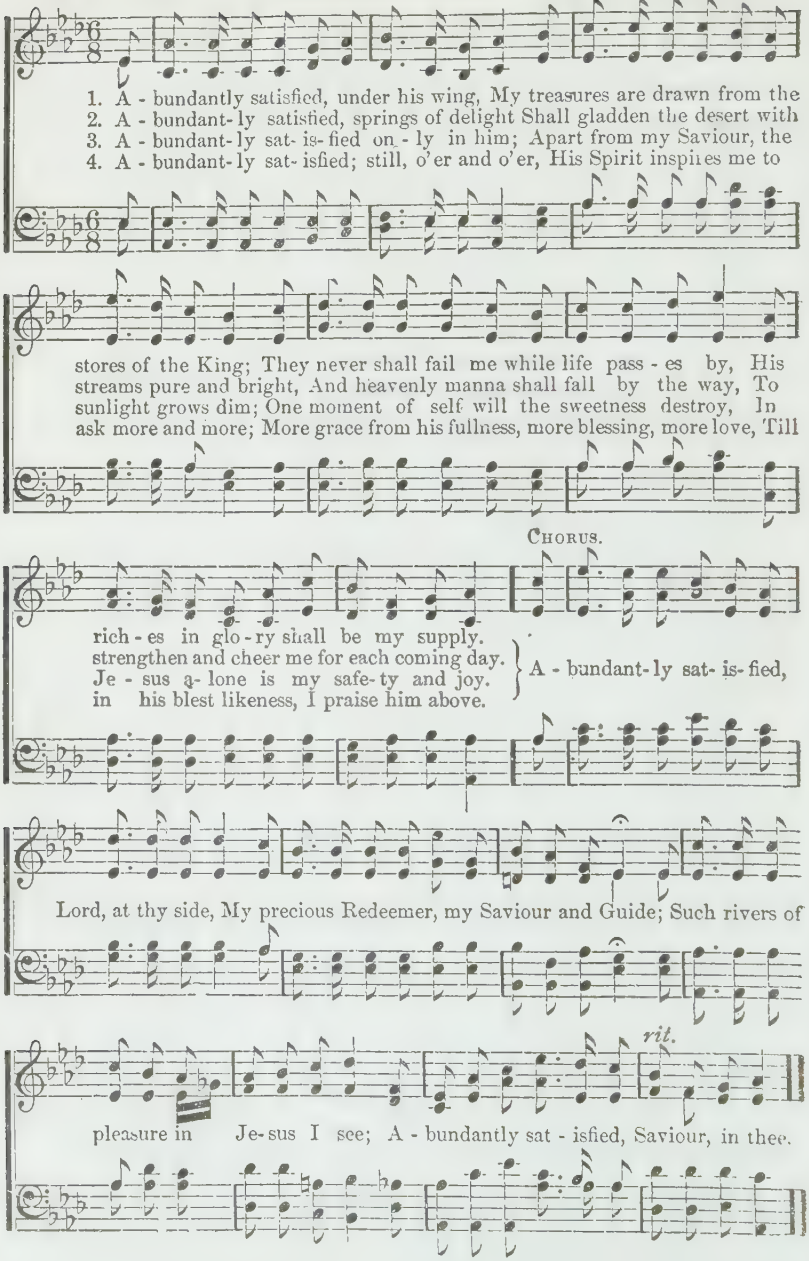
"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John 15: 3.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

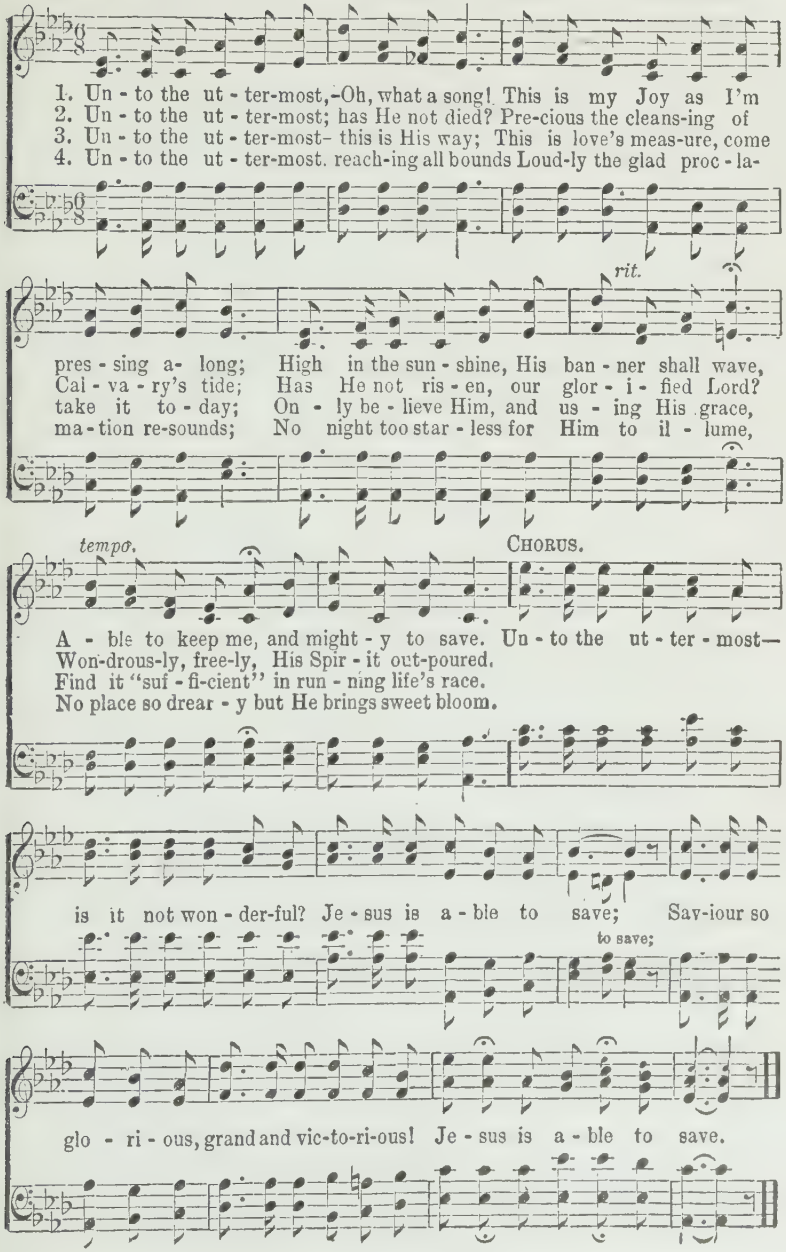

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak-ing, When sun-light thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry "ho-san-na," from heav-en de-scend - ing, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with-out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no
dark - ness and shad - ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the black-ness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our
full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
CHORUS.
O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-
rit.
turn-eth, hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le - lu - jah! A-men.

Abundantly Satisfied.

E. E. HEWITT. Copyright, 1901, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. A - bundantly satisfied, under his wing, My treasures are drawn from the
2. A - bundant-ly satisfied, springs of delight Shall gladden the desert with
3. A - bundant-ly sat- is- fied on - ly in him; Apart from my Saviour, the
4. A - bundant-ly sat- isfied; still, o'er and o'er, His Spirit inspires me to
stores of the King; They never shall fail me while life pass - es by, His
streams pure and bright, And heavenly manna shall fall by the way, To
sunlight grows dim; One moment of self will the sweetness destroy, In
ask more and more; More grace from his fullness, more blessing, more love, Till
CHORUS.
rich - es in glo - ry shall be my supply.
strengthen and cheer me for each coming day.
Je - sus a- lone is my safe-ty and joy.
in his blest likeness, I praise him above.
A - bundant-ly sat- is- fied,
Lord, at thy side, My precious Redeemer, my Saviour and Guide; Such rivers of
rit.
pleasure in Je-sus I see; A - bundantly sat - isfied, Saviour, in thee.

Unto the Uttermost.

E E. HEWITT. Copyright, 1914, by J. M. Harris. J M. HARRIS.

1. Un - to the ut - ter-most,-Oh, what a song! This is my Joy as I'm pres - sing a- long; High in the sun - shine, His ban - ner shall wave,
2. Un - to the ut - ter-most; has He not died? Pre-cious the cleans-ing of Cal - va - ry's tide; Has He not ris - en, our glor - i - fied Lord?
3. Un - to the ut - ter-most- this is His way; This is love's meas-ure, come take it to - day; On - ly be - lieve Him, and us - ing His grace,
4. Un - to the ut - ter-most. reach-ing all bounds Loud-ly the glad proc - la- ma - tion re-sounds; No night too star - less for Him to il - lume,
rit.
tempo.
CHORUS.
A - ble to keep me, and might - y to save. Un - to the ut - ter - most—
Won-drous-ly, free-ly, His Spir - it out-poured.
Find it "suf - fi-cient" in run - ning life's race.
No place so drear - y but He brings sweet bloom.
is it not won - der-ful? Je - sus is a - ble to save; Sav-iour so
to save;
glo - ri - ous, grand and vic-to-ri-ous! Je - sus is a - ble to save.

Harvest Fields Are Waiting.

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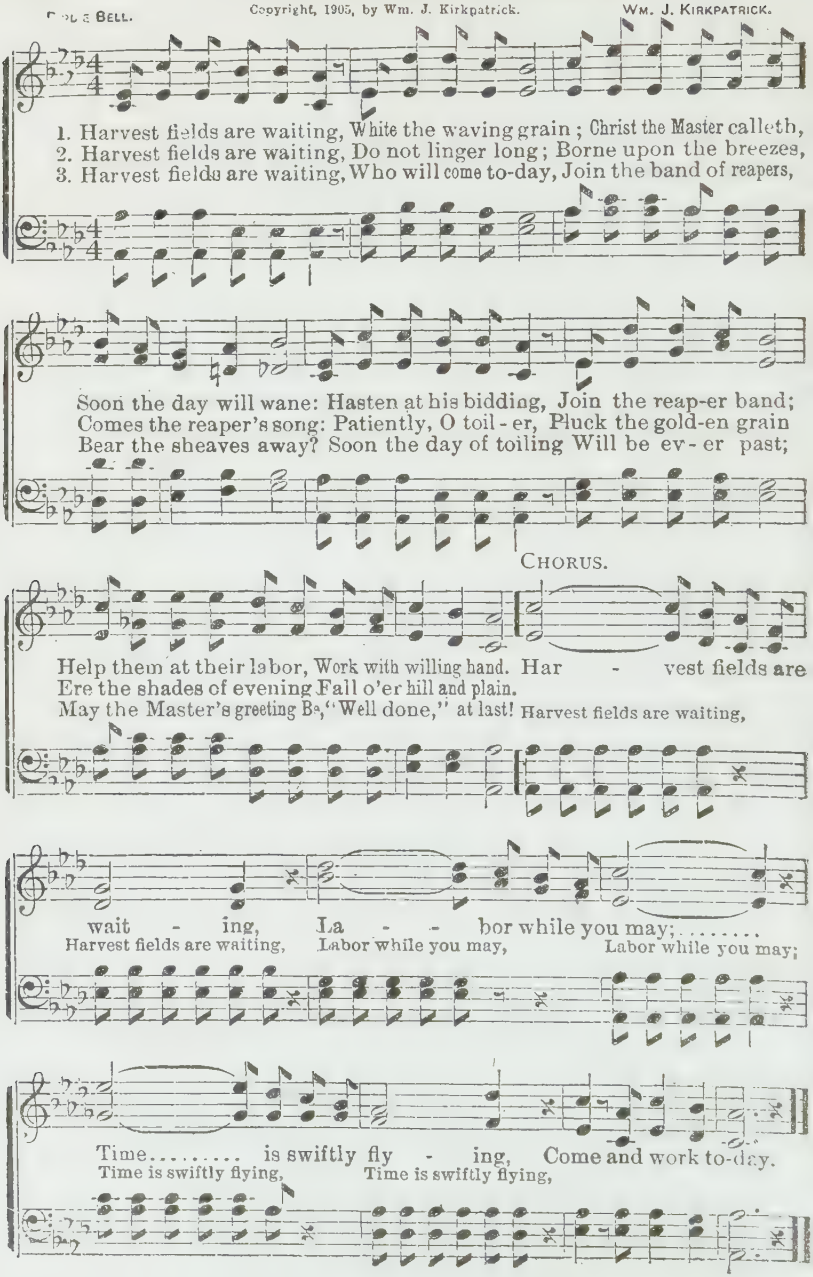
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Harvest fields are waiting, White the waving grain ; Christ the Master calleth,
2. Harvest fields are waiting, Do not linger long; Borne upon the breezes,
3. Harvest fields are waiting, Who will come to-day, Join the band of reapers,
Soon the day will wane: Hasten at his bidding, Join the reap-er band;
Comes the reaper's song: Patiently, O toil-er, Pluck the gold-en grain
Bear the sheaves away? Soon the day of toiling Will be ev-er past;
Chorus.
Help them at their labor, Work with willing hand. Har - vest fields are
Ere the shades of evening Fall o'er hill and plain.
May the Master's greeting Be, "Well done," at last! Harvest fields are waiting,
wait - ing, La - - bor while you may;.....
Harvest fields are waiting, Labor while you may, Labor while you may;
Time..... is swiftly fly - ing, Come and work to-day.
Time is swiftly flying, Time is swiftly flying,

As the Day Breaks.

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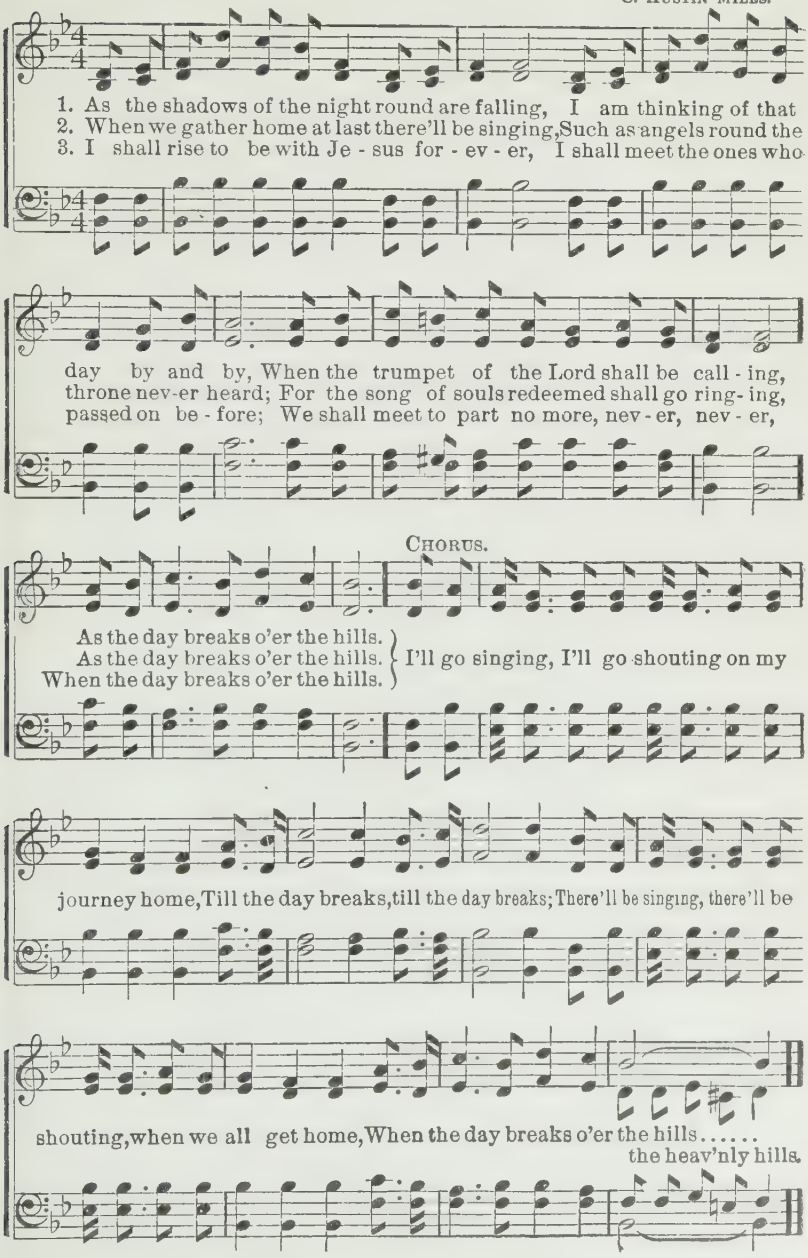
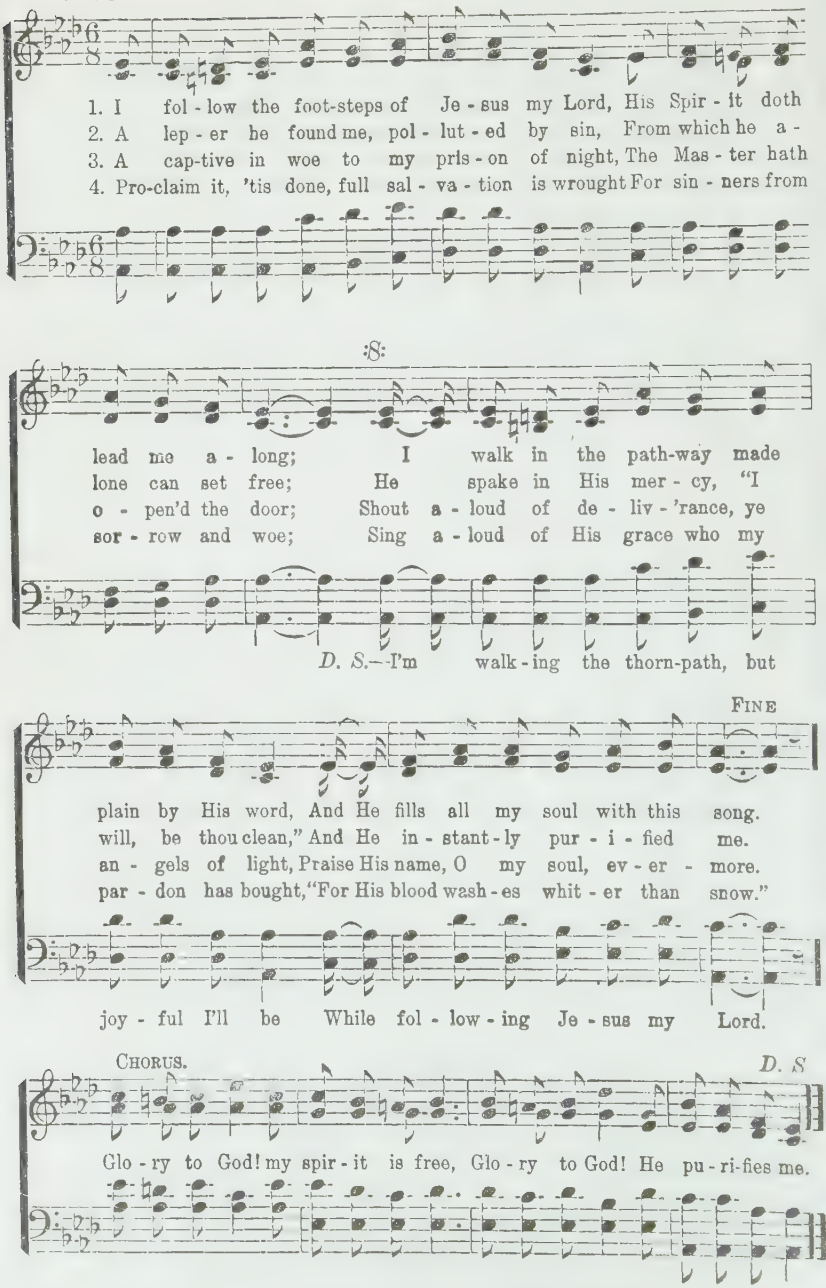
A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. As the shadows of the night round are falling, I am thinking of that
2. When we gather home at last there'll be singing, Such as angels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who
day by and by, When the trumpet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne nev-er heard; For the song of souls redeemed shall go ring - ing,
passed on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er,
CHORUS.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
When the day breaks o'er the hills.
I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my
journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks; There'll be singing, there'll be
shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills.....
the heav'nly hills.

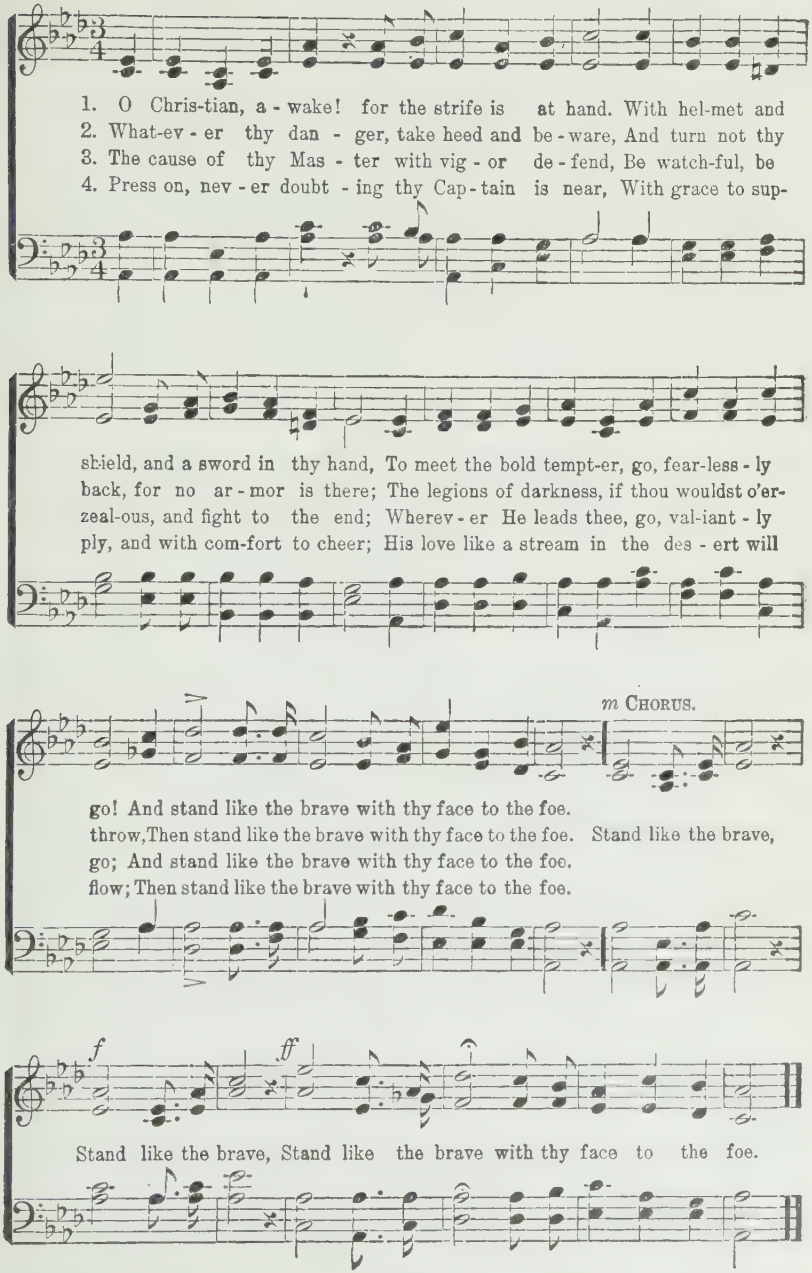
My Spirit is Free.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. Spencer.


1. I fol - low the foot-steps of Je - sus my Lord, His Spir - it doth
2. A lep - er he found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From which he a -
3. A cap-tive in woe to my pris - on of night, The Mas - ter hath
4. Pro-claim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For sin - ners from
:S:
lead me a - long; I walk in the path-way made
lone can set free; He spake in His mer - cy, "I
o - pen'd the door; Shout a - loud of de - liv - 'rance, ye
sor - row and woe; Sing a - loud of His grace who my
D. S.—I'm walk - ing the thorn-path, but
FINE
plain by His word, And He fills all my soul with this song.
will, be thou clean," And He in - stant - ly pur - i - fied me.
an - gels of light, Praise His name, O my soul, ev - er - more.
par - don has bought, "For His blood wash - es whit - er than snow."
joy - ful I'll be While fol - low - ing Je - sus my Lord.
CHORUS. D. S
Glo - ry to God! my spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God! He pu - ri - fies me.

O Christian, Awake!

Wm. B. Bradbury—Philip Phillips.


1. O Chris-tian, a - wake! for the strife is at hand. With hel-met and
2. What-ev - er thy dan - ger, take heed and be - ware, And turn not thy
3. The cause of thy Mas - ter with vig - or de - fend, Be watch-ful, be
4. Press on, nev - er doubt - ing thy Cap - tain is near, With grace to sup-
shield, and a sword in thy hand, To meet the bold tempt-er, go, fear-less - ly
back, for no ar - mor is there; The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'er-
zeal-ous, and fight to the end; Wherev - er He leads thee, go, val-iant - ly
ply, and with com-fort to cheer; His love like a stream in the des - ert will
m CHORUS.
go! And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
throw, Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe. Stand like the brave,
go; And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
flow; Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
f
ff
Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

He Will Not Let Me Fall.

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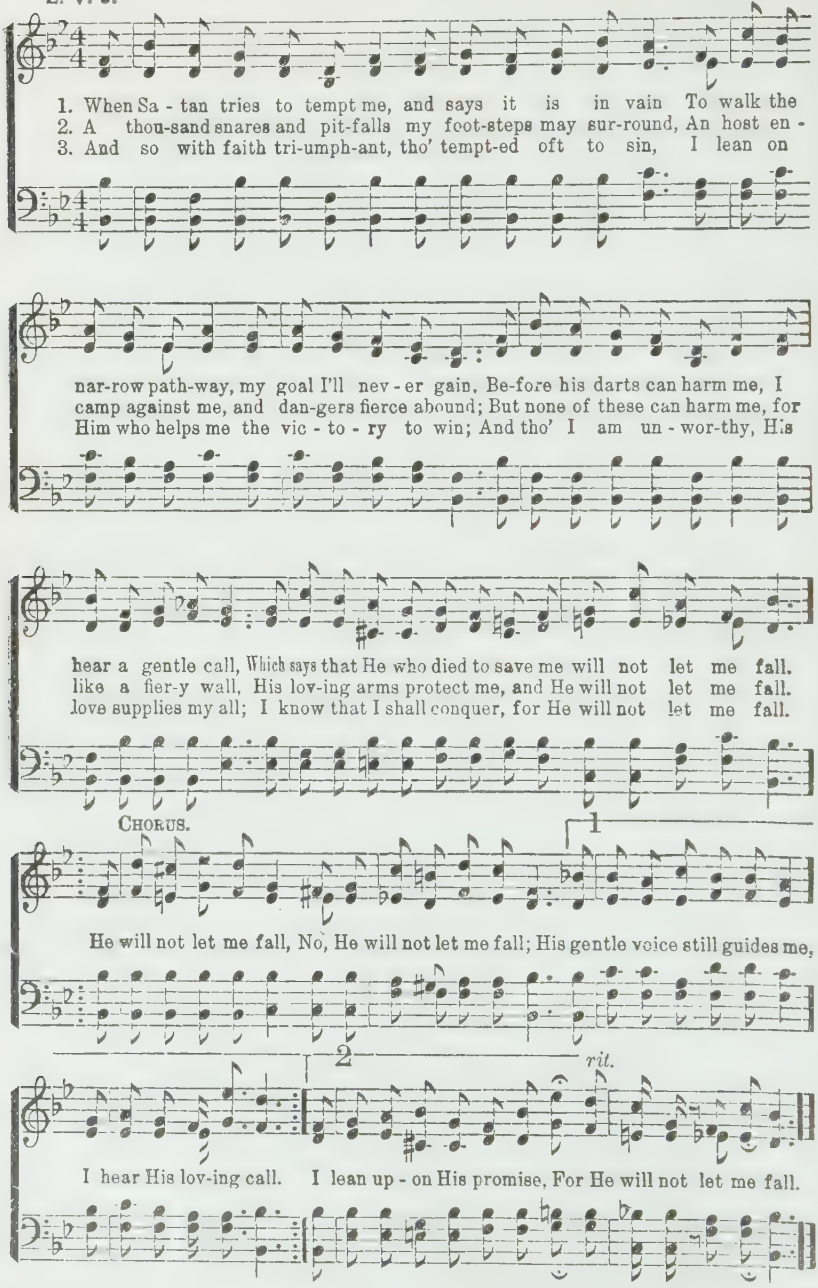
E. V. J. Ethel V. Johnson.


1. When Sa - tan tries to tempt me, and says it is in vain To walk the
2. A thou-sand snares and pit-falls my foot-steps may sur-round, An host en -
3. And so with faith tri-umph-ant, tho' tempt-ed oft to sin, I lean on
nar-row path-way, my goal I'll nev - er gain. Be-fore his darts can harm me, I
camp against me, and dan-gers fierce abound; But none of these can harm me, for
Him who helps me the vic - to - ry to win; And tho' I am un - wor-thy, His
hear a gentle call, Which says that He who died to save me will not let me fall.
like a fier-y wall, His lov-ing arms protect me, and He will not let me fall.
love supplies my all; I know that I shall conquer, for He will not let me fall.
Chorus.
1
He will not let me fall, No, He will not let me fall; His gentle voice still guides me,
2
rit.
I hear His lov-ing call. I lean up - on His promise, For He will not let me fall.

I Belong to the King.

Ida L. Reed.

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Maurice A. Clifton.

Solo or Due

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His pal-ace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in yon heaven a-bove, And His
2. I be-long to the King, and He loves me, I know, For His mer-cy and kindness, so free, Are unceas-ing-ly mine, whereso-ev-er I go, And my
3. I be-long to the King, and His promise is sure, That we all shall be gathered at last In His kingdom a-bove, by life's waters so pure, When this

CHORUS.

chil-dren its splendors shall share.
ref-uge un-fail-ing is He. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, And He nev-er for-sak-eth His own; He will call me some
life with its tri-als is past.

day To His pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by His glo-ri-fied throne.

All Over the World.

E. E. Hewitt. Copyright, 1895, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Bear the good ti - dings all o - ver the world, Let the bright
2. Plant in the wil - der - ness Shar - on's sweet rose, Bless - ing will
3. Think of the mil - lions who nev - er have heard One pre - cious
4. Oh, what a song shall in heav - en be sung! By ev - 'ry

ban - ner of love be un - furled Wher - ev - er sor - row and
fol - low wher - ev - er it goes; Led, on - ward led by the
prom - ise from God's ho - ly word; Think of the lives marred and
na - tion and kin - dred and tongue; Some may be there thro' our

sin shall be found, There let the news of sal - va - tion re - sound.
Lord's guid - ing hand, O - pen "fresh springs" in the dry, thirst - y land.
dark - ened by sin; Tell them the sto - ry that brings light with - in.
ef - forts and prayer; Joy ev - er - last - ing to - geth - er we'll share.

CHORUS.

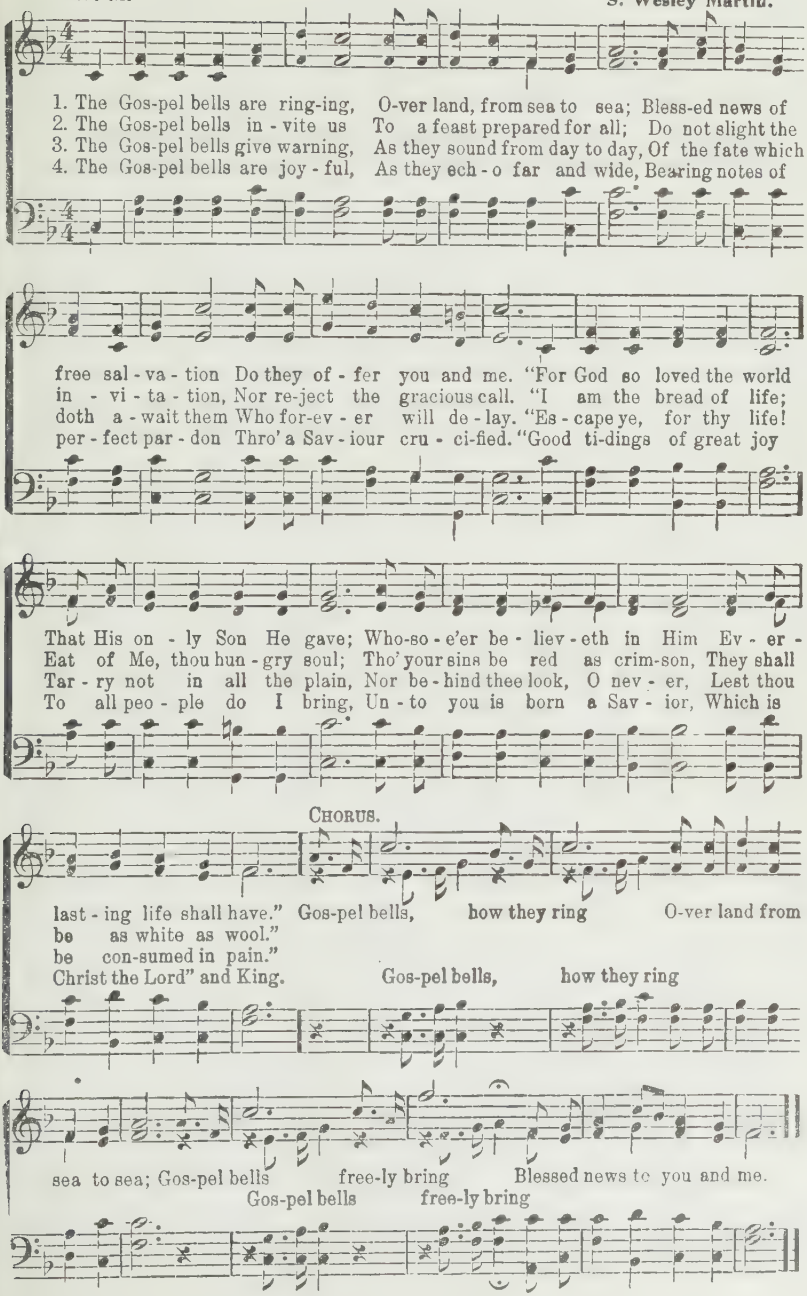
All o - ver the world,..... All o - ver the world;.....
O - ver the world, o - ver the world, Bear the good ti - dings all o - ver the world;

Let the bright banner of love be un - furled, All o - ver the world.....
O - ver the world, o - ver the world.

The Gospel Bells.

S. W. M.

S. Wesley Martin.


1. The Gos-pel bells are ring-ing, O-ver land, from sea to sea; Bless-ed news of
2. The Gos-pel bells in - vite us To a feast prepared for all; Do not slight the
3. The Gos-pel bells give warning, As they sound from day to day, Of the fate which
4. The Gos-pel bells are joy - ful, As they ech - o far and wide, Bearing notes of
free sal - va - tion Do they of - fer you and me. "For God so loved the world
in - vi - ta - tion, Nor re-ject the gracious call. "I am the bread of life;
doth a - wait them Who for-ev - er will de - lay. "Es - cape ye, for thy life!
per - fect par - don Thro' a Sav - iour cru - ci-fied. "Good ti-dings of great joy
That His on - ly Son He gave; Who-so - e'er be - liev - eth in Him Ev - er -
Eat of Me, thou hun - gry soul; Tho' your sins be red as crim-son, They shall
Tar - ry not in all the plain, Nor be - hind thee look, O nev - er, Lest thou
To all peo - ple do I bring, Un - to you is born a Sav - ior, Which is
CHORUS.
last - ing life shall have." Gos-pel bells, how they ring O-ver land from
be as white as wool."
be con-sumed in pain."
Christ the Lord" and King. Gos-pel bells, how they ring
sea to sea; Gos-pel bells free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.
Gos-pel bells free-ly bring

Pass It On.

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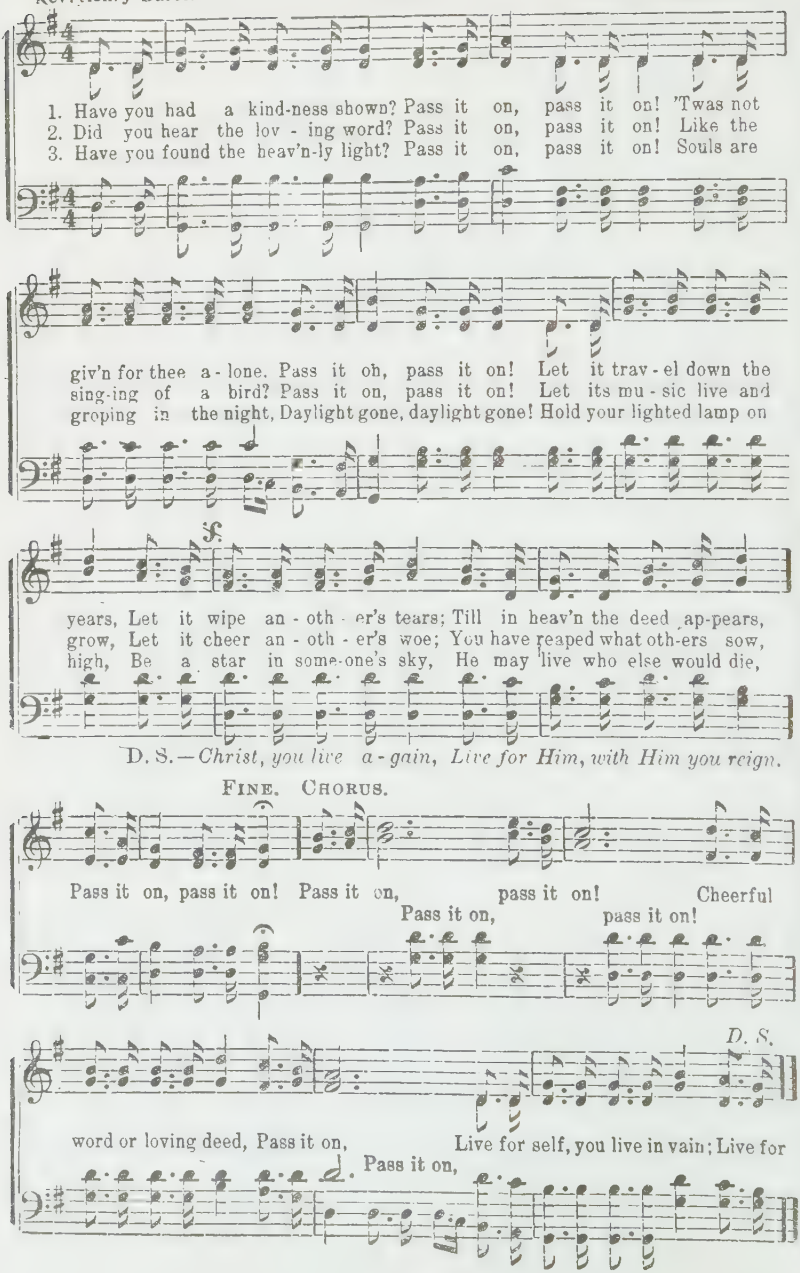
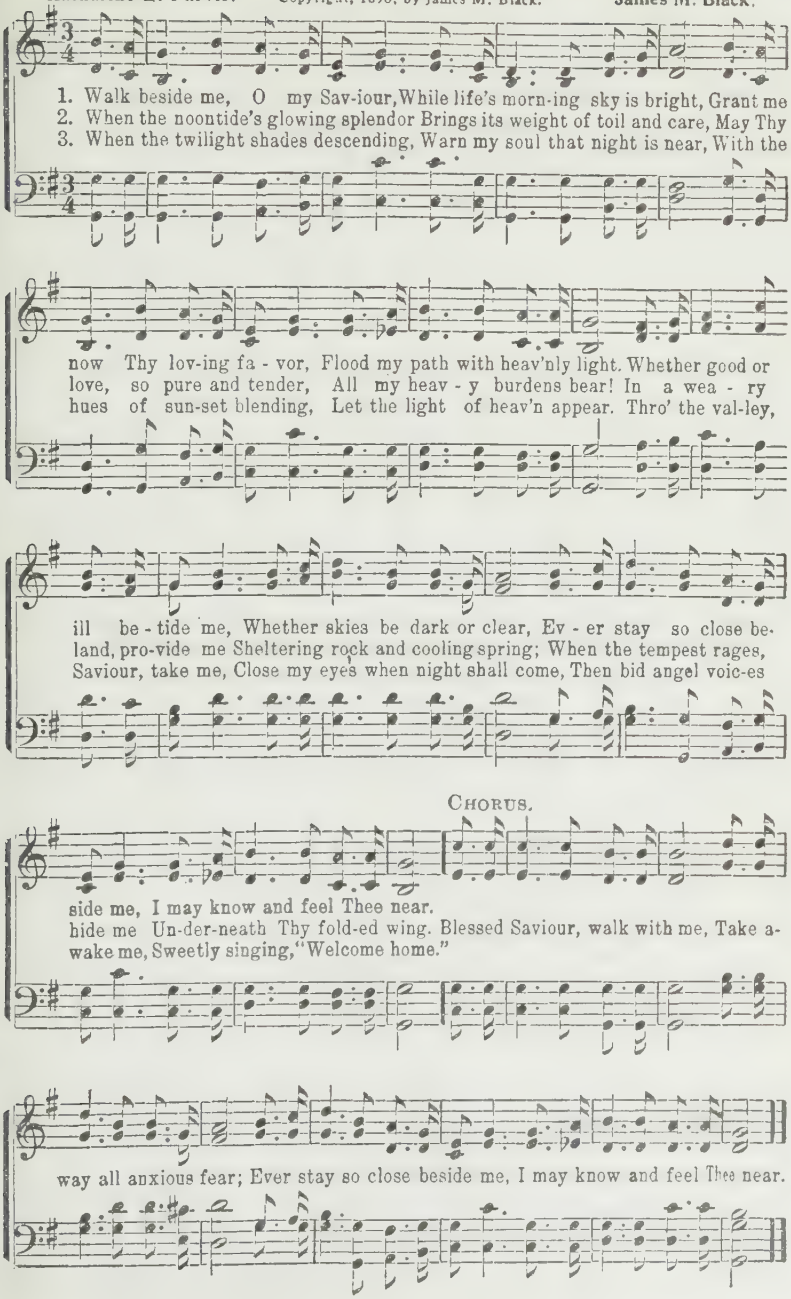
Rev. Henry Burton. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Have you had a kind-ness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not
2. Did you hear the lov - ing word? Pass it on, pass it on! Like the
3. Have you found the heav'n-ly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are
giv'n for thee a - lone. Pass it oh, pass it on! Let it trav - el down the
sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu - sic live and
groping in the night, Daylight gone, daylight gone! Hold your lighted lamp on
f
years, Let it wipe an - oth - er's tears; Till in heav'n the deed ap-pears,
grow, Let it cheer an - oth - er's woe; You have reaped what oth-ers sow,
high, Be a star in some-one's sky, He may live who else would die,
D. S.—Christ, you live a - gain, Live for Him, with Him you reign.
FINE. CHORUS.
Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, pass it on! Cheerful
Pass it on, pass it on!
D. S.
word or loving deed, Pass it on, Live for self, you live in vain; Live for
Pass it on,

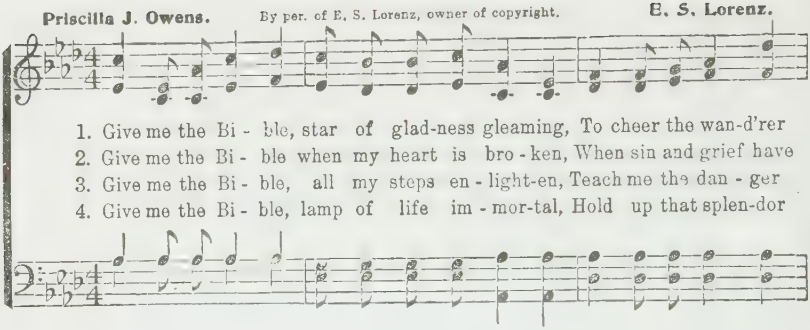
Walk Beside Me.

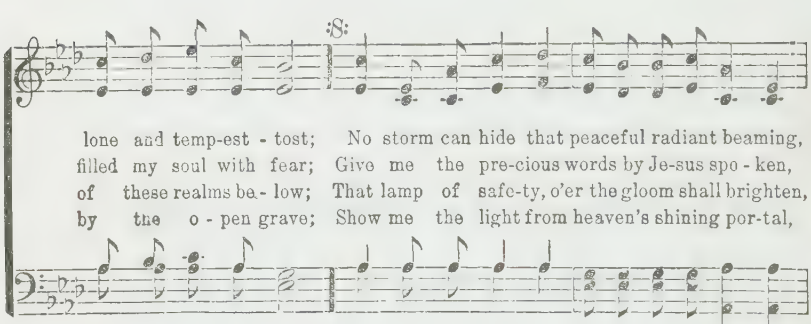
Katharine E. Purvis. Copyright, 1896, by James M. Black. James M. Black.


1. Walk beside me, O my Sav-iour, While life's morn-ing sky is bright, Grant me
2. When the noontide's glowing splendor Brings its weight of toil and care, May Thy
3. When the twilight shades descending, Warn my soul that night is near, With the
now Thy lov-ing fa - vor, Flood my path with heav'nly light. Whether good or
love, so pure and tender, All my heav - y burdens bear! In a wea - ry
hues of sun-set blending, Let the light of heav'n appear. Thro' the val-ley,
ill be - tide me, Whether skies be dark or clear, Ev - er stay so close be-
side, pro-vide me Sheltering rock and cooling spring; When the tempest rages,
Saviour, take me, Close my eyes when night shall come, Then bid angel voic-es
Chorus.
side me, I may know and feel Thee near.
hide me Un-der-neath Thy fold-ed wing. Blessed Saviour, walk with me, Take a-
wake me, Sweetly singing, "Welcome home."
way all anxious fear; Ever stay so close beside me, I may know and feel Thee near.

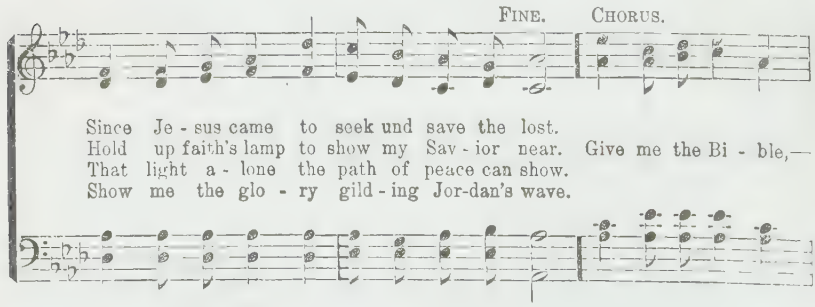
Give Me the Bible.

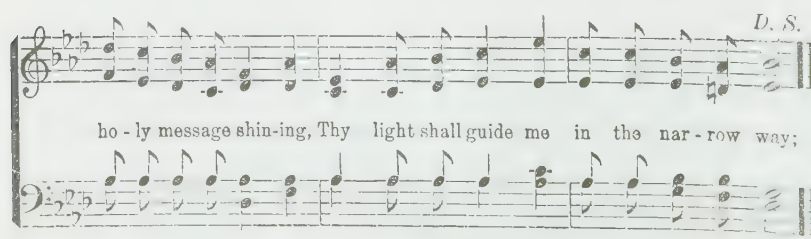
Priscilla J. Owens. By per. of E. S. Lorenz, owner of copyright. E. S. Lorenz.


1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of glad-ness gleaming, To cheer the wan-d'rer
2. Give me the Bi - ble when my heart is bro - ken, When sin and grief have
3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en - light-en, Teach me the dan - ger
4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im - mor-tal, Hold up that splen-dor


:S:
lone and temp-est - tost; No storm can hide that peaceful radiant beaming,
filled my soul with fear; Give me the pre-cious words by Je-sus spo - ken,
of these realms be - low; That lamp of safe-ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten,
by the o - pen grave; Show me the light from heaven's shining por-tal,

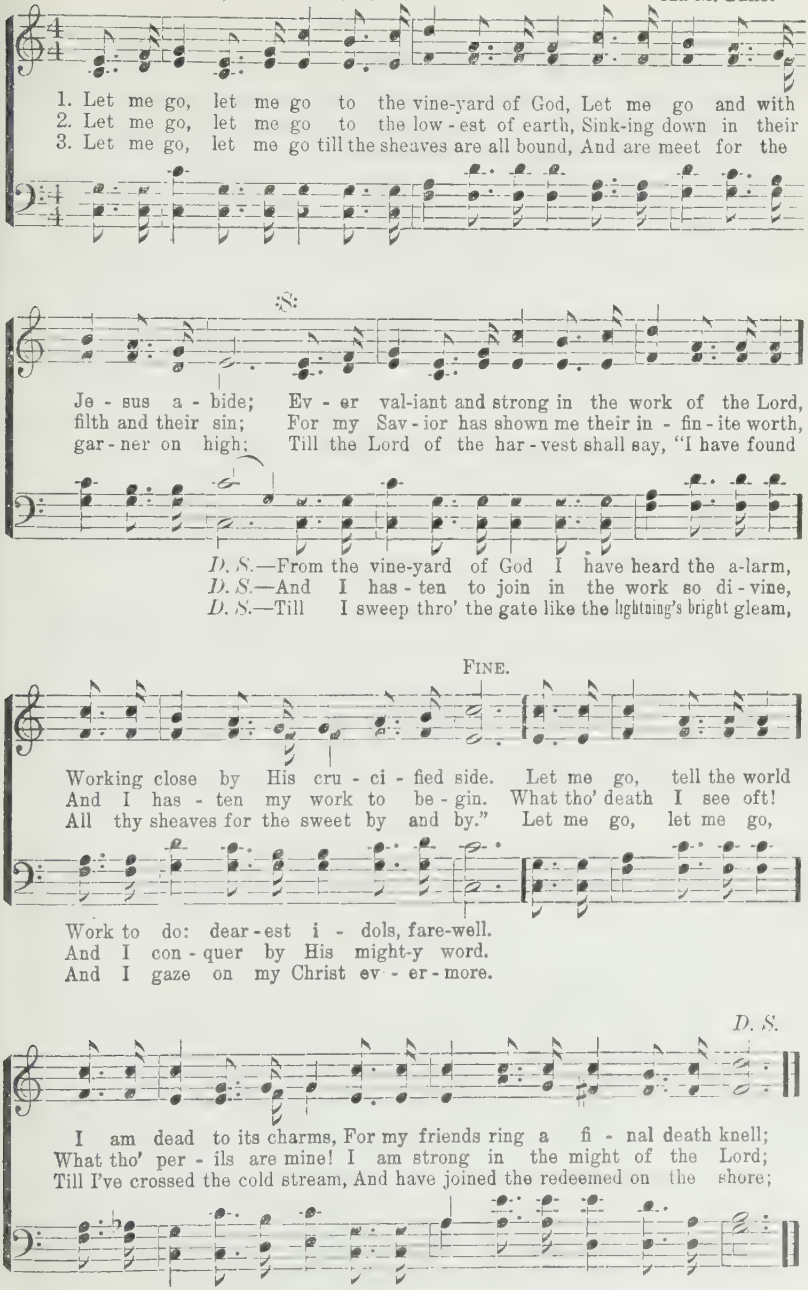
D. S.—Pre - cept and prom-ise, law and love com-bin-ing,


FINE.
CHORUS.
Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav - ior near. Give me the Bi - ble,—
That light a - lone the path of peace can show.
Show me the glo - ry gild - ing Jor-dan's wave.
Till night shall van - ish in e - ter - nal day.



Let Me Go to the Vineyard.

Vivian A. Dake. Copyright by T. H. Nelson. Ida M. Dake.


1. Let me go, let me go to the vine-yard of God, Let me go and with
2. Let me go, let me go to the low-est of earth, Sink-ing down in their
3. Let me go, let me go till the sheaves are all bound, And are meet for the
Je-sus a-bide; Ev-er val-iant and strong in the work of the Lord,
filth and their sin; For my Sav-ior has shown me their in-fin-ite worth,
gar-ner on high; Till the Lord of the har-vest shall say, "I have found
D. S.—From the vine-yard of God I have heard the a-larm,
D. S.—And I has-ten to join in the work so di-vine,
D. S.—Till I sweep thro' the gate like the lightning's bright gleam,
FINE.
Working close by His cru-ci-fied side. Let me go, tell the world
And I has-ten my work to be-gin. What tho' death I see oft!
All thy sheaves for the sweet by and by." Let me go, let me go,
Work to do: dear-est i-dols, fare-well.
And I con-quer by His might-y word.
And I gaze on my Christ ev-er-more.
D. S.
I am dead to its charms, For my friends ring a fi-nal death knell;
What tho' per-ils are mine! I am strong in the might of the Lord;
Till I've crossed the cold stream, And have joined the redeemed on the shore;

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

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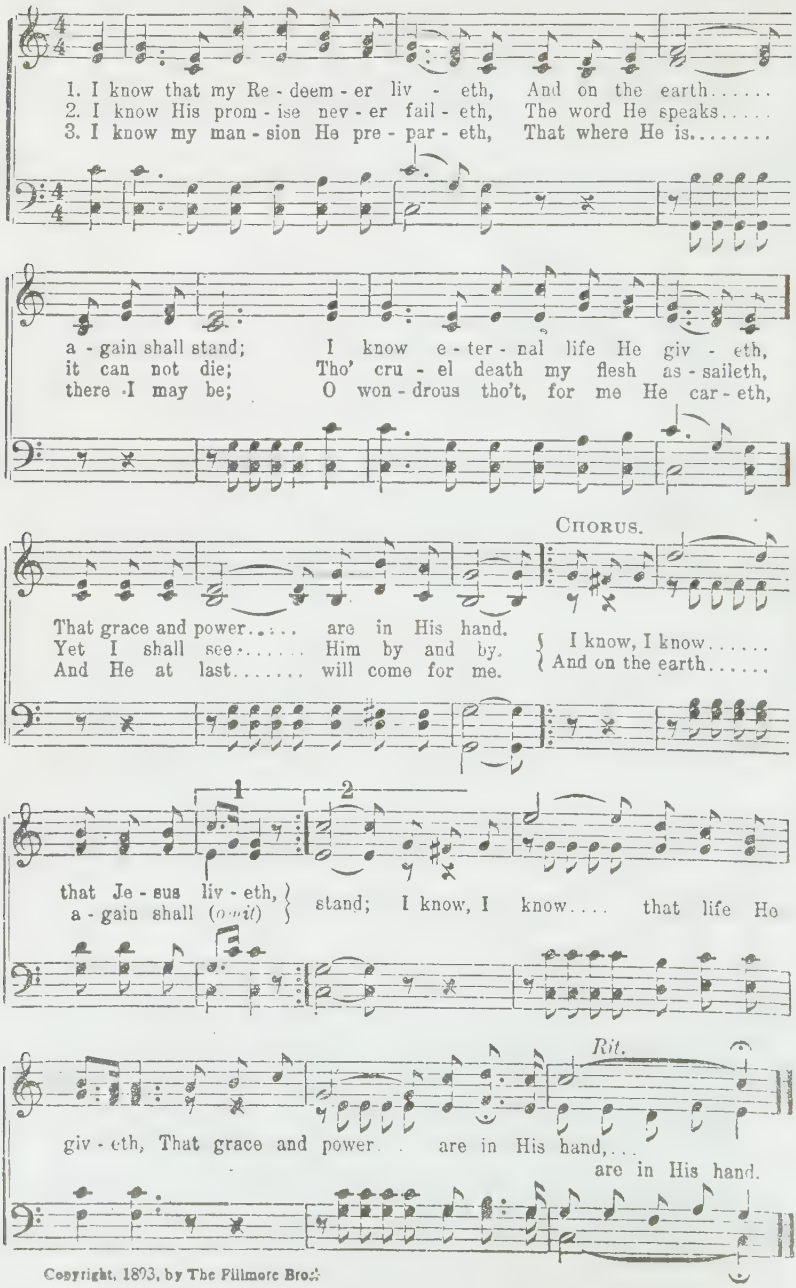
JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.


1. I know that my Re - deem - er liv - eth, And on the earth.....
2. I know His prom - ise nev - er fail - eth, The word He speaks.....
3. I know my man - sion He pre - par - eth, That where He is.....
a - gain shall stand; I know e - ter - nal life He giv - eth,
it can not die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh as - saileth,
there I may be; O won - drous tho't, for me He car - eth,
CHORUS.
That grace and power..... are in His hand.
Yet I shall see..... Him by and by.
And He at last..... will come for me.
I know, I know.....
And on the earth.....
1
2
that Je - sus liv - eth,
a - gain shall (omit)
stand; I know, I know.... that life He
giv - eth, That grace and power.. are in His hand,...
Rit.
are in His hand.

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Give Me Thy Heart.

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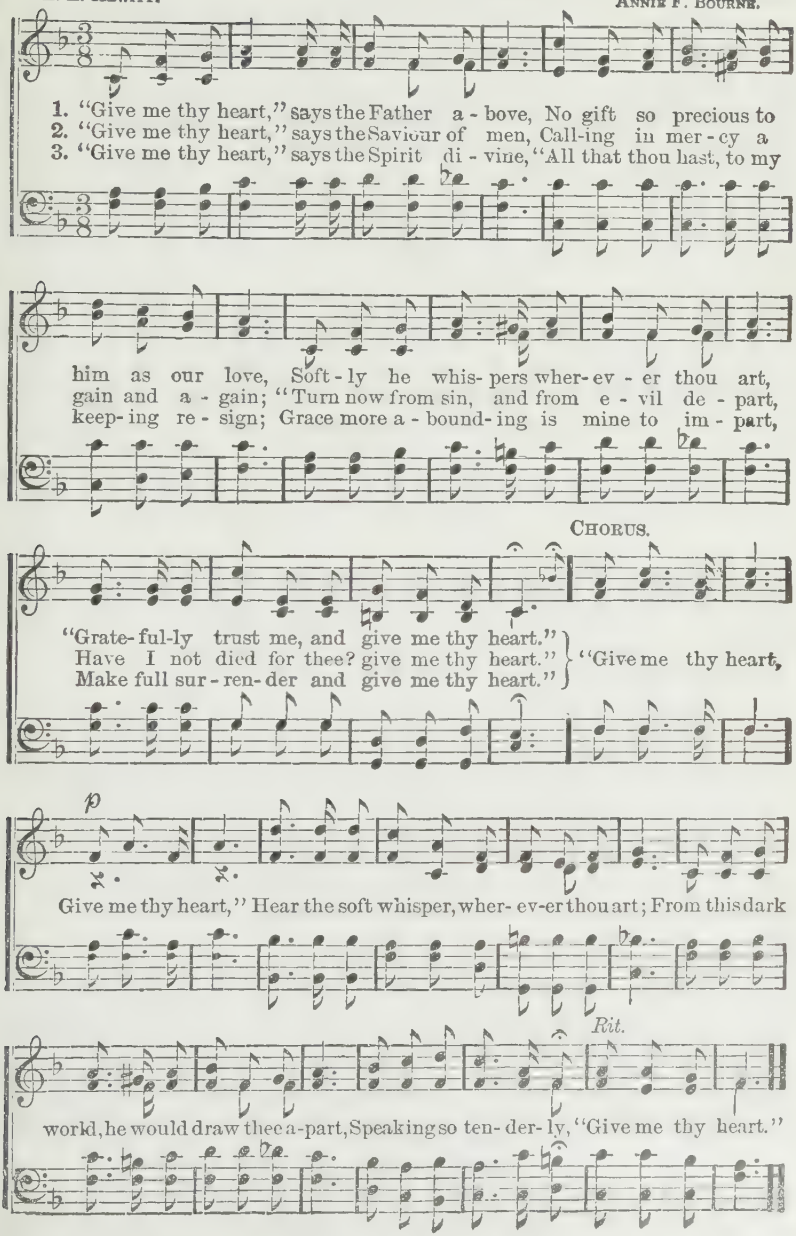
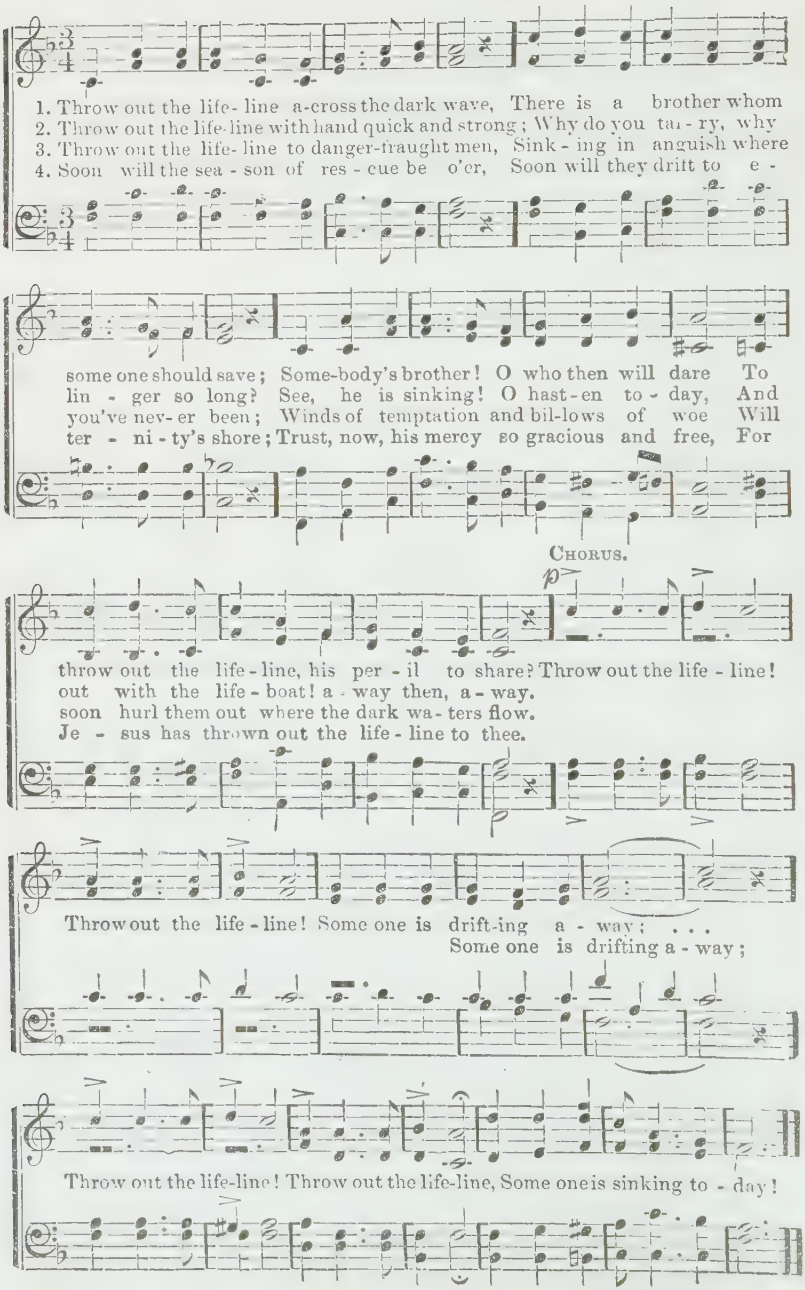
E. E. HEWITT. ANNIE F. BOURNE.


1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to him as our love, Soft - ly he whis- pers wher- ev - er thou art,
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer - cy a gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my keep- ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound- ing is mine to im - part,
CHORUS.
"Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
Make full sur - ren- der and give me thy heart."
"Give me thy heart,
p
Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher- ev-er thou art; From this dark
Rit.
world, he would draw thee a-part, Speaking so ten- der- ly, "Give me thy heart."

Throw Out the Life-Line.

E. S. U. REV. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Throw out the life-line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the life-line to danger-traught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save; Some-body's brother! O who then will dare To
lin-ger so long? See, he is sinking! O hast-en to-day, And
you've nev-er been; Winds of temptation and bil-lows of woe Will
ter-ni-ty's shore; Trust, now, his mercy so gracious and free, For
CHORUS.
throw out the life-line, his per-il to share? Throw out the life-line!
out with the life-boat! a-way then, a-way.
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
Je-sus has thrown out the life-line to thee.
Throw out the life-line! Some one is drift-ing a-way; . . .
Some one is drifting a-way;
Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line, Some one is sinking to-day!

O His Love Reaches Even Me.

N. P. C.

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Nellie Place Chandler.

1. O the won-der-ful love of my Sav-ior, Reaching down (Reaching down) un-to me, (un-to me,) And His goodness still comes without meas-ure Like the
2. O His mer-cy and love are about me, Then what harm (Then what harm) shall I fear? (shall I fear?) For tho' e-vil may seek to al-lure me, I shall
3. O how pre-cious to me is my Sav-ior! He can save (He can save) e-ven me, (e-ven me,) And can keep by His pow-er un-tir-ing; O His
4. Wondrous love, bringing blessings unnumbered, Ev-'ry day, (Ev-'ry day) ev-'ry hour, (ev-'ry hour,) I will ev-er a-dore and sing prais-es, For I'm

CHORUS.

wa-ters that cov-er the sea.
know that my Sav-ior is near. O His love reach-es e-ven
love shall my guide ev-er be.
kept by His love and His pow'r.

me, (e-ven me,) O His love reach-es e-ven me; (e-ven me;) It is

jo di-vine to this soul of mine That His love reaches e-ven me.

Missionary's Farewell.

Rev. I. B. — Rev. I. Baltzell.

1. On the shore, be-yond the sea, Where the fields are bright and fair,
2. Hark! I hear the Mas-ter say, "Up, ye reap - ers! why so slow!"
3. Just be - yond the roll-ing tide, The up - lift - ed hand I see;
4. Fa - ther, moth - er, dar-ling child, I must bid you all a-dieu;
5. Bear me on, thou rest-less sea, Let the winds the canvas swell;

There's a call, a plain-tive plea, I must hast - en to be there.
To the vine - yard, far a - way, Earth-ly kin - dred, let me go.
Lo! the gates are o - pen wide, And the lost are call-ing me.
Far a - way in Af - ric's wild, There's a work for me to do.
Af - ric's shore I long to see, Dear - est friends, farewell, farewell.

Chorus.

Let me go, ... I can - not stay, 'Tis the
I can - not stay,
Mas - - - ter call - ing me, Let me go, ...
Mas - ter, 'Tis the Mas - ter I must o - bey.
I must o - bey, Na - tive land, ... farewell to thee.
fare - well to thee,

From "Golden Songs," by per.

Walking in the King's Highway.

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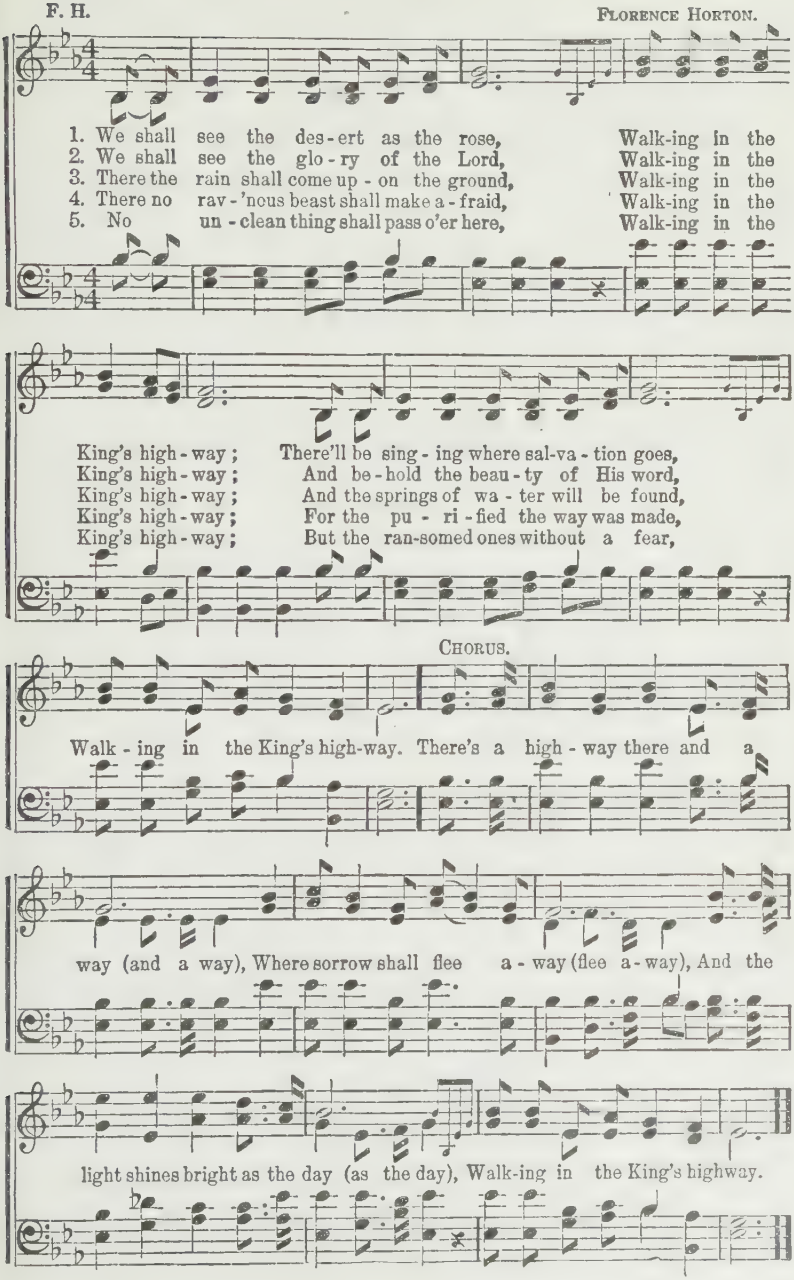
F. H. FLORENCE HORTON.


1. We shall see the des-ert as the rose, Walk-ing in the
2. We shall see the glo-ry of the Lord, Walk-ing in the
3. There the rain shall come up-on the ground, Walk-ing in the
4. There no rav-'nous beast shall make a-fraid, Walk-ing in the
5. No un-clean thing shall pass o'er here, Walk-ing in the
King's high-way; There'll be sing-ing where sal-va-tion goes,
King's high-way; And be-hold the beau-ty of His word,
King's high-way; And the springs of wa-ter will be found,
King's high-way; For the pu-ri-fied the way was made,
King's high-way; But the ran-somed ones without a fear,
CHORUS.
Walk-ing in the King's high-way. There's a high-way there and a
way (and a way), Where sorrow shall flee a-way (flee a-way), And the
light shines bright as the day (as the day), Walk-ing in the King's highway.

The Joy of Meeting Jesus.

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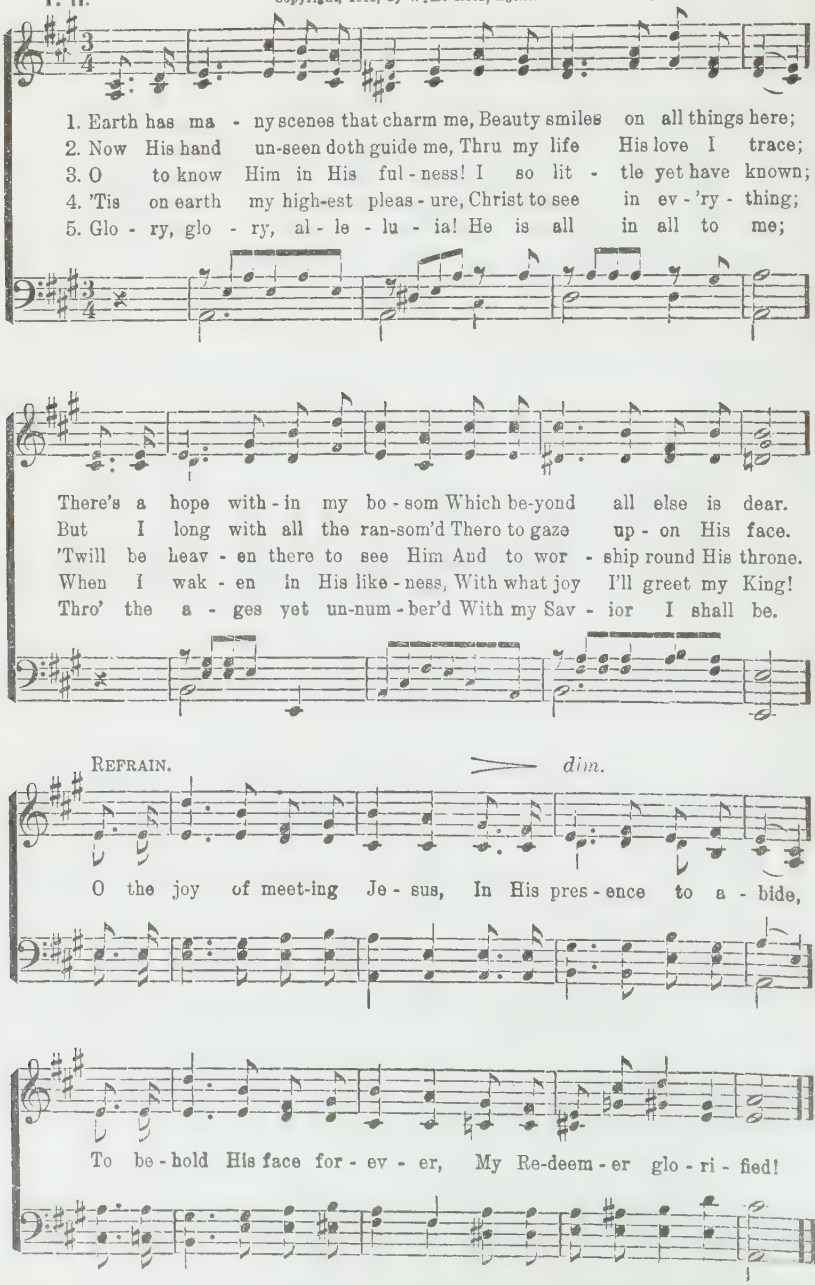
1. Earth has ma - ny scenes that charm me, Beauty smiles on all things here;
2. Now His hand un-seen doth guide me, Thru my life His love I trace;
3. O to know Him in His ful - ness! I so lit - tle yet have known;
4. 'Tis on earth my high-est pleas - ure, Christ to see in ev - 'ry - thing;
5. Glo - ry, glo - ry, al - le - lu - ia! He is all in all to me;
There's a hope with - in my bo - som Which be-yond all else is dear.
But I long with all the ran-som'd There to gaze up - on His face.
'Twill be heav - en there to see Him And to wor - ship round His throne.
When I wak - en in His like - ness, With what joy I'll greet my King!
Thro' the a - ges yet un-num - ber'd With my Sav - ior I shall be.
REFRAIN.
dim.
O the joy of meet-ing Je - sus, In His pres - ence to a - bide,
To be - hold His face for - ev - er, My Re-deem - er glo - ri - fied!

He Constrained Them.

MARK 6: 45–52.

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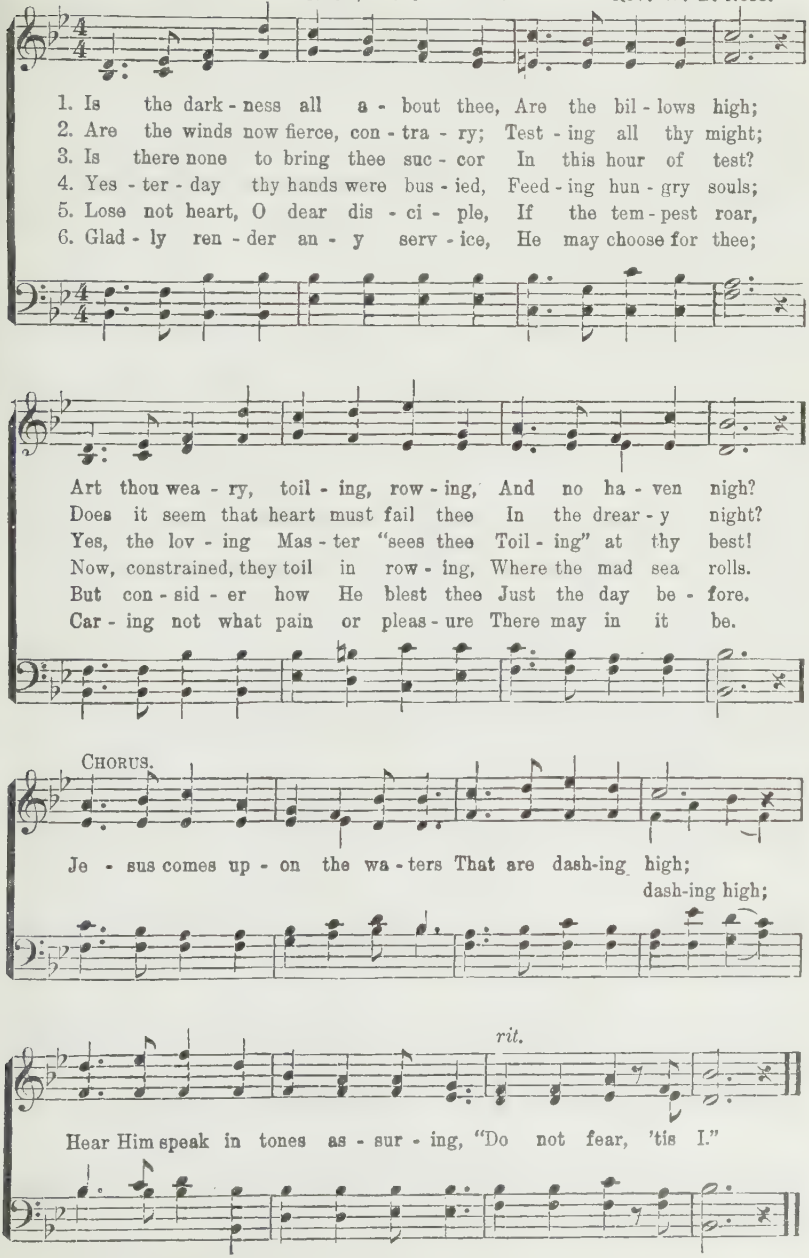
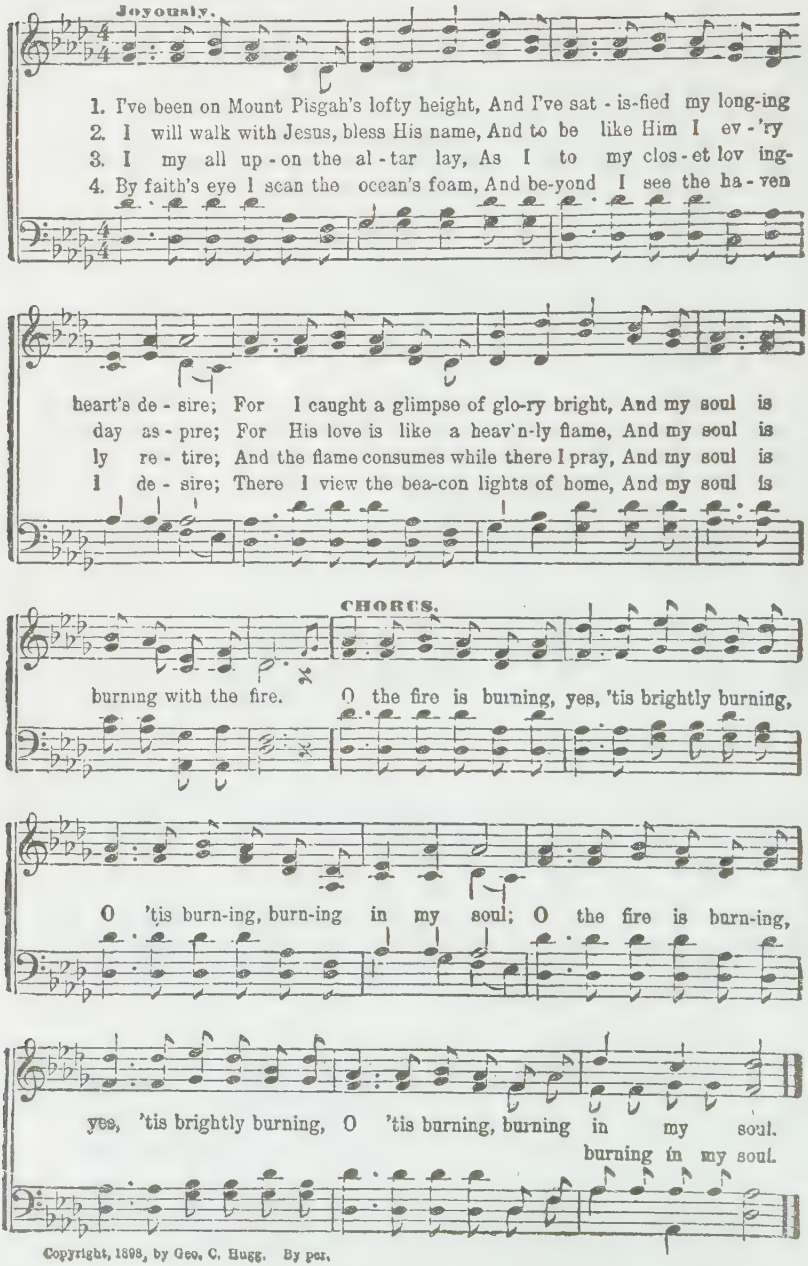

1. Is the dark - ness all a - bout thee, Are the bil - lows high;
2. Are the winds now fierce, con - tra - ry; Test - ing all thy might;
3. Is there none to bring thee suc - cor In this hour of test?
4. Yes - ter - day thy hands were bus - ied, Feed - ing hun - gry souls;
5. Lose not heart, O dear dis - ci - ple, If the tem - pest roar,
6. Glad - ly ren - der an - y serv - ice, He may choose for thee;
Art thou wea - ry, toil - ing, row - ing, And no ha - ven nigh?
Does it seem that heart must fail thee In the drear - y night?
Yes, the lov - ing Mas - ter "sees thee Toil - ing" at thy best!
Now, constrained, they toil in row - ing, Where the mad sea rolls.
But con - sid - er how He blest thee Just the day be - fore.
Car - ing not what pain or pleas - ure There may in it be.
CHORUS.
Je - sus comes up - on the wa - ters That are dash-ing high;
dash-ing high;
rit.
Hear Him speak in tones as - sur - ing, "Do not fear, 'tis I."

The Fire Is Burning.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.


Joyously.
1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's lofty height, And I've sat - is-fied my long-ing
2. I will walk with Jesus, bless His name, And to be like Him I ev - 'ry
3. I my all up - on the al - tar lay, As I to my clos - et lov ing-
4. By faith's eye I scan the ocean's foam, And be-yond I see the ha - ven
heart's de - sire; For I caught a glimpse of glo-ry bright, And my soul is
day as - pire; For His love is like a heav'n-ly flame, And my soul is
ly re - tire; And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is
I de - sire; There I view the bea-con lights of home, And my soul is
CHORUS.
burning with the fire. O the fire is burning, yes, 'tis brightly burning,
O 'tis burn-ing, burn-ing in my soul; O the fire is burn-ing,
yes, 'tis brightly burning, O 'tis burning, burning in my soul.
burning in my soul.

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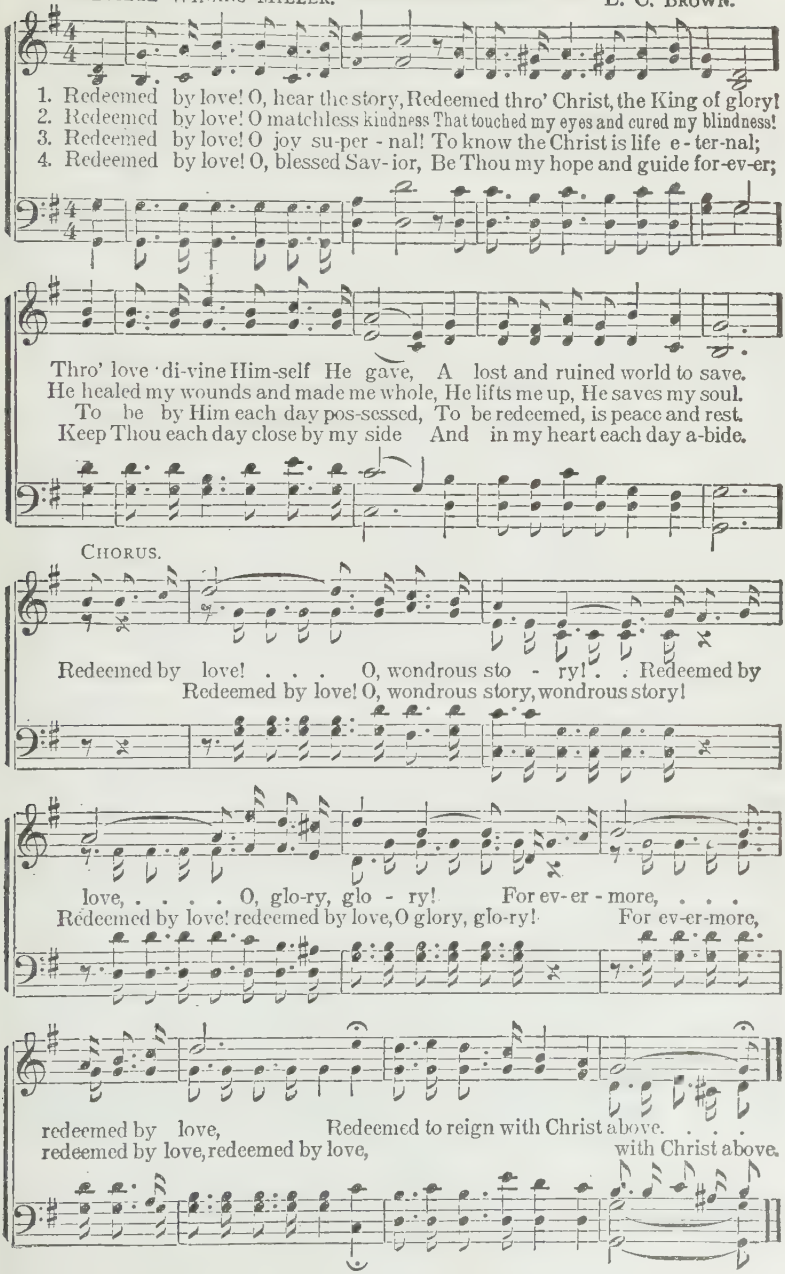
Redeemed by Love!

MELVILLE WINANS MILLER. Copyright, 1901, by Brown Bros. L. O. BROWN.


1. Redeemed by love! O, hear the story, Redeemed thro' Christ, the King of glory!
2. Redeemed by love! O matchless kindness That touched my eyes and cured my blindness!
3. Redeemed by love! O joy su-per - nal! To know the Christ is life e - ter-nal;
4. Redeemed by love! O, blessed Sav-ior, Be Thou my hope and guide for-ev-er;
Thro' love di-vine Him-self He gave, A lost and ruined world to save.
He healed my wounds and made me whole, He lifts me up, He saves my soul.
To be by Him each day pos-sessed, To be redeemed, is peace and rest.
Keep Thou each day close by my side And in my heart each day a-bide.
CHORUS.
Redeemed by love! . . . O, wondrous sto - ry! . . Redeemed by
Redeemed by love! O, wondrous story, wondrous story!
love, ... O, glo-ry, glo - ry! For ev-er - more, . . .
Redeemed by love! redeemed by love, O glory, glo-ry! For ev-er-more,
redeemed by love, Redeemed to reign with Christ above. . . .
redeemed by love, redeemed by love, with Christ above.

Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair.

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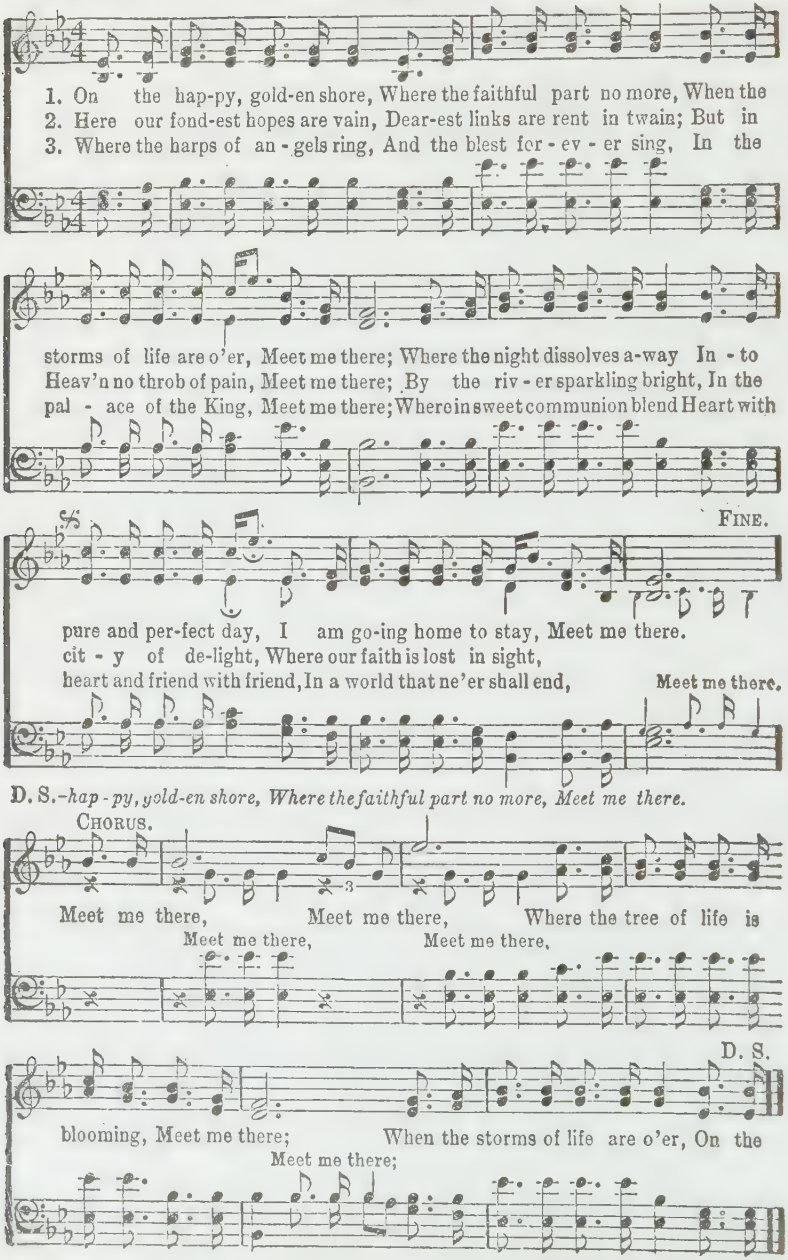
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. On the hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In-to
Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv-er sparkling bright, In the
pal-ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with
FINE.
pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit-y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight,
heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end,
Meet me there.
D. S.-hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.
CHORUS.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, Meet me there,
D. S.
blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there;

Who Will Go To-day?

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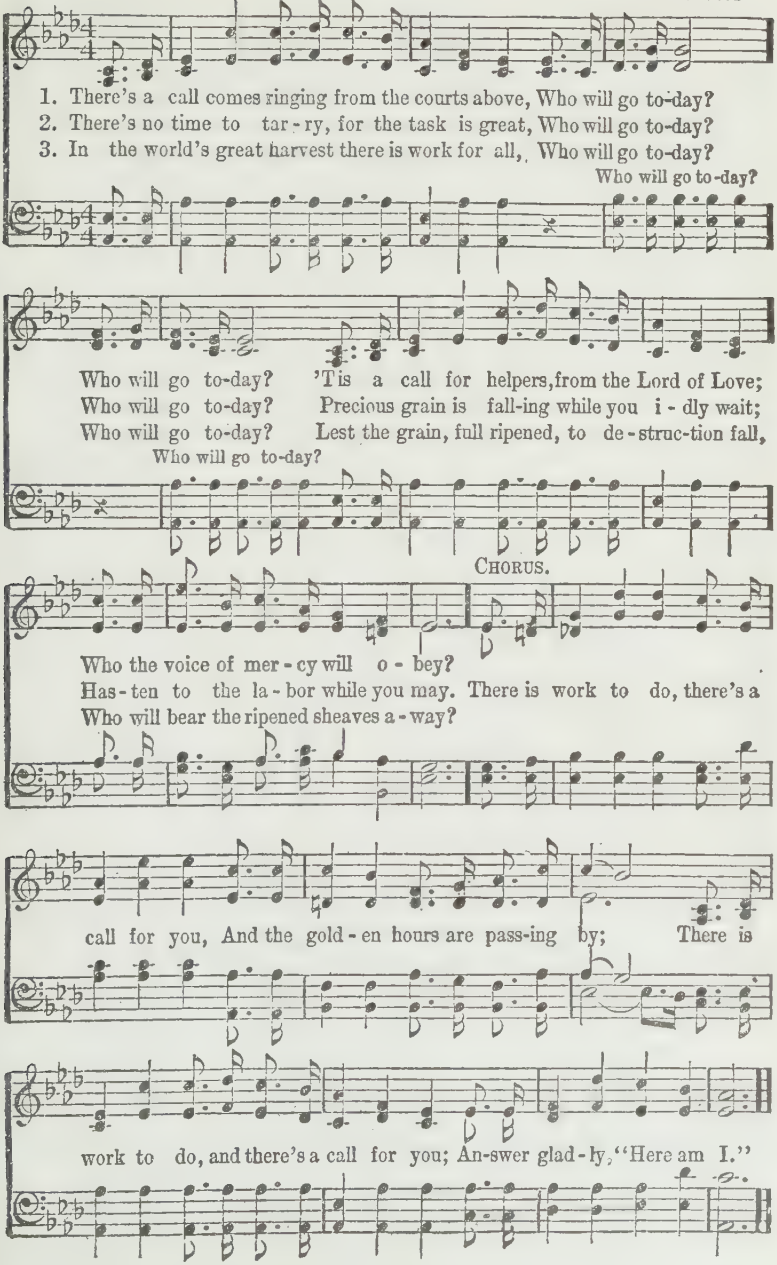
Julia H. Johnston. Ira B. Wilson.

1. There's a call comes ringing from the courts above, Who will go to-day?
2. There's no time to tar - ry, for the task is great, Who will go to-day?
3. In the world's great harvest there is work for all, Who will go to-day?
Who will go to-day?
Who will go to-day? 'Tis a call for helpers, from the Lord of Love;
Who will go to-day? Precious grain is fall-ing while you i - dly wait;
Who will go to-day? Lest the grain, full ripened, to de - struc-tion fall,
Who will go to-day?
CHORUS.
Who the voice of mer - cy will o - bey?
Has - ten to the la - bor while you may. There is work to do, there's a
Who will bear the ripened sheaves a - way?
call for you, And the gold - en hours are pass-ing by; There is
work to do, and there's a call for you; An-swer glad - ly, "Here am I."

Just Because He Loved Me So.

J. E. FRENCH. J. E. F.

1. Come, hear me tell the sto - ry Paul and Si - las loved so well, How
   You ask me why he suf-fered, I can on - ly say "I know," He
2. I'm glad my dear Re-deem-er walked be-side the Gal - i - lee, His
   He calls for me to fol-low, I will walk with him be-low, He will
3. I will sing his boundless mer-cy, all the beau-ty of his ways If at
   And no mat-ter where he leads me, it is best for me, I know, I will

Je - sus left his home a-bove and came on earth to dwell;
gave his life a ran-som, just be-cause he loved me so.
life was pure and ho - ly, and his grace was full and free;
nev-er, nev - er leave me, just be-cause he loved me so.
times I do not see him, I will trust and give him praise;
lean up - on his prom-ise, just be-cause he loved me so.

CHORUS.

He loved me so, He loved me so; He gave his life a ran-som, Just be - cause he loved me so;
He loved, he loved me so, He loved, he loved me so; cause he loved me so.

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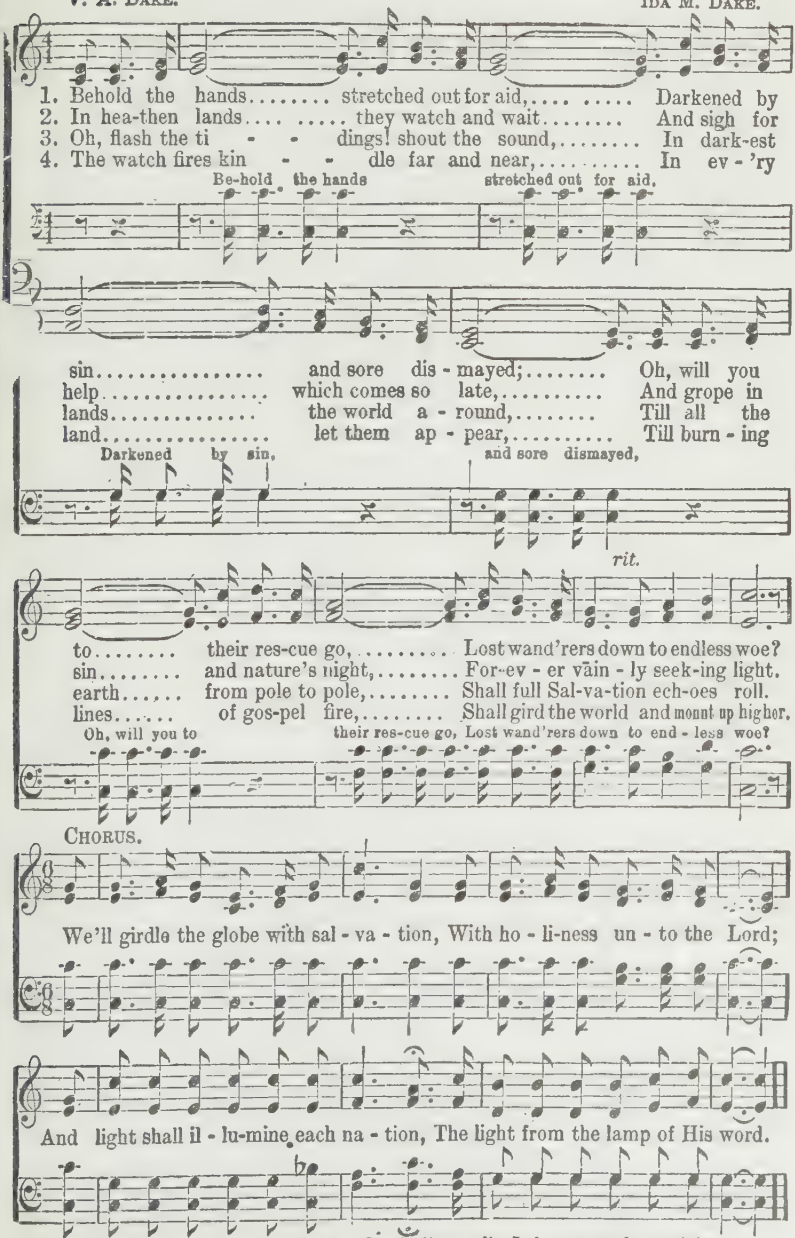
We'll Girdle the Globe.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."—Isa. 60: 5.

V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

1. Behold the hands..... stretched out for aid,..... Darkened by
2. In hea-then lands..... they watch and wait..... And sigh for
3. Oh, flash the ti - - - dings! shout the sound,..... In dark-est
4. The watch fires kin - - - dle far and near,..... In ev - 'ry
Be-hold the hands
stretched out for aid,
sin..... and sore dis - mayed;..... Oh, will you
help..... which comes so late,..... And grope in
lands..... the world a - round,..... Till all the
land..... let them ap - pear,..... Till burn - ing
Darkened by sin,
and sore dismayed,
rit.
to..... their res-cue go,..... Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?
sin..... and nature's night,..... For-ev - er vain - ly seek-ing light.
earth..... from pole to pole,..... Shall full Sal-va-tion ech-oes roll.
lines..... of gos-pel fire,..... Shall gird the world and mount up higher.
Oh, will you to
their res-cue go, Lost wand'rers down to end - less woe?

CHORUS.

We'll girdle the globe with sal - va - tion, With ho - li-ness un - to the Lord;
And light shall il - lu-mine each na - tion, The light from the lamp of His word.

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What He Has Done for Others.

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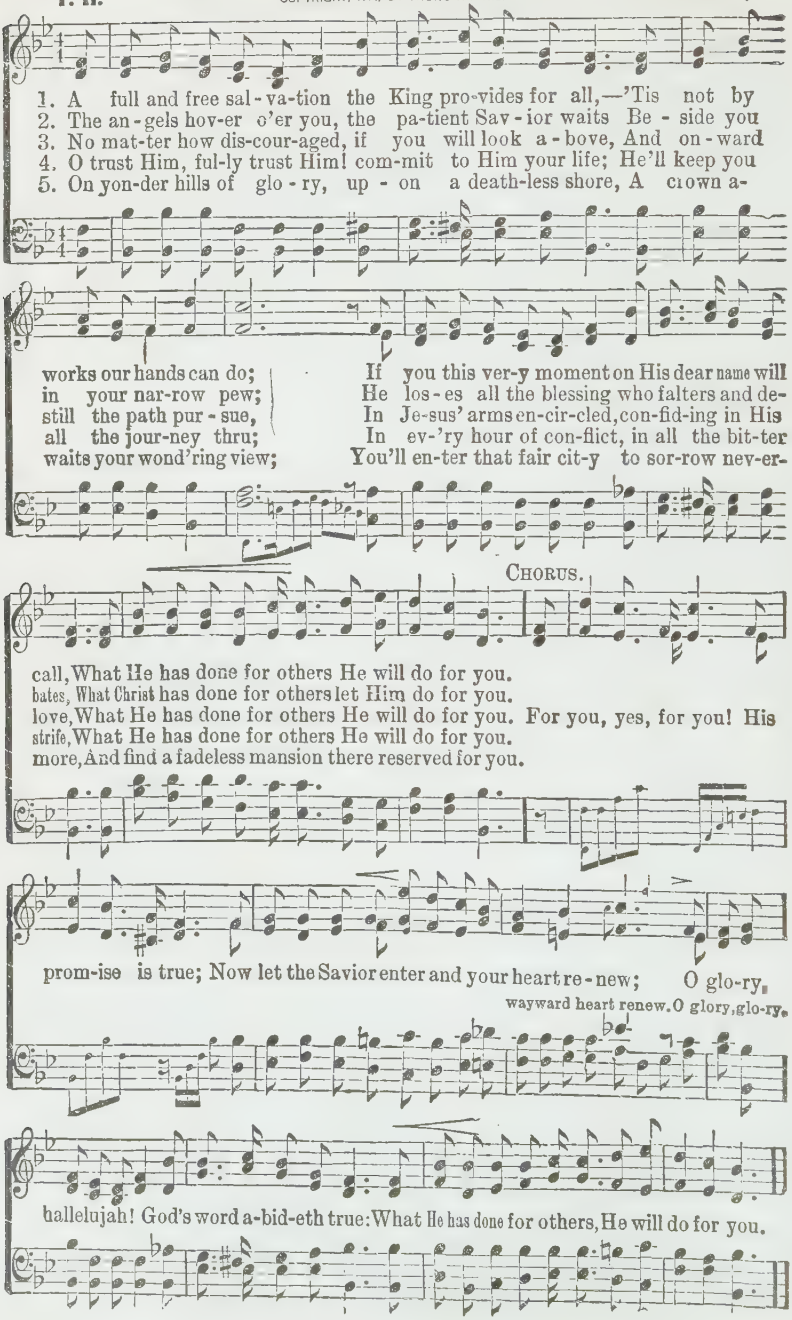
1. A full and free sal-va-tion the King pro-vides for all,—'Tis not by
2. The an-gels hov-er o'er you, the pa-tient Sav-ior waits Be-side you
3. No mat-ter how dis-cour-aged, if you will look a-bove, And on-ward
4. O trust Him, ful-ly trust Him! com-mit to Him your life; He'll keep you
5. On yon-der hills of glo-ry, up-on a death-less shore, A crown a-
works our hands can do; If you this ver-y moment on His dear name will
in your nar-row pew; He los-es all the blessing who falters and de-
still the path pur-sue, In Je-sus' arms en-cir-cled, con-fid-ing in His
all the jour-ney thru; In ev-'ry hour of con-flict, in all the bit-ter
waits your wond'ring view; You'll en-ter that fair cit-y to sor-row nev-er-
CHORUS.
call, What He has done for others He will do for you.
bates, What Christ has done for others let Him do for you.
love, What He has done for others He will do for you. For you, yes, for you! His
strife, What He has done for others He will do for you.
more, And find a fadeless mansion there reserved for you.
prom-ise is true; Now let the Savior enter and your heart re-new; O glo-ry,
wayward heart renew. O glory, glo-ry,
hallelujah! God's word a-bid-eth true: What He has done for others, He will do for you.

O Beautiful Bethlehem!

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MRS. R. N. TURNER

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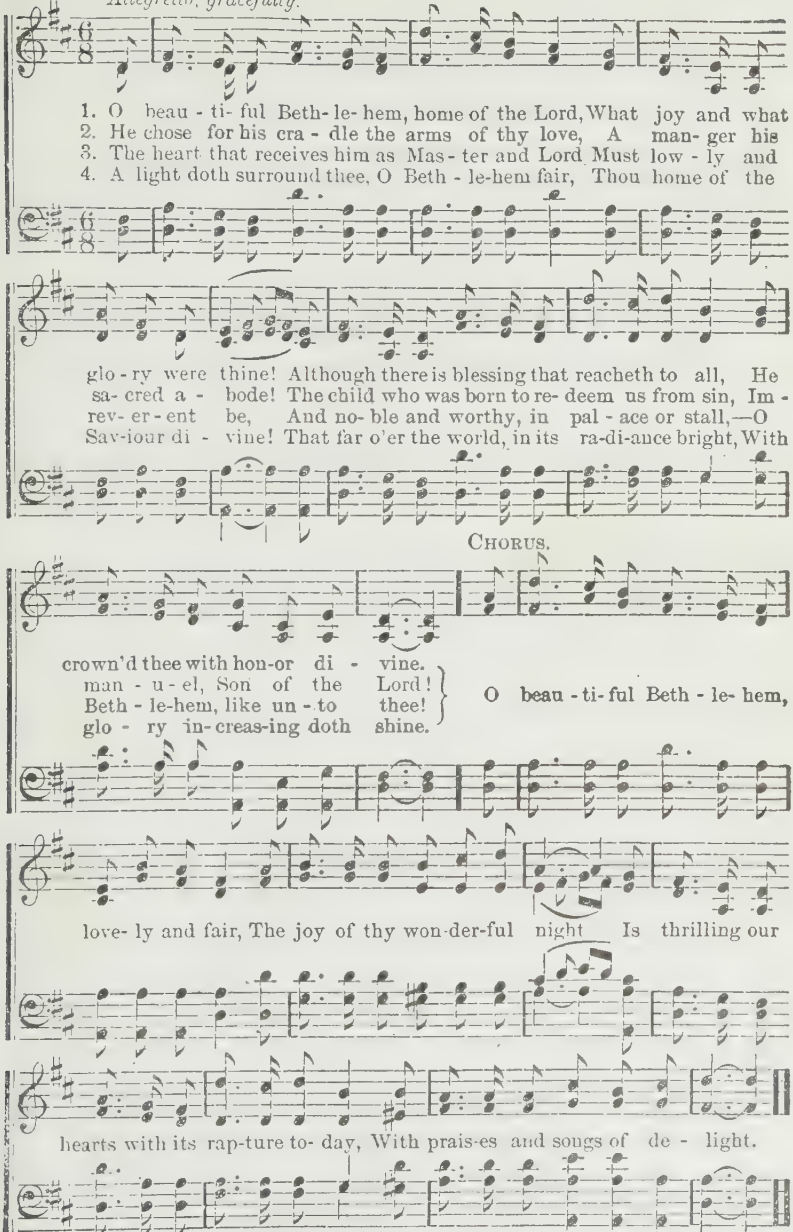
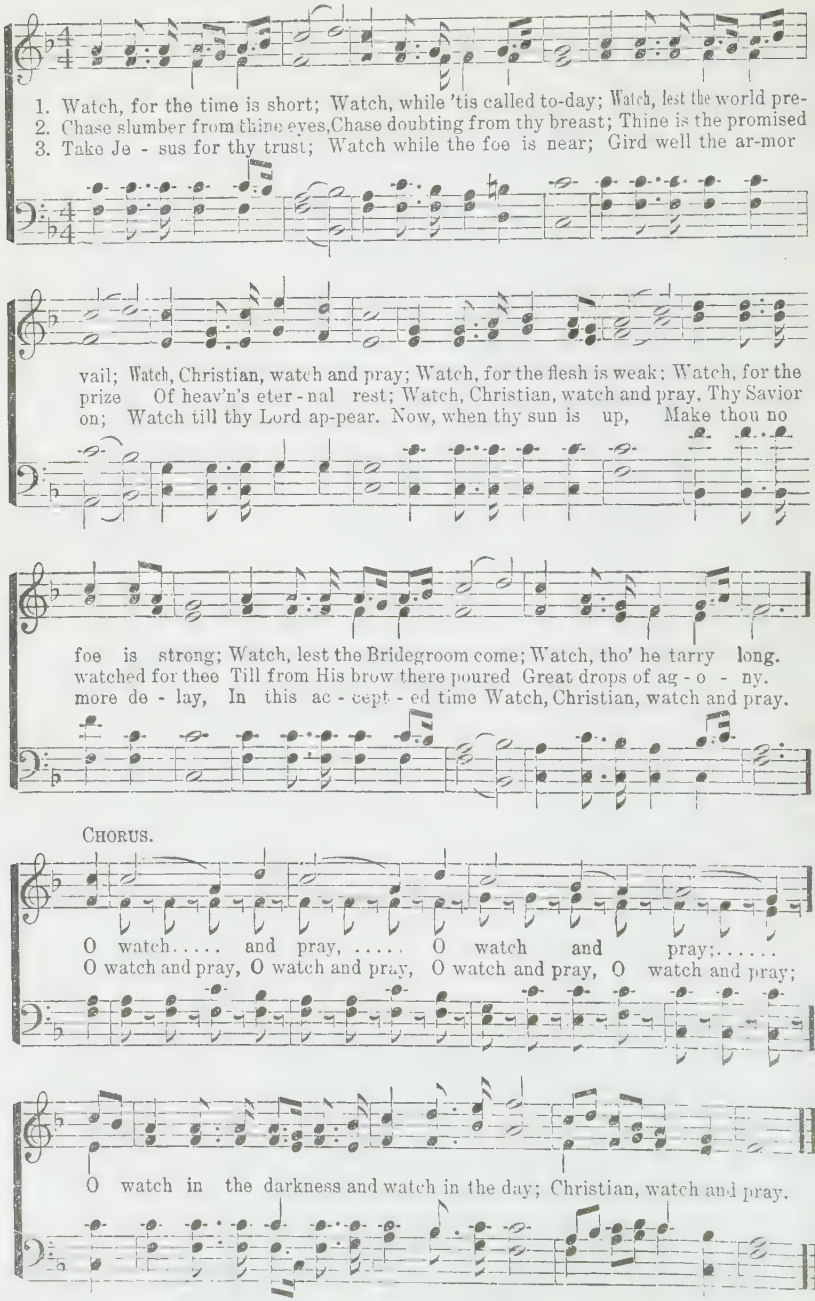
Allegretto, gracefully.


1. O beau - ti- ful Beth- le- hem, home of the Lord, What joy and what
2. He chose for his cra - dle the arms of thy love, A man- ger his
3. The heart that receives him as Mas - ter and Lord Must low - ly and
4. A light doth surround thee, O Beth - le-hem fair, Thou home of the
glo - ry were thine! Although there is blessing that reacheth to all, He
sa- cred a - bode! The child who was born to re- deem us from sin, Im -
rev- er- ent be, And no- ble and worthy, in pal - ace or stall,—O
Sav-iour di - vine! That far o'er the world, in its ra-di-ance bright, With
CHORUS.
crown'd thee with hon-or di - vine.
man - u - el, Son of the Lord!
Beth - le-hem, like un - to thee!
glo - ry in-creas-ing doth shine.
O beau - ti- ful Beth - le- hem,
love- ly and fair, The joy of thy won-der-ful night Is thrilling our
hearts with its rap-ture to- day, With prais-es and songs of de - light.

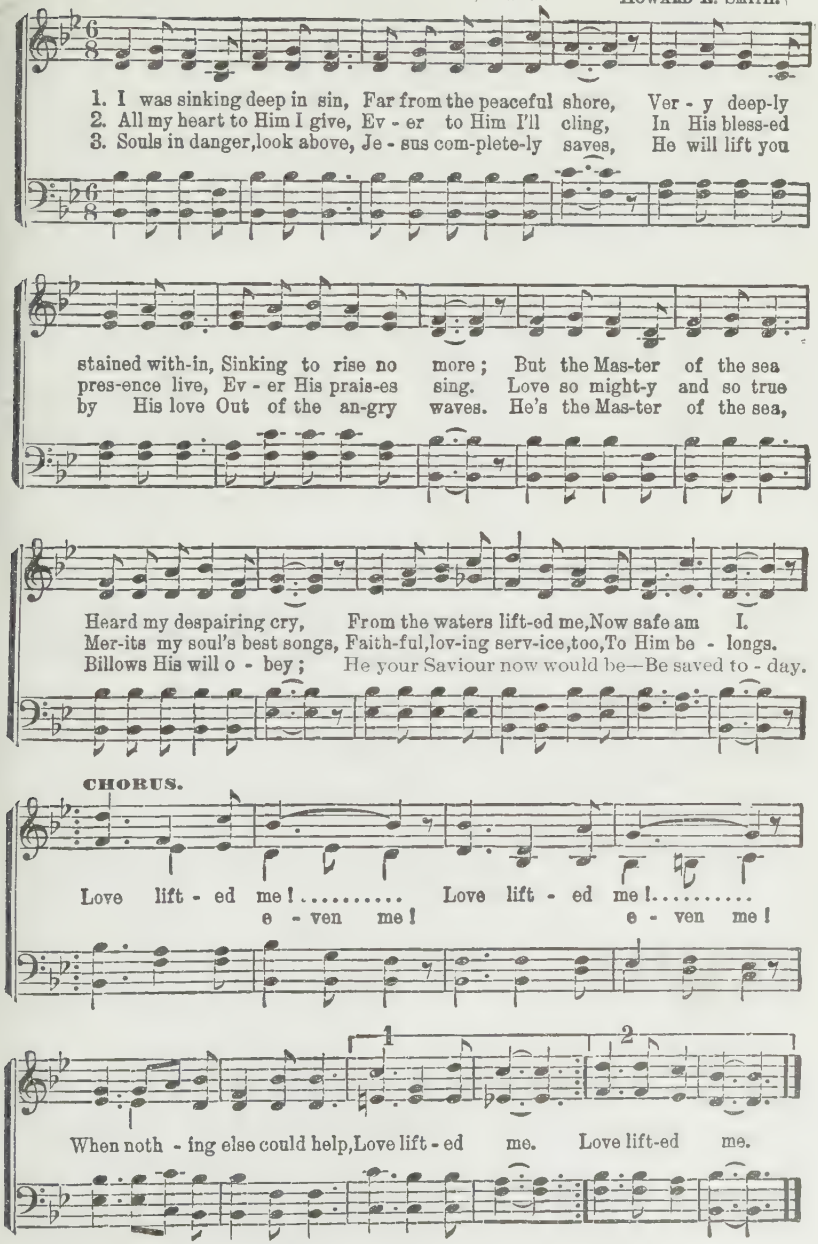
O Watch and Pray.

Robert Lowry.


1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch, while 'tis called to-day; Watch, lest the world pre-
2. Chase slumber from thine eyes, Chase doubting from thy breast; Thine is the promised
3. Take Je - sus for thy trust; Watch while the foe is near; Gird well the ar-mor
vail; Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Watch, for the flesh is weak; Watch, for the
prize Of heav'n's eter - nal rest; Watch, Christian, watch and pray, Thy Savior
on; Watch till thy Lord ap-pear. Now, when thy sun is up, Make thou no
foe is strong; Watch, lest the Bridegroom come; Watch, tho' he tarry long.
watched for thee Till from His brow there poured Great drops of ag - o - ny.
more de - lay, In this ac - cept - ed time Watch, Christian, watch and pray.
CHORUS.
O watch..... and pray, ... O watch and pray;.....
O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O watch and pray;
O watch in the darkness and watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.

Love Lifted Me.

JAMES ROWE. Robert H. Coleman, Owner. HOWARD E. SMITH.


1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in danger, look above, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves, He will lift you
stained with-in, Sinking to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres-ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an-gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,
Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs, Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
Billows His will o - bey; He your Saviour now would be—Be saved to - day.
CHORUS.
Love lift - ed me! ..... Love lift - ed me! .....
e - ven me! e - ven me!
1
2
When noth - ing else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift-ed me.

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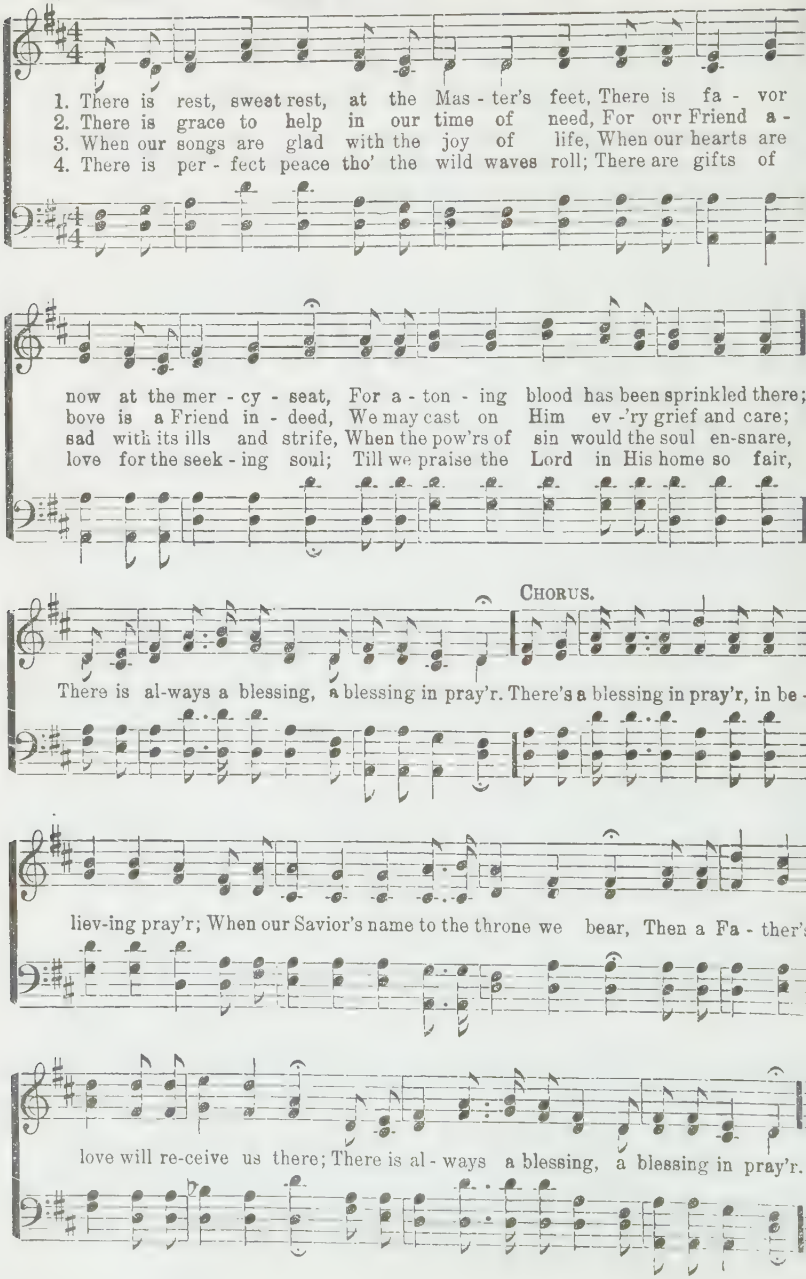
A Blessing In Prayer.

E. E. Hewitt. Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Mas - ter's feet, There is fa - vor now at the mer - cy - seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there;
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a - bove is a Friend in - deed, We may cast on Him ev -'ry grief and care;
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its ills and strife, When the pow'rs of sin would the soul en-snare,
4. There is per - fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the seek - ing soul; Till we praise the Lord in His home so fair,
Chorus.
There is al-ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be - liev-ing pray'r; When our Savior's name to the throne we bear, Then a Fa - ther's love will re-ceive us there; There is al - ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.

I'm Not Afraid.

J. B. L.

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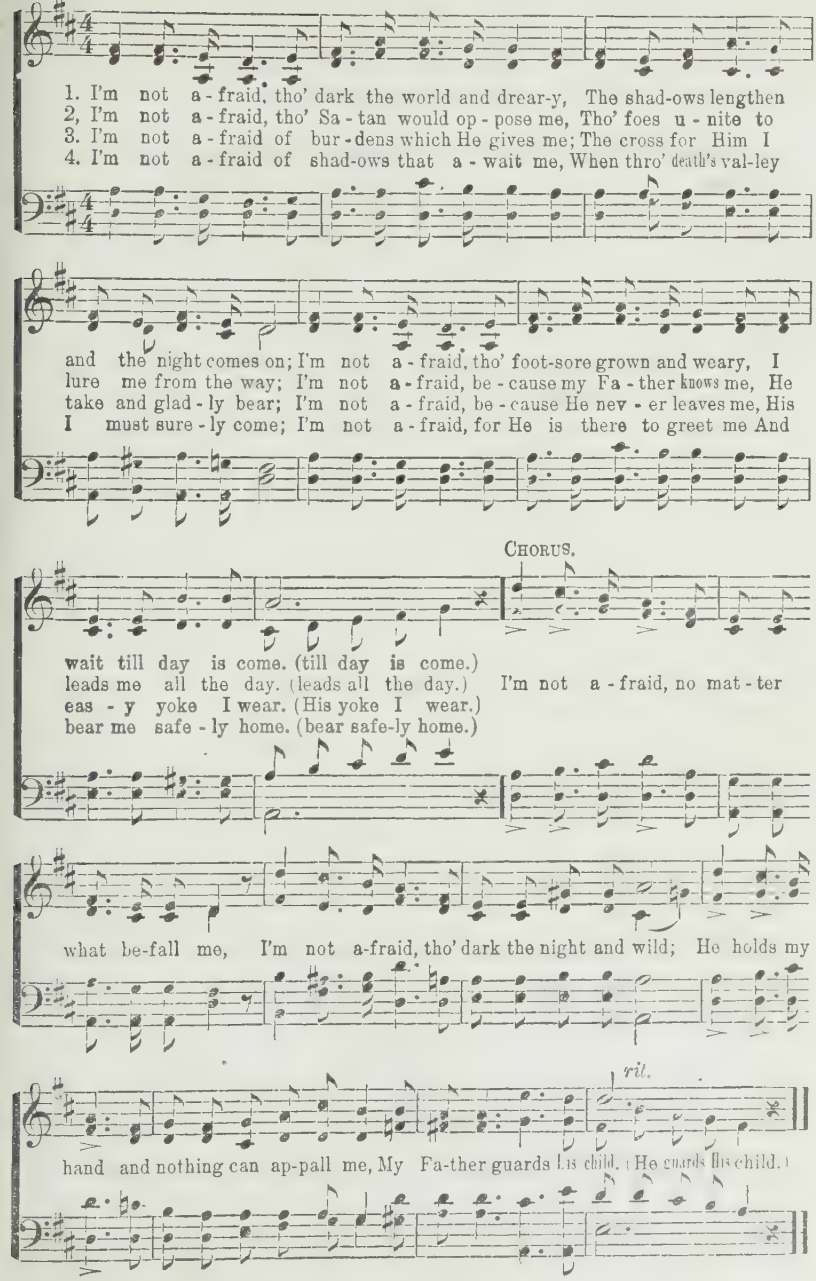
Rev. J. B. Lutz.

1. I'm not a - fraid, tho' dark the world and drear-y, The shad-ows lengthen
2, I'm not a - fraid, tho' Sa - tan would op - pose me, Tho' foes u - nite to
3. I'm not a - fraid of bur - dens which He gives me; The cross for Him I
4. I'm not a - fraid of shad-ows that a - wait me, When thro' death's val-ley
and the night comes on; I'm not a - fraid, tho' foot-sore grown and weary, I
lure me from the way; I'm not a - fraid, be - cause my Fa - ther knows me, He
take and glad - ly bear; I'm not a - fraid, be - cause He nev - er leaves me, His
I must sure - ly come; I'm not a - fraid, for He is there to greet me And
CHORUS.
wait till day is come. (till day is come.)
leads me all the day. (leads all the day.)
eas - y yoke I wear. (His yoke I wear.)
bear me safe - ly home. (bear safe-ly home.)
I'm not a - fraid, no mat - ter
what be-fall me, I'm not a-fraid, tho' dark the night and wild; He holds my
hand and nothing can ap-pall me, My Fa-ther guards His child. (He guards His child.)
ritl.

Jesus Understands.

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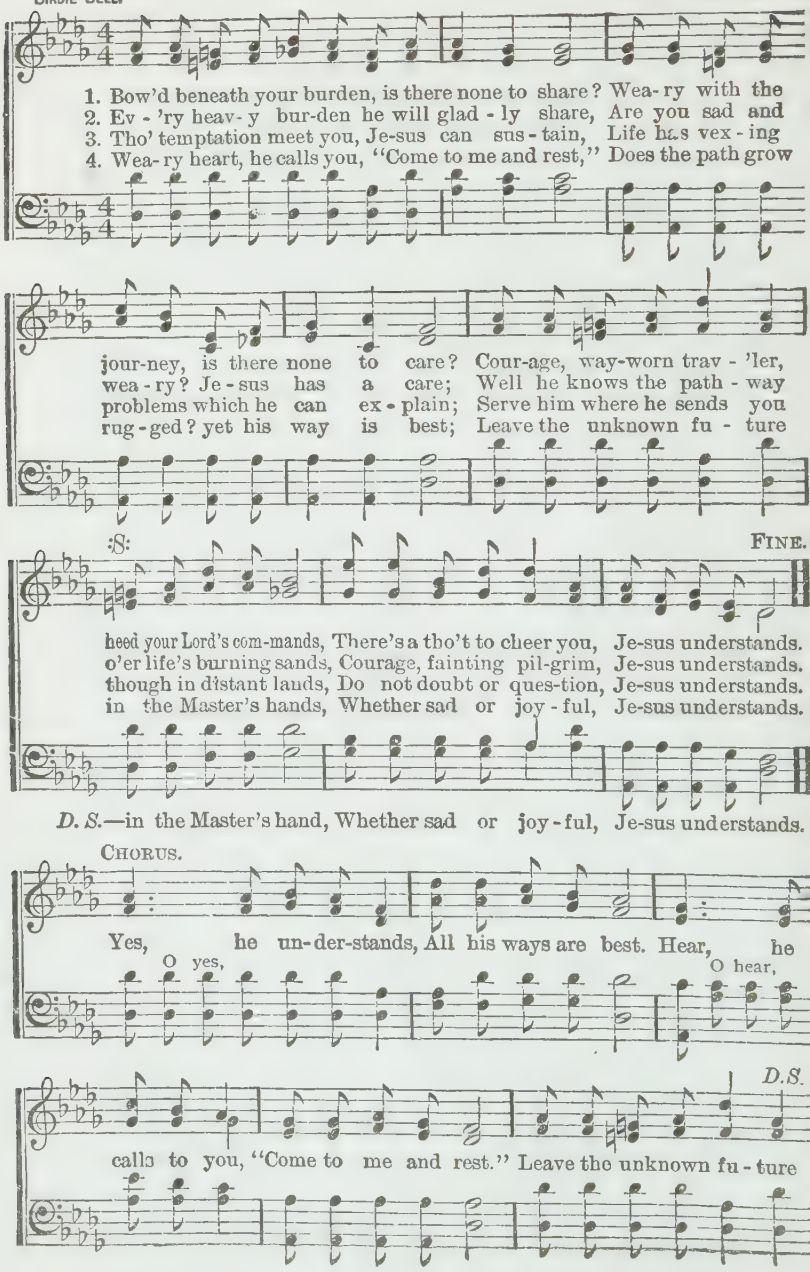
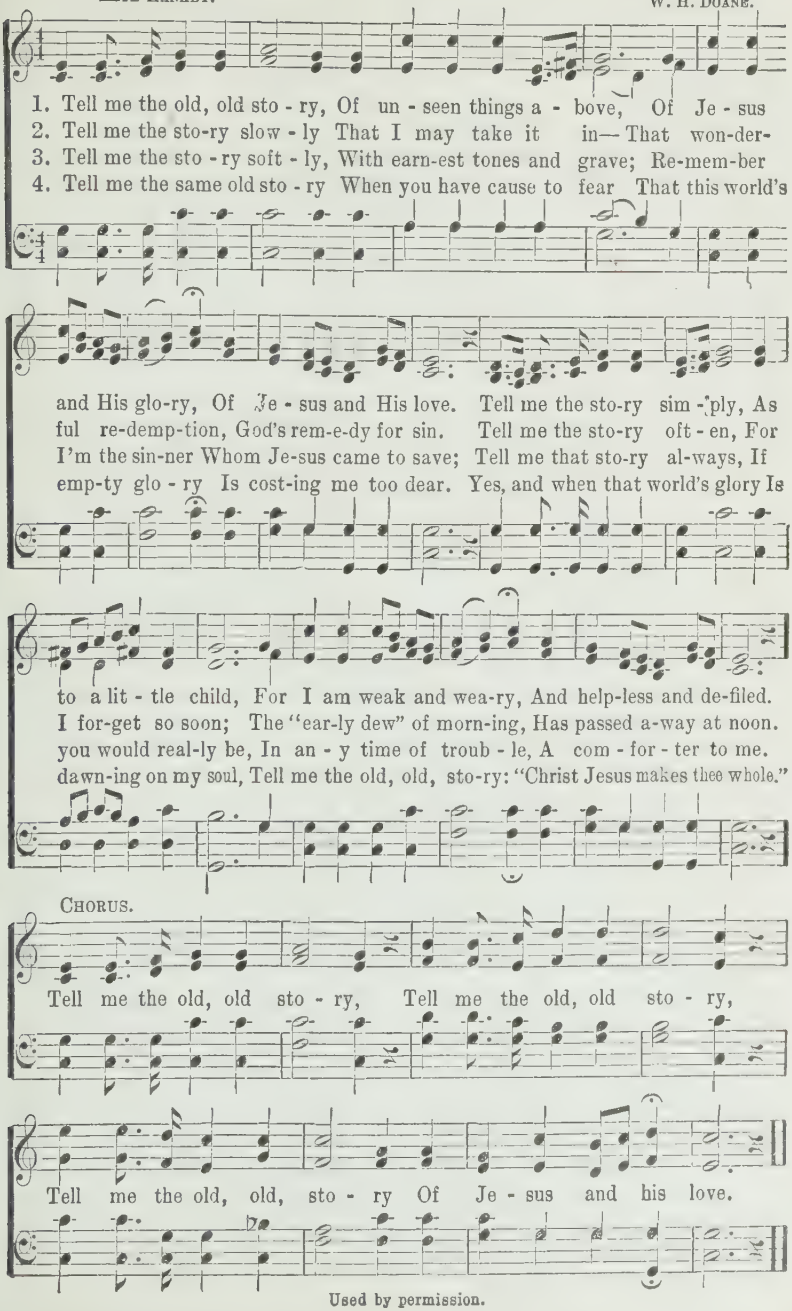
BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the
2. Ev-'ry heav-y bur-den he will glad-ly share, Are you sad and
3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je-sus can sus-tain, Life has vex-ing
4. Wea-ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow
jour-ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav-'ler,
wea-ry? Je-sus has a care; Well he knows the path-way
problems which he can ex-plain; Serve him where he sends you
rug-ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu-ture
:S:
FINE.
heed your Lord's com-mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je-sus understands.
o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil-grim, Je-sus understands.
though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je-sus understands.
in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy-ful, Je-sus understands.
D. S.—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy-ful, Je-sus understands.
CHORUS.
Yes, he un-der-stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he
O yes,
O hear,
D.S.
calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu-ture

Tell Me The Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto-ry slow - ly That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earn-est tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry When you have cause to fear That this world's
and His glo-ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto-ry sim - ply, As
ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin. Tell me the sto-ry oft - en, For
I'm the sin-ner Whom Je-sus came to save; Tell me that sto-ry al-ways, If
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glory Is
to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea-ry, And help-less and de-filed.
I for-get so soon; The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing, Has passed a-way at noon.
you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A com - for - ter to me.
dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old, sto-ry: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
CHORUS.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
Tell me the old, old, sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

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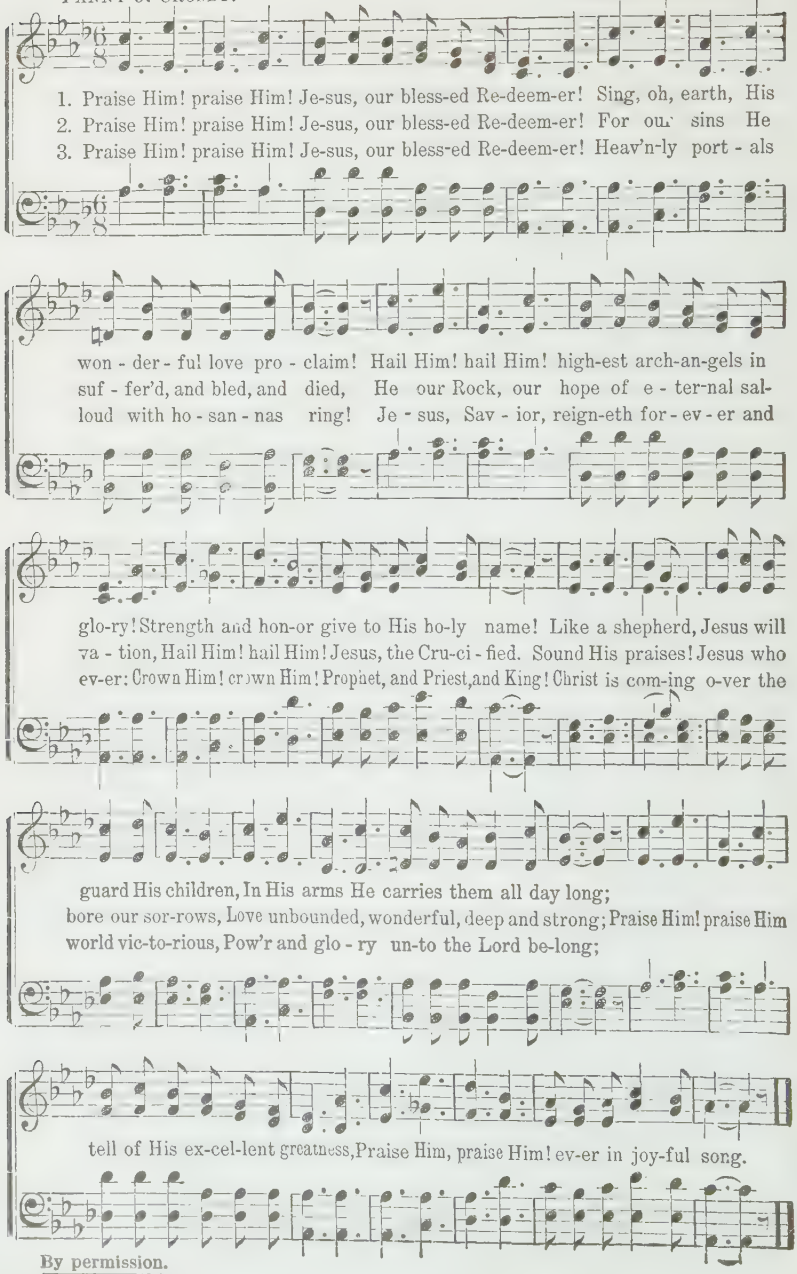
Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. CRESTER G. ALLEN.


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly port - als
won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
suf - fer'd, and bled, and died, He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for - ev - er and
glo-ry! Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will
va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His praises! Jesus who
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing o-ver the
guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un-to the Lord be-long;
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him, praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song.

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How Would it Fare With Thee?

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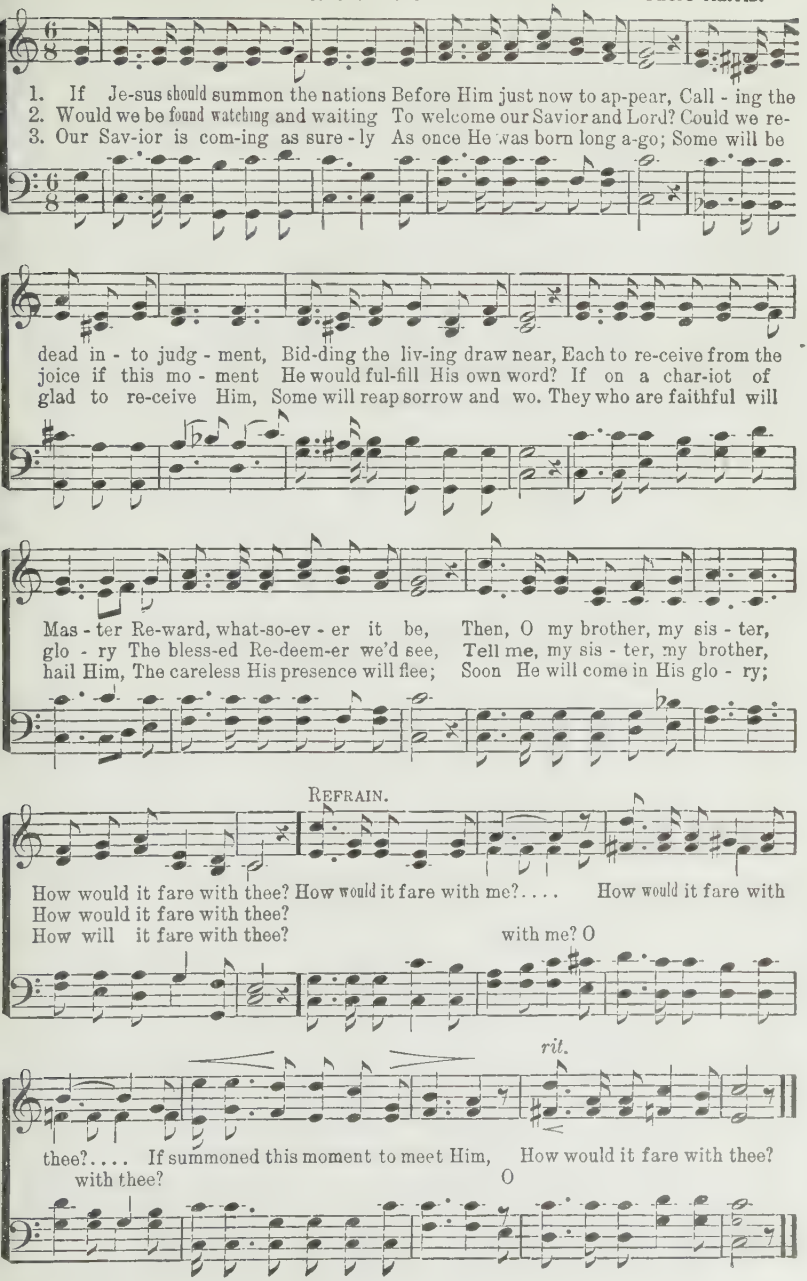
1. If Je-sus should summon the nations Before Him just now to ap-pear, Call - ing the
2. Would we be found watching and waiting To welcome our Savior and Lord? Could we re-
3. Our Sav-ior is com-ing as sure - ly As once He was born long a-go; Some will be
dead in - to judg - ment, Bid-ding the liv-ing draw near, Each to re-ceive from the
joice if this mo - ment He would ful-fill His own word? If on a char-iot of
glad to re-ceive Him, Some will reap sorrow and wo. They who are faithful will
Mas - ter Re-ward, what-so-ev - er it be, Then, O my brother, my sis - ter,
glo - ry The bless-ed Re-deem-er we'd see, Tell me, my sis - ter, my brother,
hail Him, The careless His presence will flee; Soon He will come in His glo - ry;
REFRAIN.
How would it fare with thee? How would it fare with me?.... How would it fare with
How would it fare with thee?
How will it fare with thee?
with me? O
ril.
thee?.... If summoned this moment to meet Him, How would it fare with thee?
with thee?
O

'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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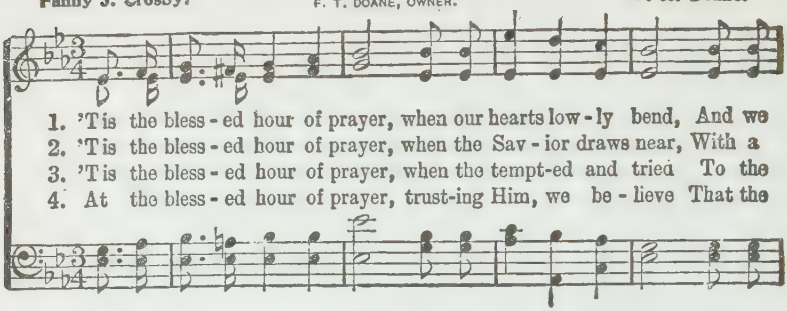
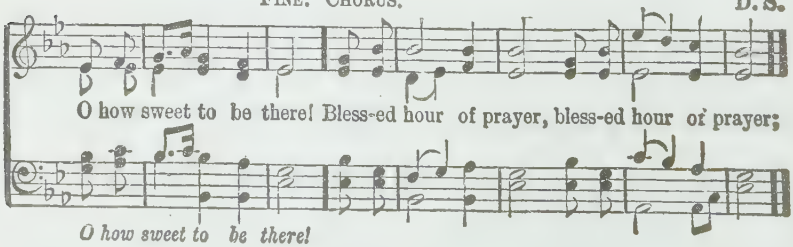
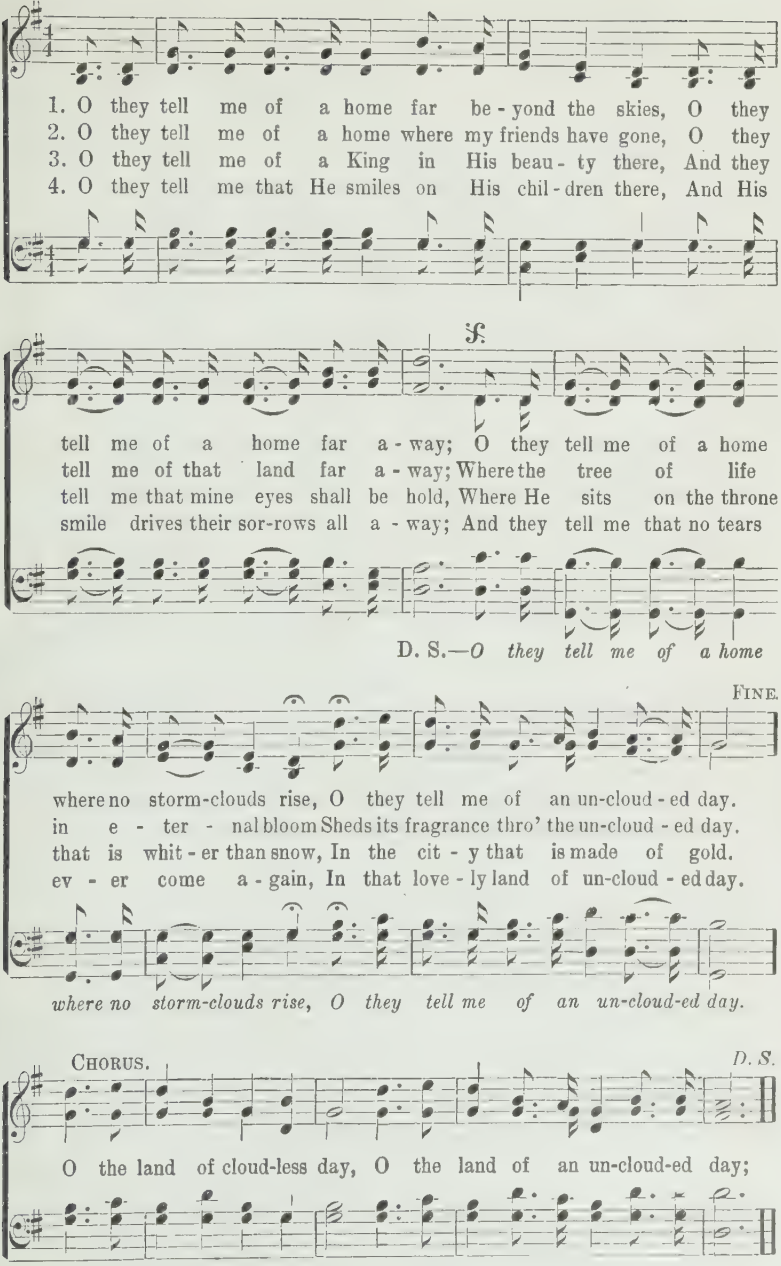

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the
gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym-pa-thiz - ing
bless - ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this
faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
D. S.—What a balm for the wear - y!

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.



The Unclouded Day.

Words and melody by
Rev. J. K. Alwood.


1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His
tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears
D. S.—O they tell me of a home
FINE.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud - ed day.
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud - ed day.
that is whit - er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un-cloud - ed day.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed day;

70 Don't Forget the Father Loves You.

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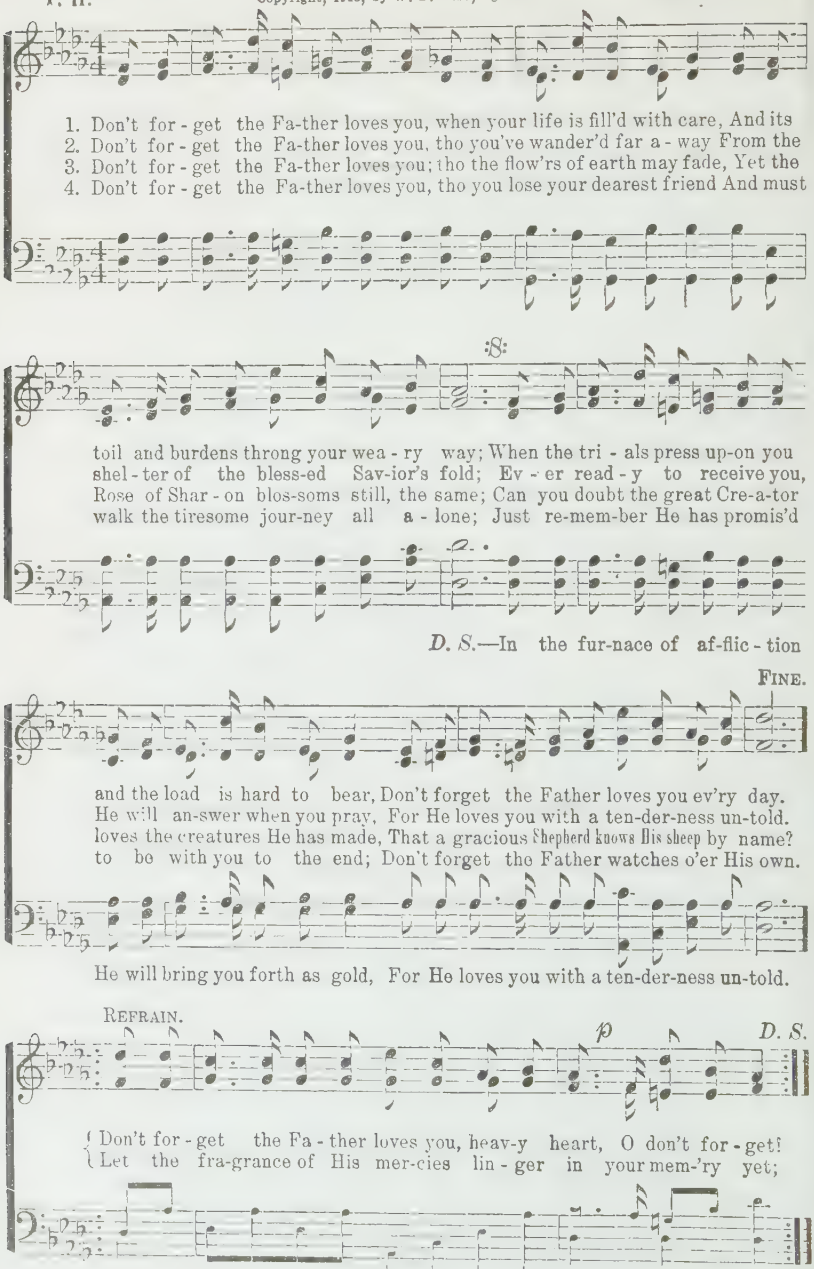
1. Don't for - get the Fa-ther loves you, when your life is fill'd with care, And its
2. Don't for - get the Fa-ther loves you, tho you've wander'd far a - way From the
3. Don't for - get the Fa-ther loves you; tho the flow'rs of earth may fade, Yet the
4. Don't for - get the Fa-ther loves you, tho you lose your dearest friend And must
:S:
toil and burdens throng your wea - ry way; When the tri - als press up-on you
shel - ter of the bless-ed Sav-ior's fold; Ev - er read - y to receive you,
Rose of Shar - on blos-soms still, the same; Can you doubt the great Cre-a-tor
walk the tiresome jour-ney all a - lone; Just re-mem-ber He has promis'd
D. S.—In the fur-nace of af-flic - tion
FINE.
and the load is hard to bear, Don't forget the Father loves you ev'ry day.
He will an-swer when you pray, For He loves you with a ten-der-ness un-told.
loves the creatures He has made, That a gracious Shepherd knows His sheep by name?
to be with you to the end; Don't forget the Father watches o'er His own.
He will bring you forth as gold, For He loves you with a ten-der-ness un-told.
REFRAIN.
p
D. S.
Don't for - get the Fa - ther loves you, heav-y heart, O don't for - get!
Let the fra-grance of His mer-cies lin - ger in your mem-'ry yet;

That Beautiful Land.

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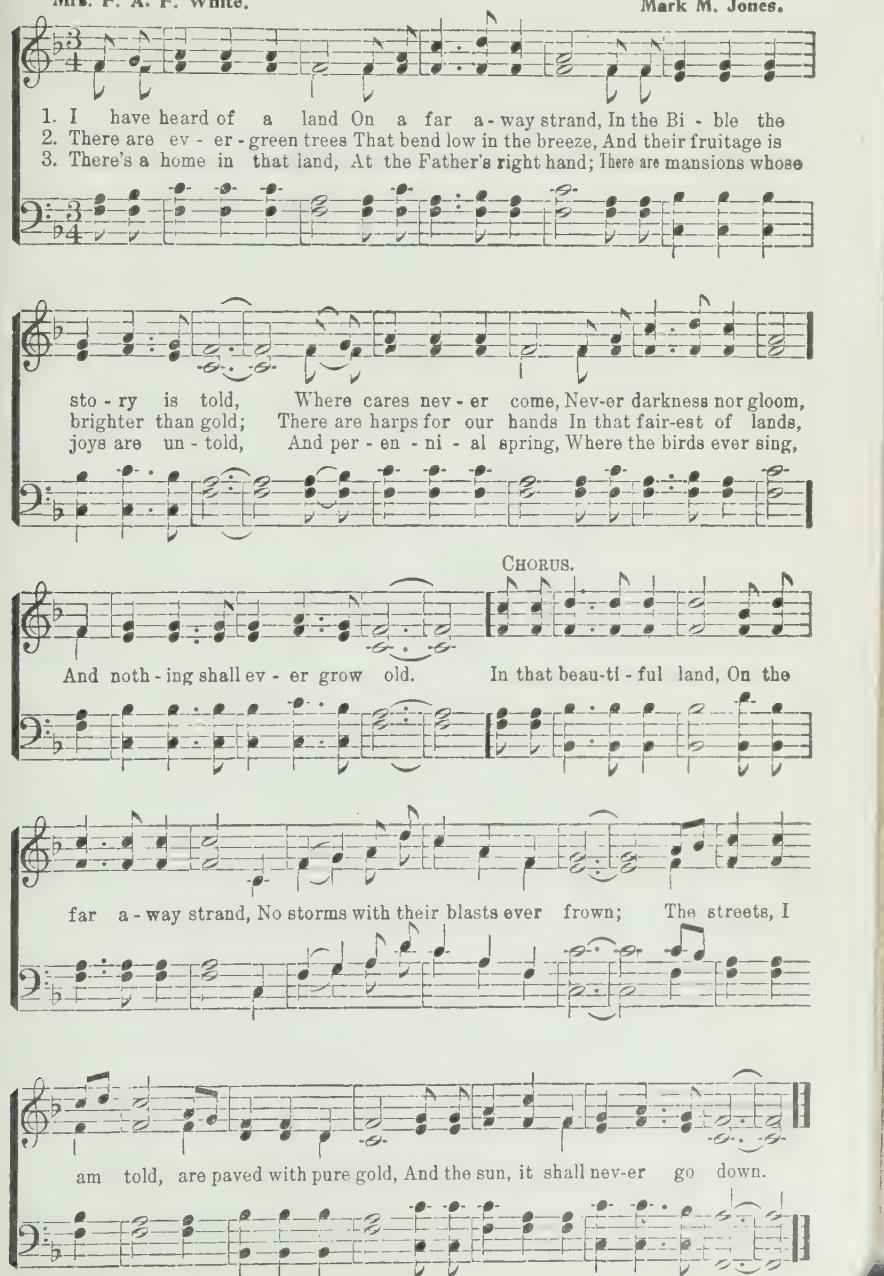
Mrs. F. A. F. White. Mark M. Jones.


1. I have heard of a land On a far a-way strand, In the Bi-ble the sto-ry is told, Where cares nev-er come, Nev-er darkness nor gloom,
2. There are ev-er-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands In that fair-est of lands,
3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand; There are mansions whose joys are un-told, And per-en-ni-al spring, Where the birds ever sing,
CHORUS.
And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old. In that beau-ti-ful land, On the far a-way strand, No storms with their blasts ever frown; The streets, I am told, are paved with pure gold, And the sun, it shall nev-er go down.

He Pardoned a Rebel Like Me.

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Arr. by Thoro Harris.

1. I've heard of a Sav - ior whose love was so great He laid down His
2. They tell me He wept o - ver sin - ners one day, "If on - ly they
3. That won-drous com-pas - sion has brok - en my heart And bro't me, dear
4. 'Tis true! wretched sin - ners right free - ly He saves, And you He will

life on a tree; The thorns, they were pierc'd in His beau-ti - ful brow
knew what I do! How oft would I gath - er you un - der my wing
Je - sus, to Thee; I knew when I came Thou wouldst not cast me out,
not cast a - way; The life ev - er - last - ing He waits to be - stow:

REFRAIN.

To par - don a reb - el like me.
And par - don poor reb - els like you." He pardon'd a reb - el like
But par - don a reb - el like me.
O come to your Sav - ior to - day!

a me,..... He pardon'd a reb - el like me; The thorns, they were
reb - el like me,

pierc'd in His beau - ti - ful brow To par - don a reb - el like me.

The Last Mile of the Way.

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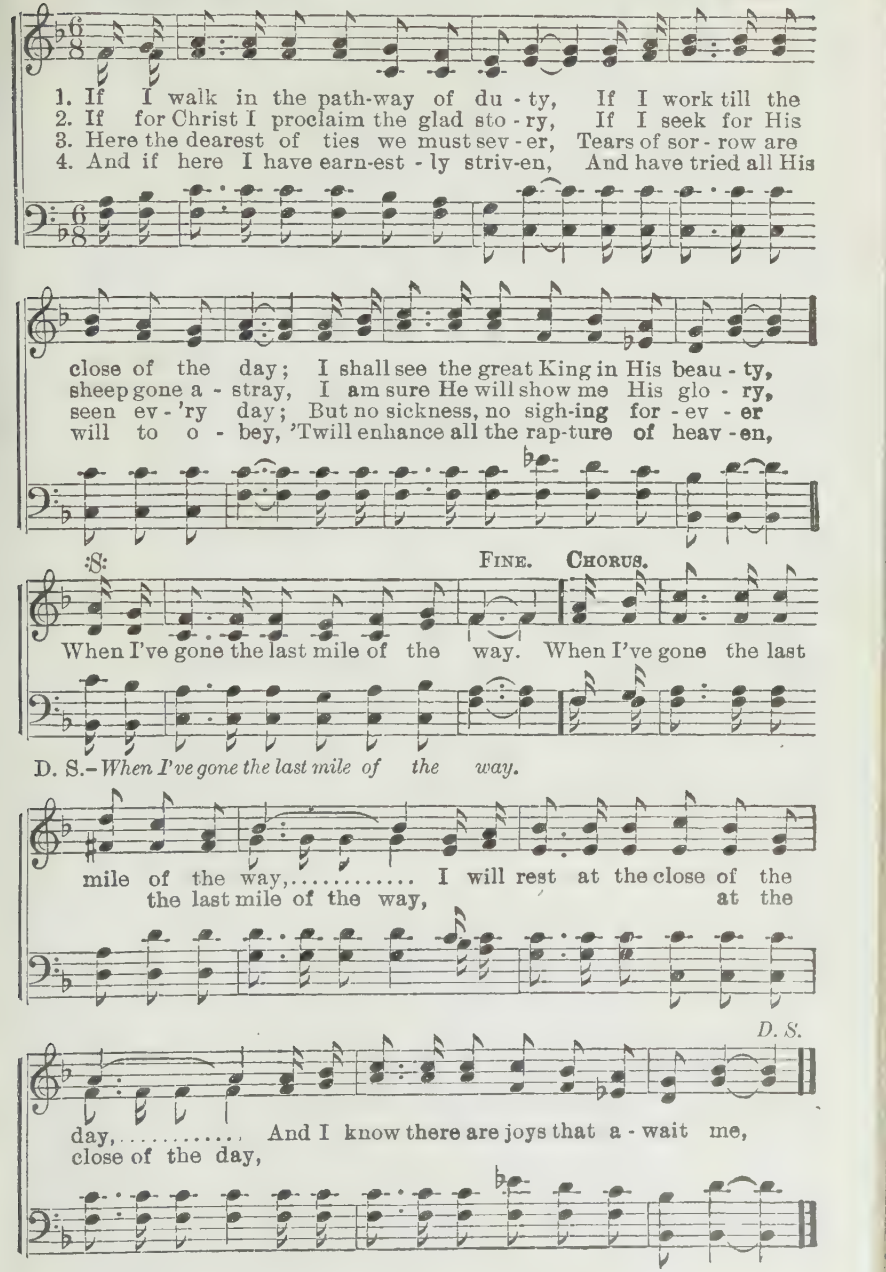
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. EDIE MARKS.


1. If I walk in the path-way of du - ty, If I work till the
2. If for Christ I proclaim the glad sto - ry, If I seek for His
3. Here the dearest of ties we must sev - er, Tears of sor - row are
4. And if here I have earn-est - ly striv-en, And have tried all His
close of the day; I shall see the great King in His beau - ty,
sheep gone a - stray, I am sure He will show me His glo - ry,
seen ev - 'ry day; But no sickness, no sigh-ing for - ev - er
will to o - bey, 'Twill enhance all the rap-ture of heav - en,
:S:
FINE. CHORUS.
When I've gone the last mile of the way. When I've gone the last
D. S.–When I've gone the last mile of the way.
mile of the way,..... I will rest at the close of the
the last mile of the way, at the
D. S.
day,..... And I know there are joys that a - wait me,
close of the day,

Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

C. R. Dunbar.

1. { Je - sus now is my sal - va - tion, He has saved me from all sin;
   { Thro' His blood I have re - demption, [*Omit* . . . . .]
2. { By His roy - al pro - cla - ma - tion Sin's do - min-ion now is o'er,
   { And in conscious full sal - va - tion [*Omit* . . . . .]
3. { O the love of my Re - deem - er! O the won-ders of His grace!
   { I will praise His name for-ev - er, [*Omit* . . . . .]

And I rest com-plete in Him.
I may sing for - ev - er - more. O the joy of full sal - va - tion!
And re - joice be - fore His face.

How it thrills my in - most soul! Spread the news to ev - 'ry na - tion:

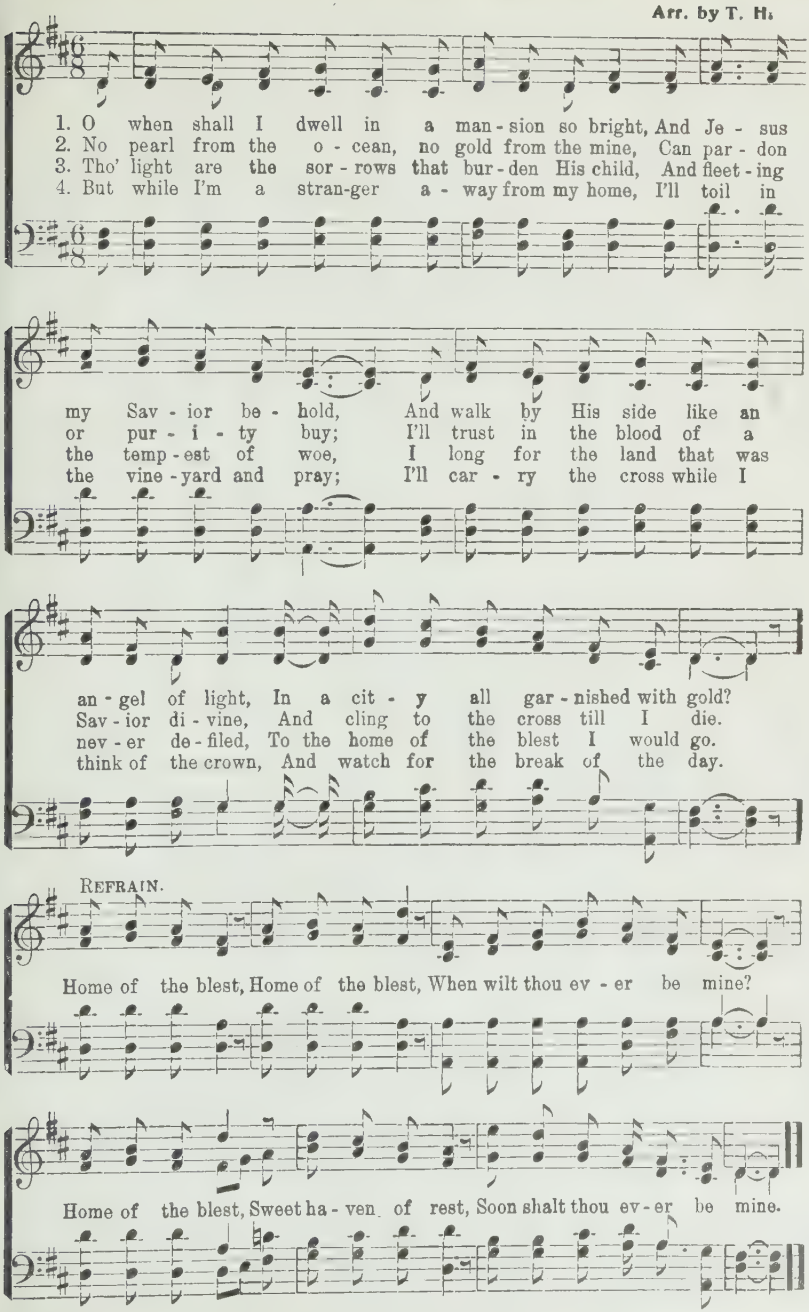
CHORUS. *p* *m*

Je - sus blood has made me whole. Why don't you come to Je - sus? Why

f

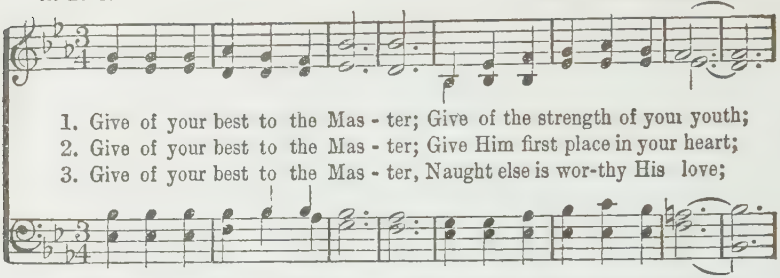
don't you come to Je - sus? Why don't you come to Jesus and be saved? saved?

Home of the Blest.

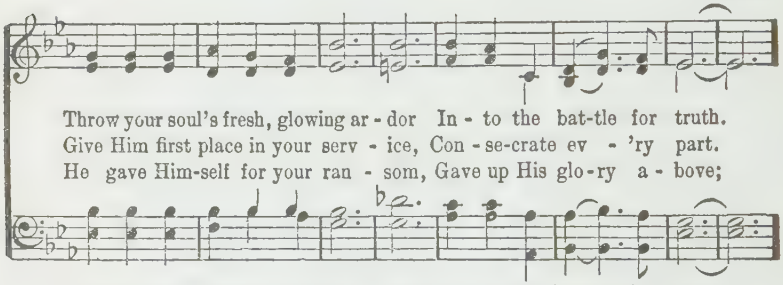
Arr. by T. H.

1. O when shall I dwell in a man - sion so bright, And Je - sus
2. No pearl from the o - cean, no gold from the mine, Can par - don
3. Tho' light are the sor - rows that bur - den His child, And fleet - ing
4. But while I'm a stran-ger a - way from my home, I'll toil in
my Sav - ior be - hold, And walk by His side like an
or pur - i - ty buy; I'll trust in the blood of a
the temp - est of woe, I long for the land that was
the vine - yard and pray; I'll car - ry the cross while I
an - gel of light, In a cit - y all gar - nished with gold?
Sav - ior di - vine, And cling to the cross till I die.
nev - er de - filed, To the home of the blest I would go.
think of the crown, And watch for the break of the day.
Refrain.
Home of the blest, Home of the blest, When wilt thou ev - er be mine?
Home of the blest, Sweet ha - ven of rest, Soon shalt thou ev - er be mine.

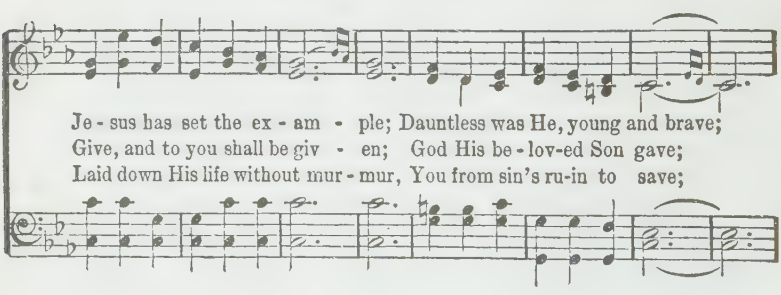
Give of Your Best to the Master.

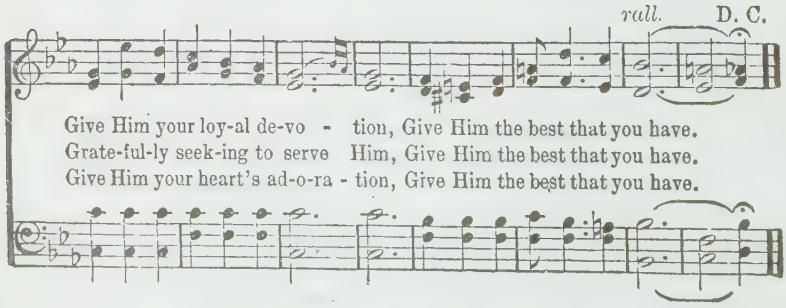
H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard.


1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor-thy His love;
REF.—Give of your best to the Mas-ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

FINE.

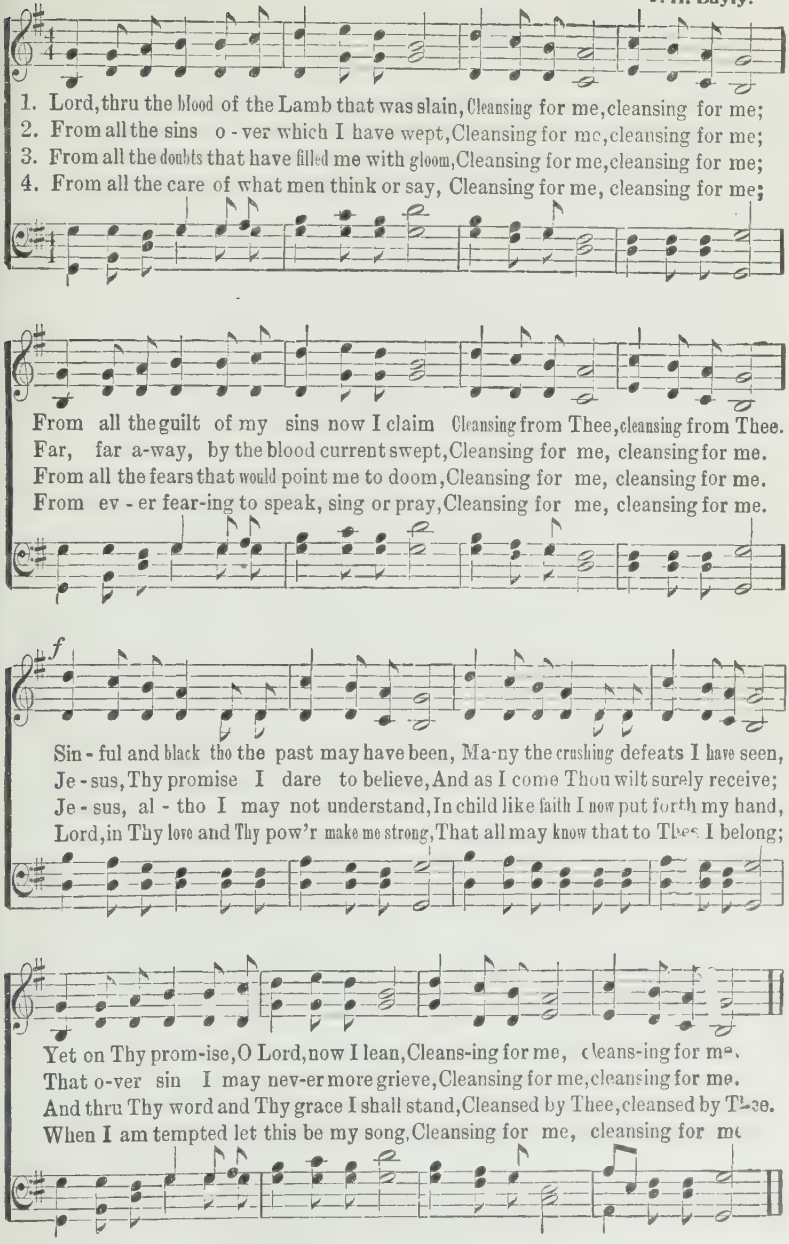

Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat-tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo-ry a - bove;
Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat-tle for truth.


Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov-ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru-in to save;

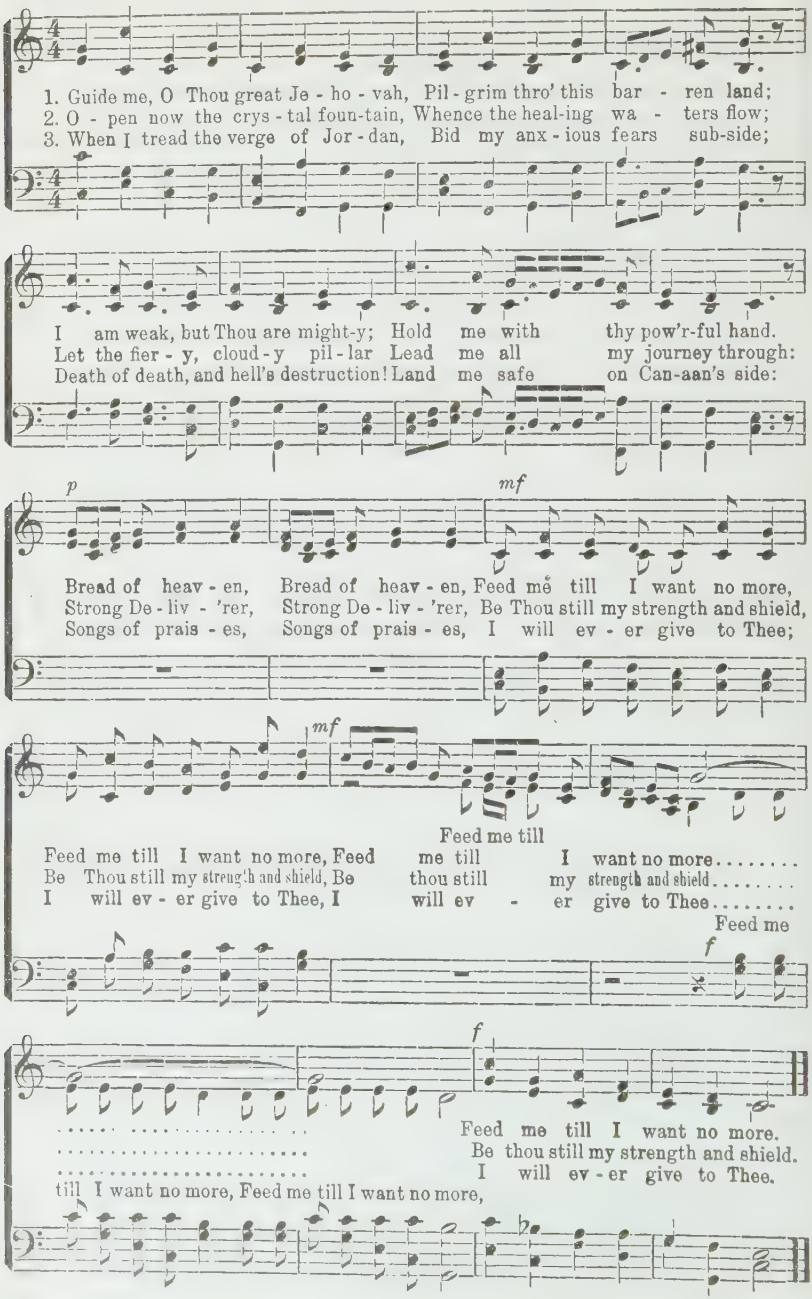

rall. D. C.
Give Him your loy-al de-vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful-ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.

Cleansing for Me.

Herbert Booth. T. H. Bayly.

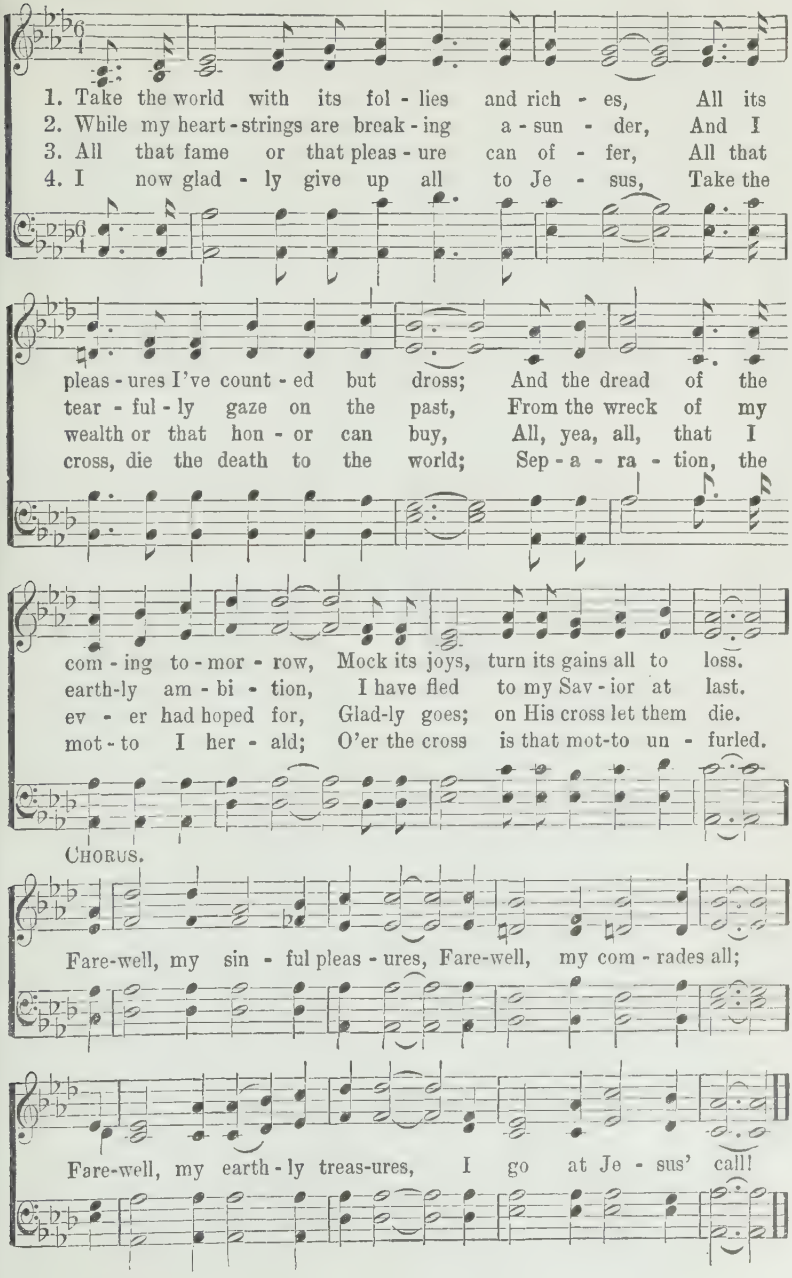

1. Lord, thru the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
2. From all the sins o - ver which I have wept, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
3. From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
4. From all the care of what men think or say, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim Cleansing from Thee, cleansing from Thee.
Far, far a-way, by the blood current swept, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
From all the fears that would point me to doom, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
From ev - er fear-ing to speak, sing or pray, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
f
Sin - ful and black tho the past may have been, Ma-ny the crushing defeats I have seen,
Je - sus, Thy promise I dare to believe, And as I come Thou wilt surely receive;
Je - sus, al - tho I may not understand, In child like faith I now put forth my hand,
Lord, in Thy love and Thy pow'r make me strong, That all may know that to Thee I belong;
Yet on Thy prom-ise, O Lord, now I lean, Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me.
That o-ver sin I may nev-er more grieve, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
And thru Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand, Cleansed by Thee, cleansed by Thee.
When I am tempted let this be my song, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. CALCUTTA 8. 7. 4.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the heal-ing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-side;
I am weak, but Thou are might-y; Hold me with thy pow'r-ful hand.
Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my journey through:
Death of death, and hell's destruction! Land me safe on Can-aan's side:
p
mf
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed mẽ till I want no more,
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to Thee;
mf
Feed me till
Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.....
Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.....
I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.....
Feed me
f
f
Feed me till I want no more.
Be thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee.
till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more,

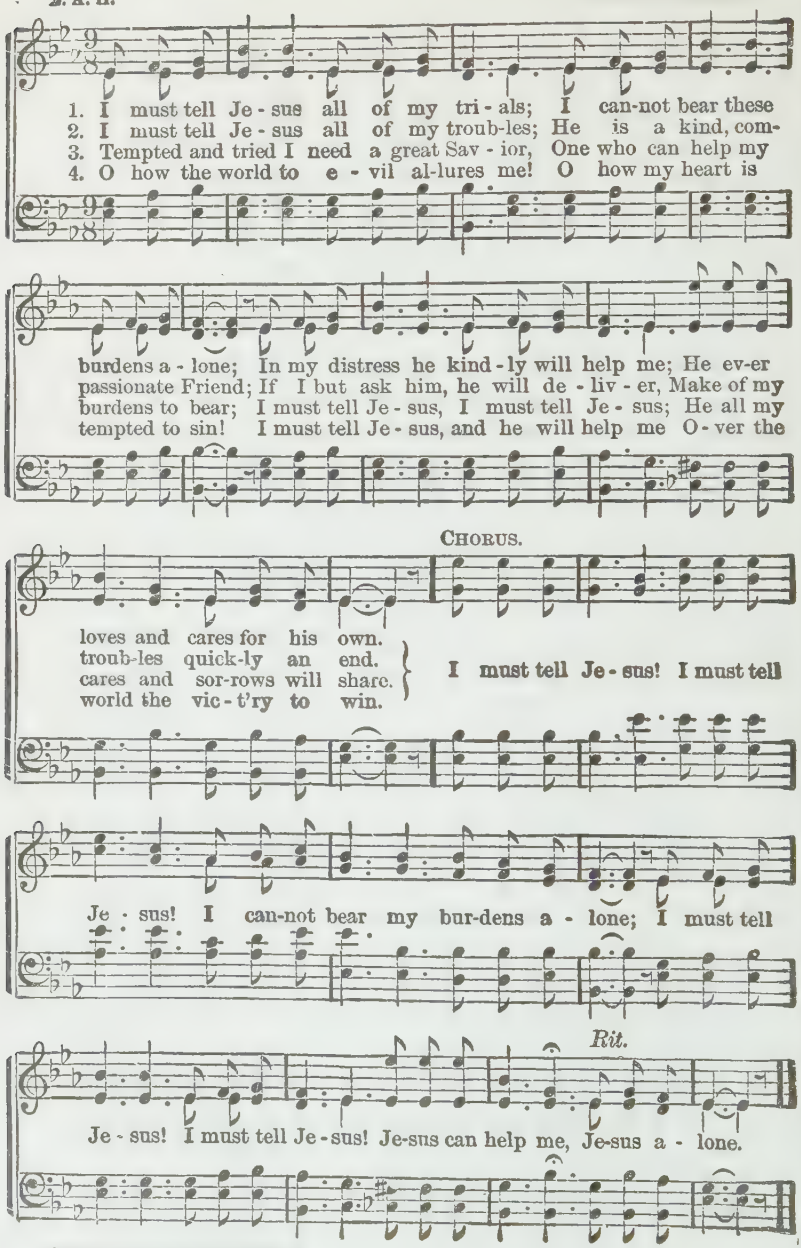
Farewell, My Sinful Pleasures.

Vivian A. Dake. COPYRIGHT BY T. H. NELSON. Ida M. Dake.


1. Take the world with its fol - lies and rich - es, All its
pleas - ures I've count - ed but dross; And the dread of the
2. While my heart - strings are break - ing a - sun - der, And I
tear - ful - ly gaze on the past, From the wreck of my
3. All that fame or that pleas - ure can of - fer, All that
wealth or that hon - or can buy, All, yea, all, that I
4. I now glad - ly give up all to Je - sus, Take the
cross, die the death to the world; Sep - a - ra - tion, the
com - ing to - mor - row, Mock its joys, turn its gains all to loss.
earth-ly am - bi - tion, I have fled to my Sav - ior at last.
ev - er had hoped for, Glad-ly goes; on His cross let them die.
mot - to I her - ald; O'er the cross is that mot-to un - furled.
CHORUS.
Fare-well, my sin - ful pleas - ures, Fare-well, my com - rades all;
Fare-well, my earth - ly treas-ures, I go at Je - sus' call!

I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is
burdens a - lone; In my distress he kind - ly will help me; He ev-er
passionate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me O - ver the
CHORUS.
loves and cares for his own.
troub-les quick-ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic - t'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell
Rit.
Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

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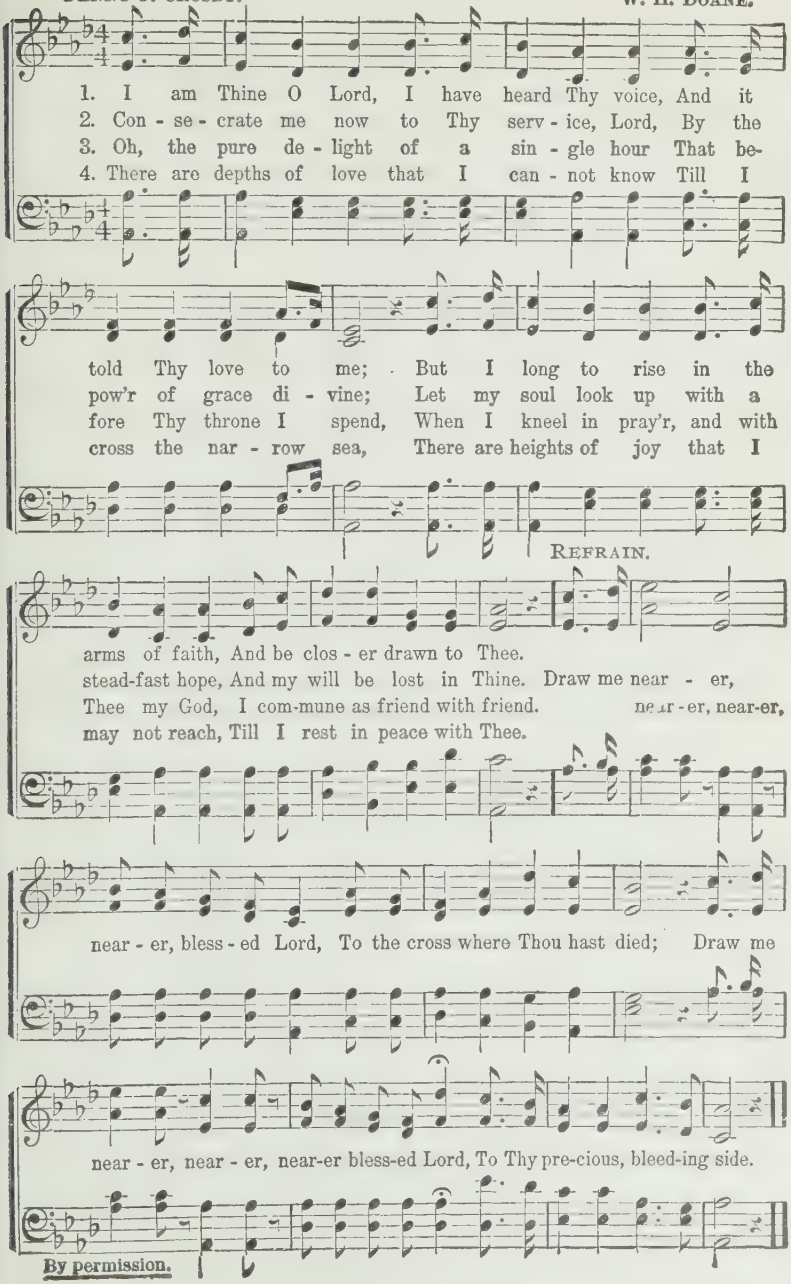
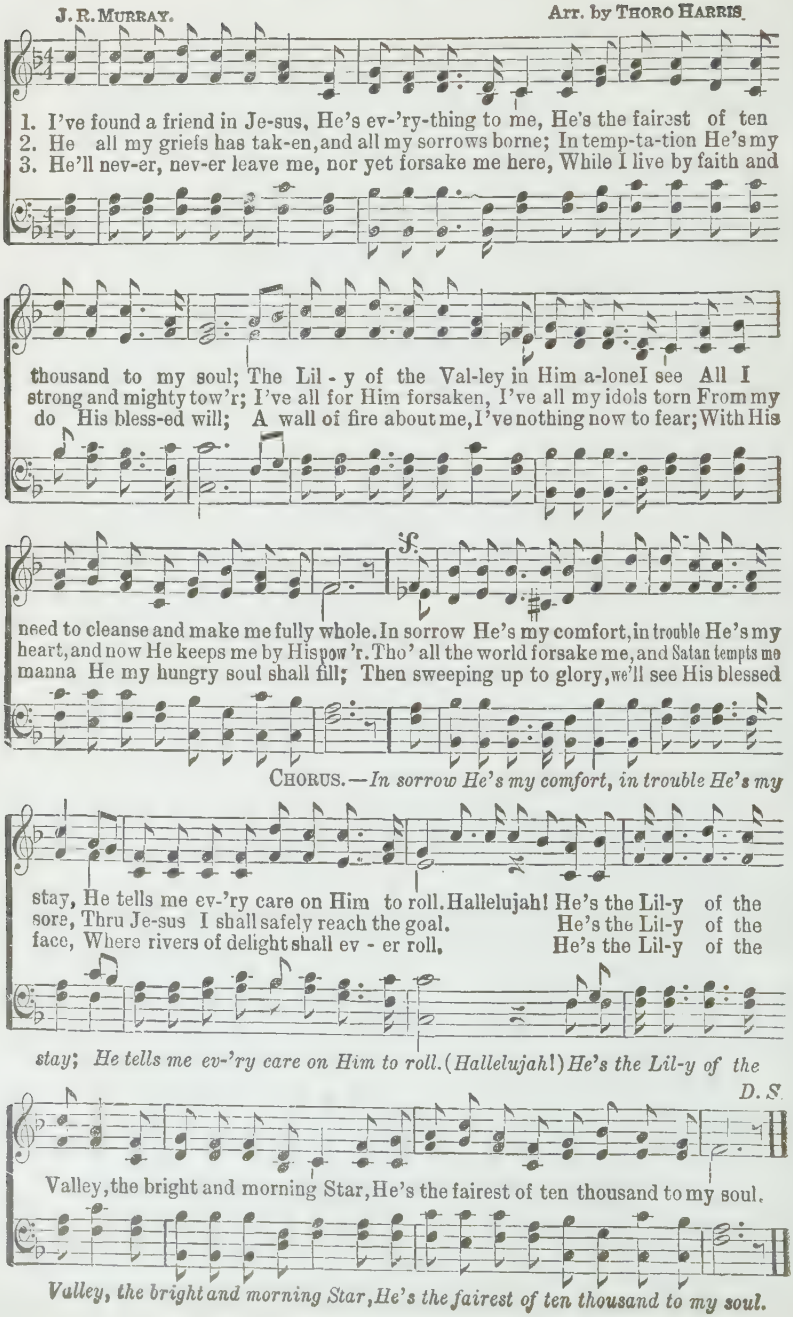
Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it
told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the
pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-
fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I
cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I
REFRAIN.
arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend. near-er, near-er,
may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me
near - er, near - er, near-er bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

By permission.

The Lily of the Valley.

J. R. MURRAY. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.


1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-ta-tion He's my
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and
thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley in Him a-lone I see All I
strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my
do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With His
f.
need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my
heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me
manna He my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glory, we'll see His blessed
CHORUS.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my
stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. Hallelujah! He's the Lil-y of the
sore, Thru Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the Lil-y of the
face, Where rivers of delight shall ev - er roll, He's the Lil-y of the
stay; He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. (Hallelujah!) He's the Lil-y of the
D. S.
Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Resting in the Rock.

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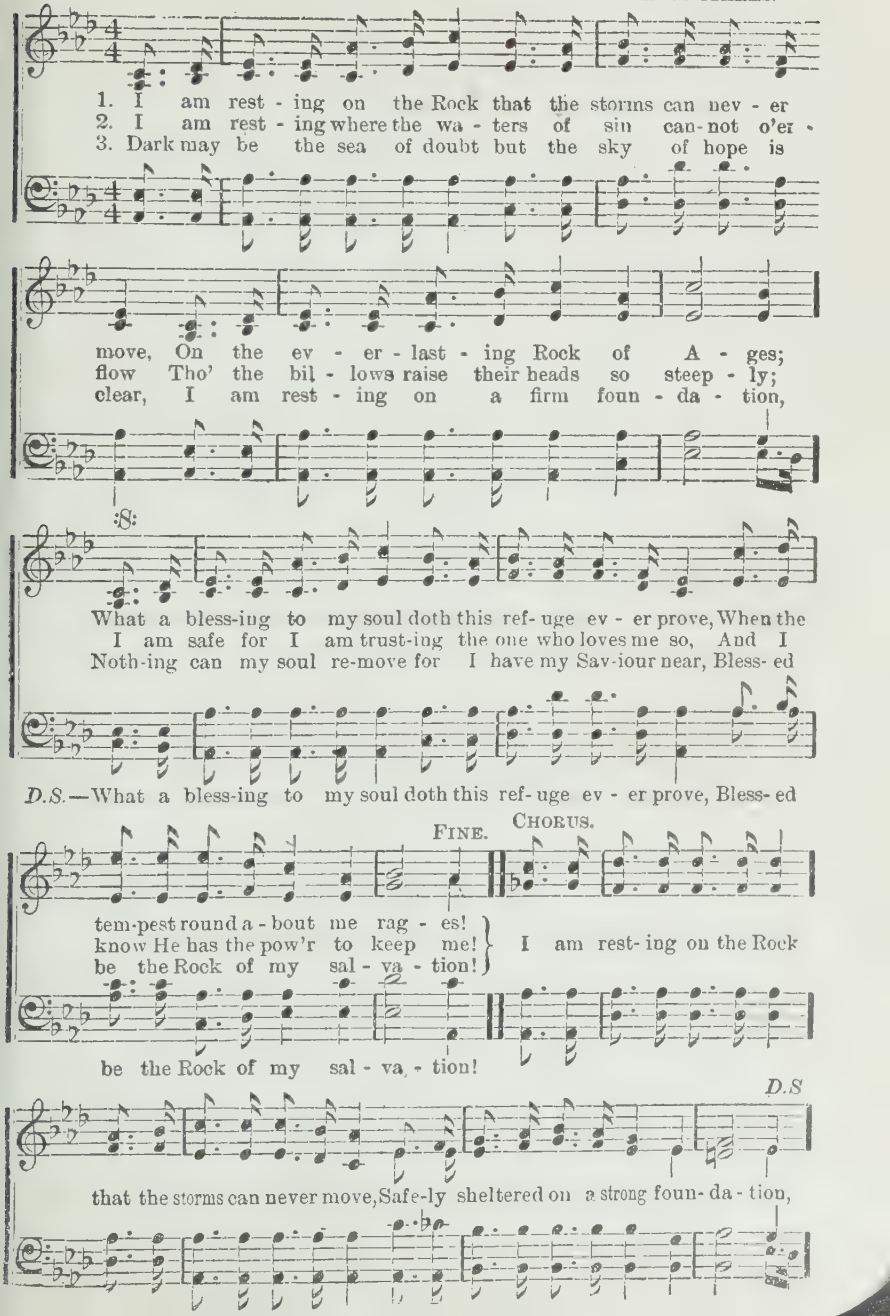
E. DEE. WM. EDIE MARKS.


1. I am rest - ing on the Rock that the storms can nev - er
2. I am rest - ing where the wa - ters of sin can - not o'er -
3. Dark may be the sea of doubt but the sky of hope is
move, On the ev - er - last - ing Rock of A - ges;
flow Tho' the bil - lows raise their heads so steep - ly;
clear, I am rest - ing on a firm foun - da - tion,
:S:
What a bless-ing to my soul doth this ref-uge ev - er prove, When the
I am safe for I am trust-ing the one who loves me so, And I
Noth-ing can my soul re-move for I have my Sav-iour near, Bless- ed
D.S.—What a bless-ing to my soul doth this ref-uge ev - er prove, Bless- ed
FINE.
CHORUS.
tem-pest round a - bout me rag - es!
know He has the pow'r to keep me!
be the Rock of my sal - va - tion!
I am rest- ing on the Rock
be the Rock of my sal - va - tion!
D.S
that the storms can never move, Safe-ly sheltered on a strong foun- da - tion,

Where Am I Drifting?

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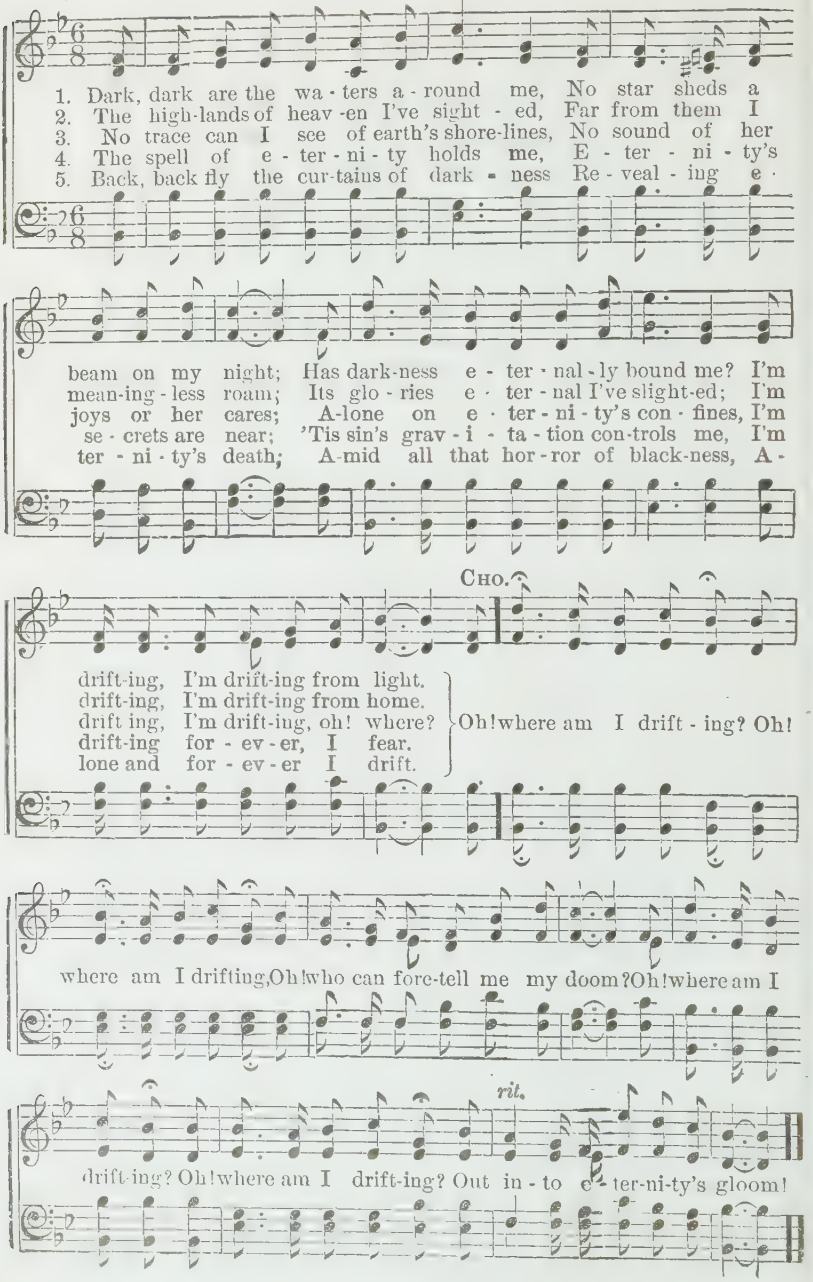
1. Dark, dark are the wa - ters a - round me, No star sheds a
2. The high-lands of heav -en I've sight - ed, Far from them I
3. No trace can I see of earth's shore-lines, No sound of her
4. The spell of e - ter - ni - ty holds me, E - ter - ni - ty's
5. Back, back fly the cur-tains of dark - ness Re - veal - ing e -
beam on my night; Has dark-ness e - ter - nal - ly bound me? I'm
mean-ing - less roam; Its glo - ries e - ter - nal I've slight-ed; I'm
joys or her cares; A-lone on e - ter - ni - ty's con - fines, I'm
se - crets are near; 'Tis sin's grav - i - ta - tion con-trols me, I'm
ter - ni - ty's death; A-mid all that hor - ror of black-ness, A -
Cho.
drift-ing, I'm drift-ing from light.
drift-ing, I'm drift-ing from home.
drift ing, I'm drift-ing, oh! where?
drift-ing for - ev - er, I fear.
lone and for - ev - er I drift.
Oh! where am I drift - ing? Oh!
where am I drifting, Oh! who can fore-tell me my doom? Oh! where am I
rit.
drift-ing? Oh! where am I drift-ing? Out in - to e - ter-ni-ty's gloom!

Only Wait.

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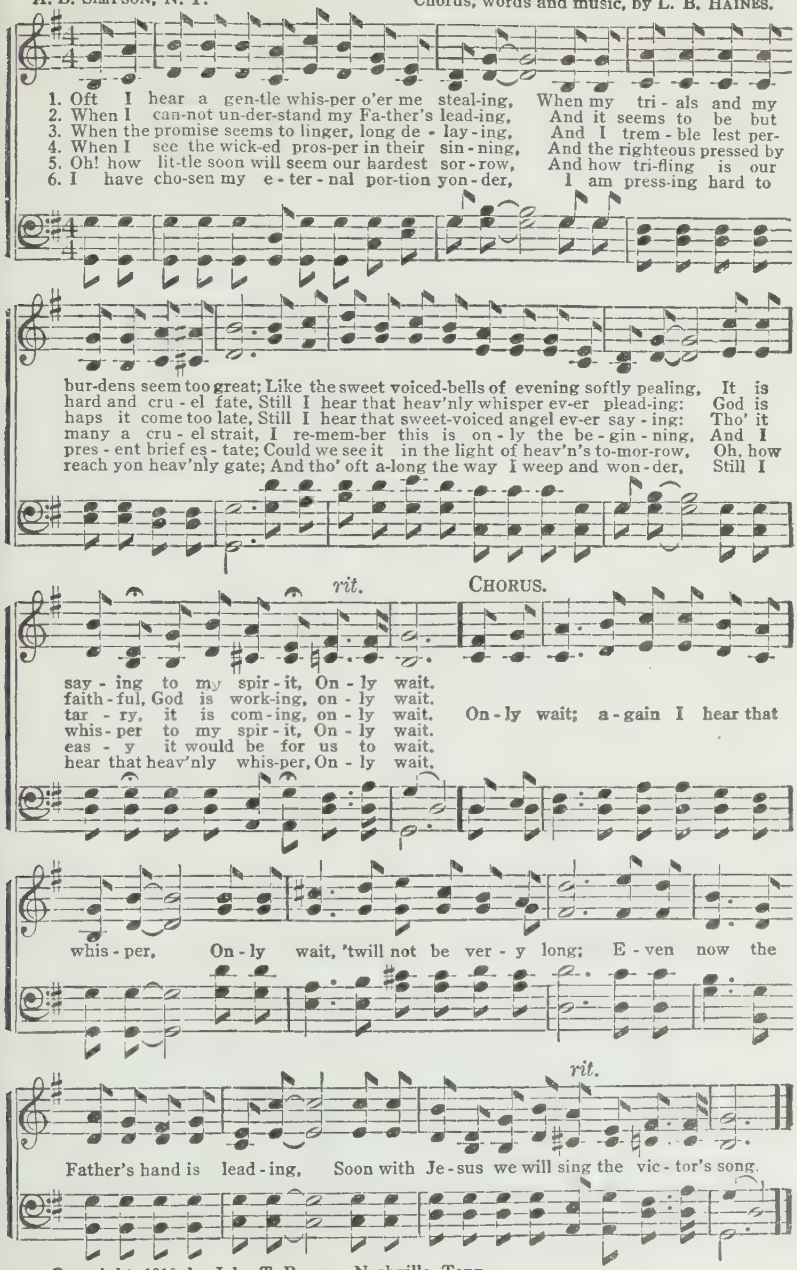
W. R. NEWELL.
Chorus, words and music, by L. B. HAINES.

1. Oft I hear a gen-tle whis-per o'er me steal-ing, When my tri-als and my
2. When I can-not un-der-stand my Fa-ther's lead-ing, And it seems to be but
3. When the promise seems to linger, long de-lay-ing, And I trem-ble lest per-
4. When I see the wick-ed pros-per in their sin-ning, And the righteous pressed by
5. Oh! how lit-tle soon will seem our hardest sor-row, And how tri-fling is our
6. I have cho-sen my e-ter-nal por-tion yon-der, I am press-ing hard to
bur-dens seem too great; Like the sweet voiced-bells of evening softly pealing, It is
hard and cru-el fate, Still I hear that heav'nly whisper ev-er plead-ing: God is
haps it come too late, Still I hear that sweet-voiced angel ev-er say-ing: Tho' it
many a cru-el strait, I re-mem-ber this is on-ly the be-gin-ning, And I
pres-ent brief es-tate; Could we see it in the light of heav'n's to-mor-row, Oh, how
reach yon heav'nly gate; And tho' oft a-long the way I weep and won-der, Still I
rit.
CHORUS.
say-ing to my spir-it, On-ly wait.
faith-ful, God is work-ing, on-ly wait.
tar-ry, it is com-ing, on-ly wait.
whis-per to my spir-it, On-ly wait.
eas-y it would be for us to wait.
hear that heav'nly whis-per, On-ly wait.
On-ly wait; a-gain I hear that
whis-per, On-ly wait, 'twill not be ver-y long; E-ven now the
rit.
Father's hand is lead-ing, Soon with Je-sus we will sing the vic-tor's song.

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Wonderful Peace.

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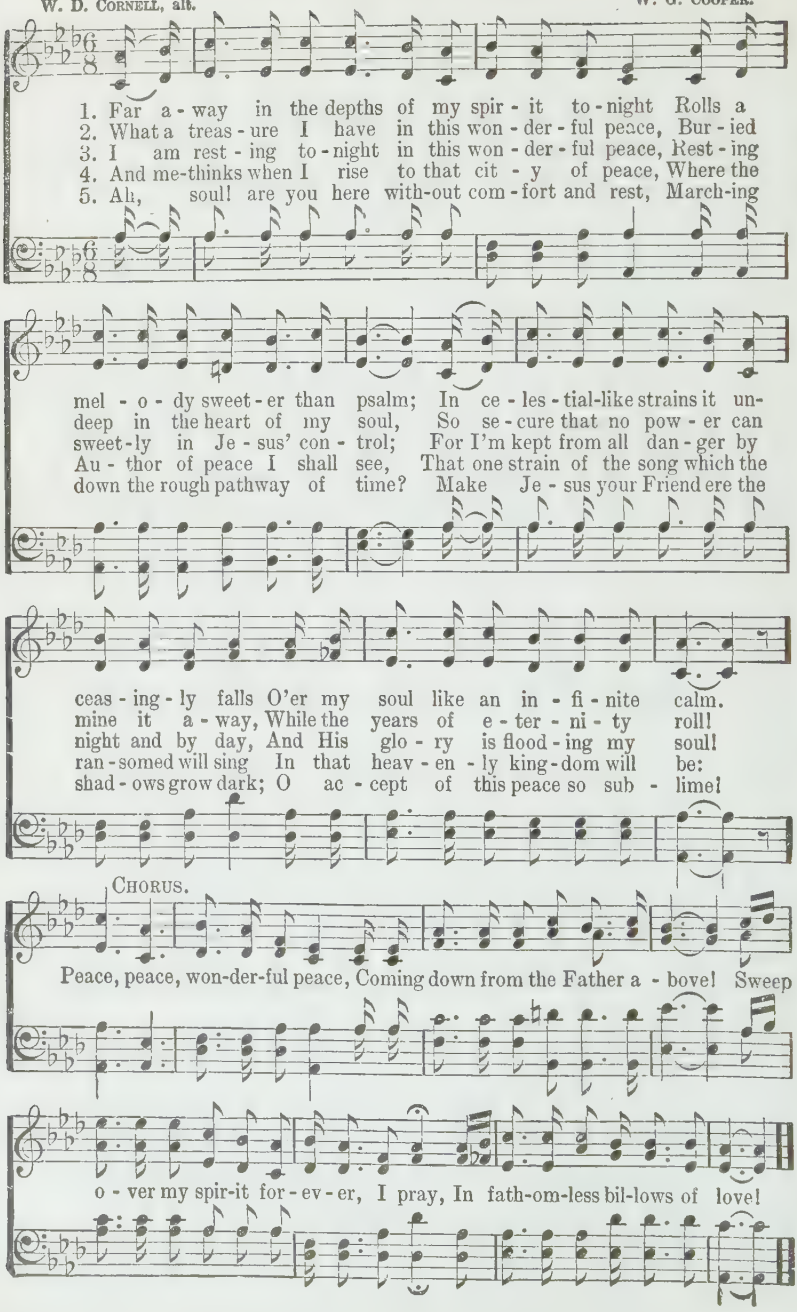
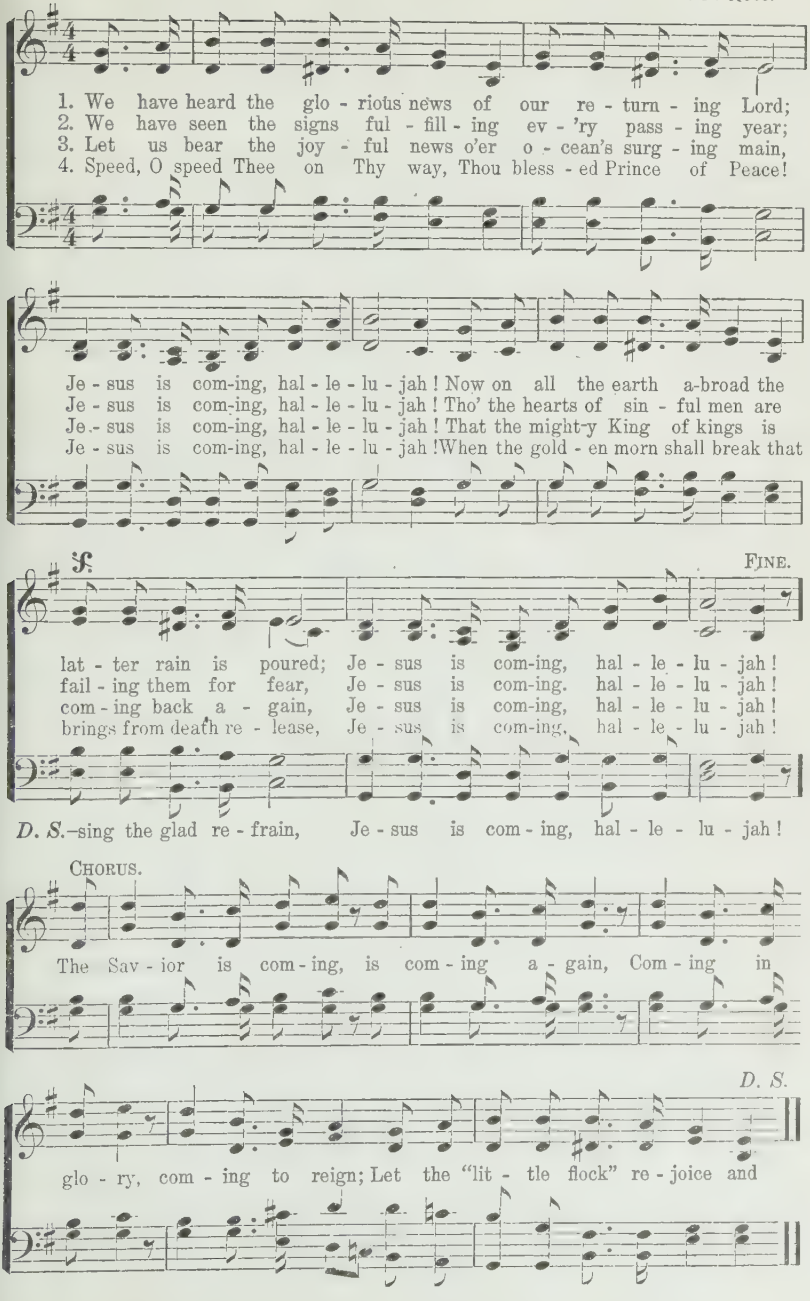
W. D. CORNELL, alt. W. G. COOPER.


1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah, soul! are you here with-out com - fort and rest, March-ing
mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul, So se - cure that no pow - er can
sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul!
ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be:
shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, won-der-ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove! Sweep
o - ver my spir-it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath-om-less bil-lows of love!

Jesus Is Coming, Hallelujah!

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Geo. F. Root.

1. We have heard the glo - rious news of our re - turn - ing Lord;
2. We have seen the signs ful - fill - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing year;
3. Let us bear the joy - ful news o'er o - cean's surg - ing main,
4. Speed, O speed Thee on Thy way, Thou bless - ed Prince of Peace!
Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Now on all the earth a-broad the
Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Tho' the hearts of sin - ful men are
Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! That the migh-ty King of kings is
Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! When the gold - en morn shall break that
lat - ter rain is poured; Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
fail - ing them for fear, Je - sus is com-ing. hal - le - lu - jah!
com - ing back a - gain, Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
brings from death re - lease, Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
FINE.
D. S.–sing the glad re - frain, Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
CHORUS.
The Sav - ior is com - ing, is com - ing a - gain, Com - ing in
D. S.
glo - ry, com - ing to reign; Let the "lit - tle flock" re - joice and

The Name of Jesus.

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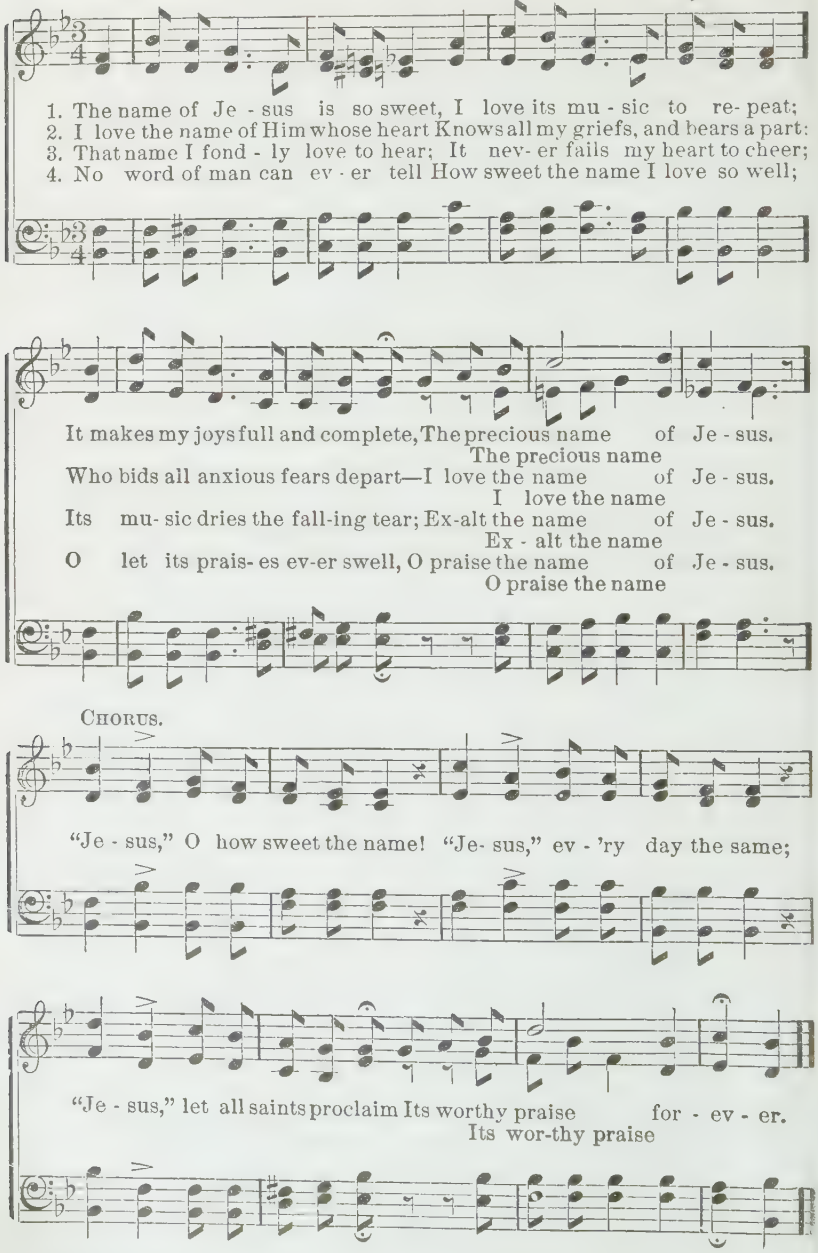
Rev. W. C. Martin. E. S. Lorenz.


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re- peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part:
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev- er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;
It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
The precious name
Who bids all anxious fears depart—I love the name of Je - sus.
I love the name
Its mu- sic dries the fall-ing tear; Ex-alt the name of Je - sus.
Ex - alt the name
O let its prais- es ev-er swell, O praise the name of Je - sus.
O praise the name
Chorus.
"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Je- sus," ev - 'ry day the same;
"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor-thy praise

91 By His Stripes We Are Healed.

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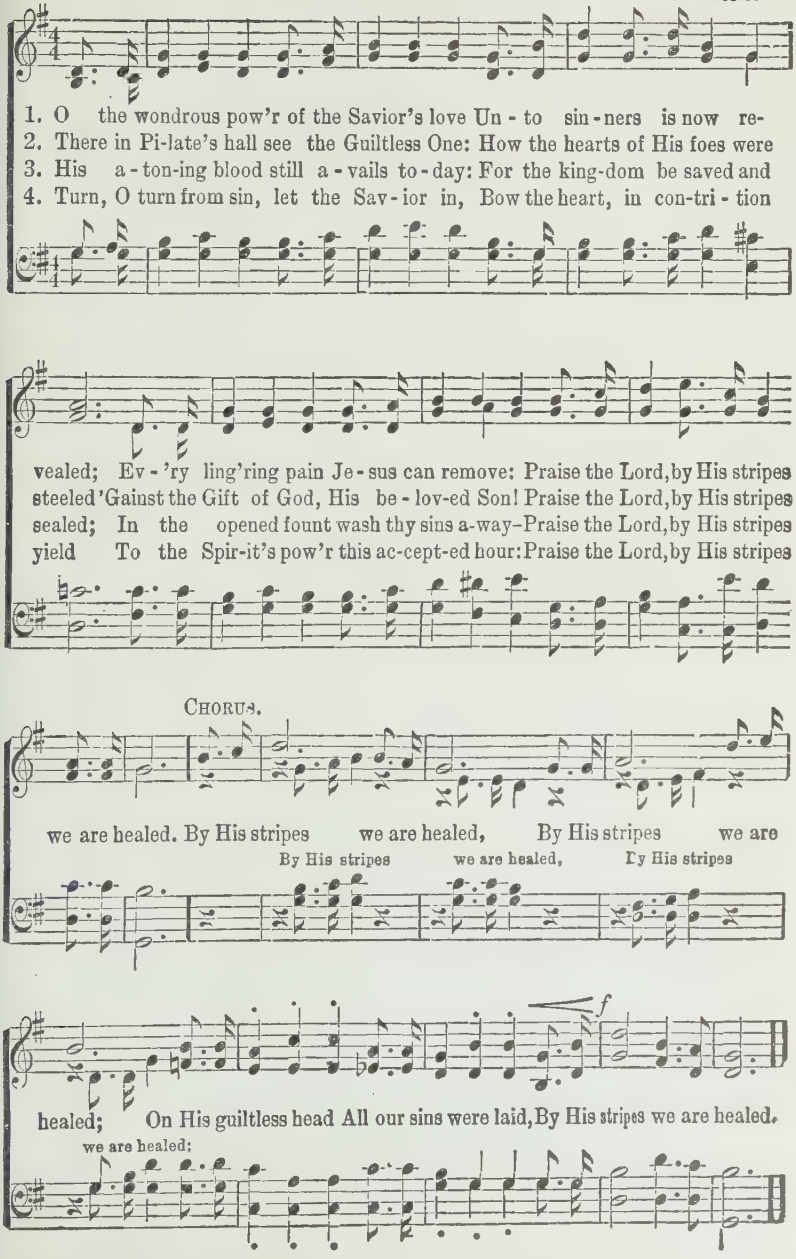
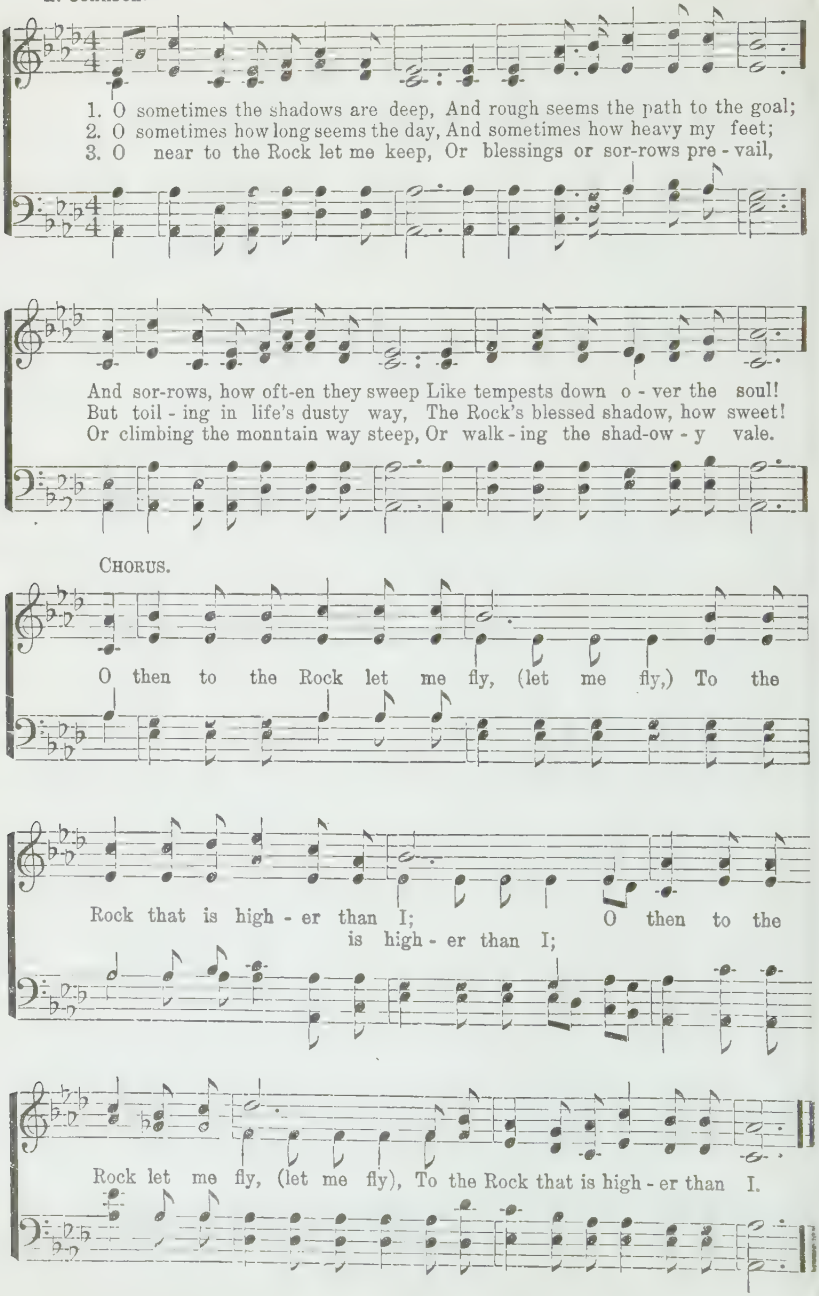

1. O the wondrous pow'r of the Savior's love Un - to sin - ners is now re-
2. There in Pi-late's hall see the Guiltless One: How the hearts of His foes were
3. His a - ton-ing blood still a - vails to - day: For the king-dom be saved and
4. Turn, O turn from sin, let the Sav - ior in, Bow the heart, in con-tri - tion
vealed; Ev - 'ry ling'ring pain Je - sus can remove: Praise the Lord, by His stripes
steeled 'Gainst the Gift of God, His be - lov-ed Son! Praise the Lord, by His stripes
sealed; In the opened fount wash thy sins a-way–Praise the Lord, by His stripes
yield To the Spir-it's pow'r this ac-cept-ed hour: Praise the Lord, by His stripes
CHORUS.
we are healed. By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes we are
By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes
f
healed; On His guiltless head All our sins were laid, By His stripes we are healed.
we are healed;

The Rock Higher Than I.

E. Johnson. W. G. Fischer.

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how heavy my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings or sor-rows pre - vail,
And sor-rows, how oft-en they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul!
But toil - ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the monntain way steep, Or walk - ing the shad-ow - y vale.
CHORUS.
O then to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the
Rock that is high - er than I;
O then to the
is high - er than I;
Rock let me fly, (let me fly), To the Rock that is high - er than I.

93 Great Is the Goodness of God.

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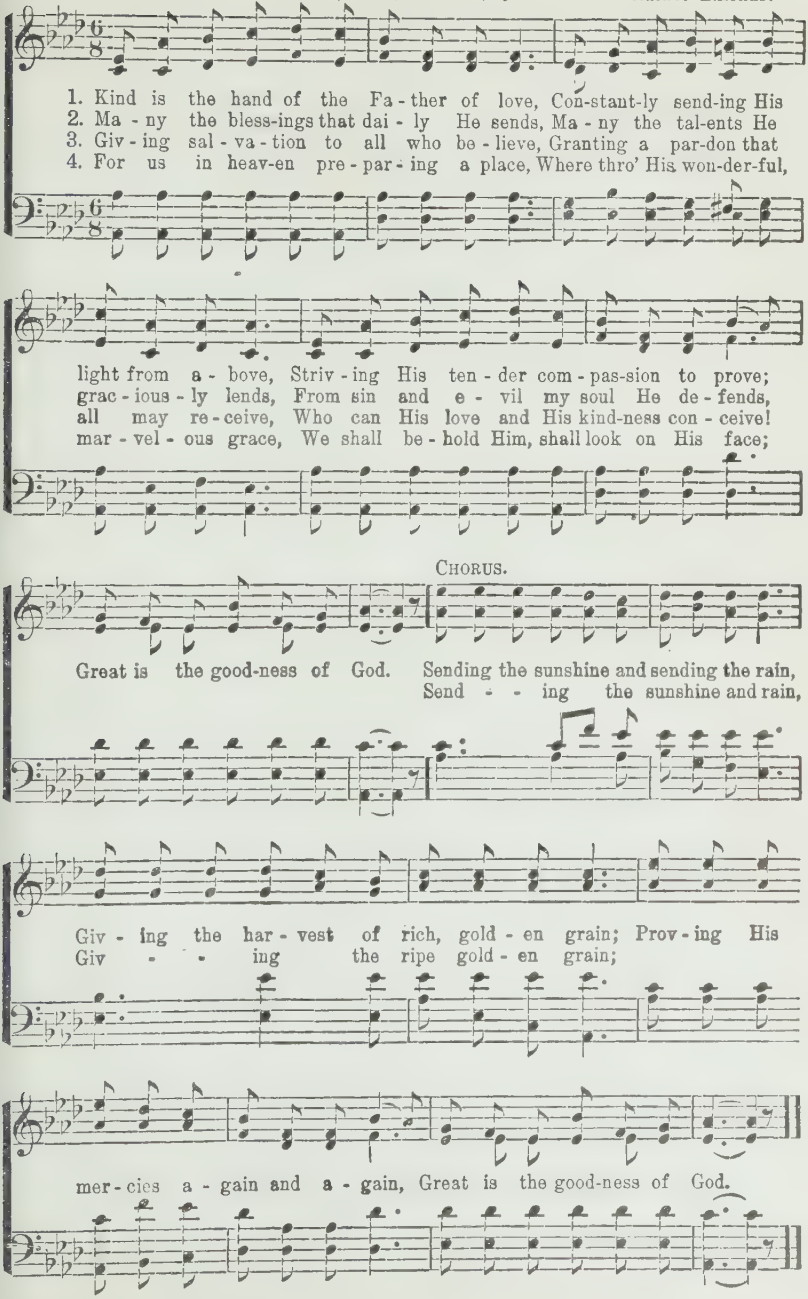
1. Kind is the hand of the Fa - ther of love, Con-stant-ly send-ing His
2. Ma - ny the bless-ings that dai - ly He sends, Ma - ny the tal-ents He
3. Giv - ing sal - va - tion to all who be - lieve, Granting a par-don that
4. For us in heav-en pre - par - ing a place, Where thro' His won-der-ful,
light from a - bove, Striv - ing His ten - der com - pas-sion to prove;
grac - ious - ly lends, From sin and e - vil my soul He de - fends,
all may re - ceive, Who can His love and His kind-ness con - ceive!
mar - vel - ous grace, We shall be - hold Him, shall look on His face;
CHORUS.
Great is the good-ness of God. Sending the sunshine and sending the rain,
Send - - ing the sunshine and rain,
Giv - ing the har - vest of rich, gold - en grain; Prov - ing His
Giv - - ing the ripe gold - en grain;
mer - cies a - gain and a - gain, Great is the good-ness of God.

O Wonderful Love.

I. E. R.

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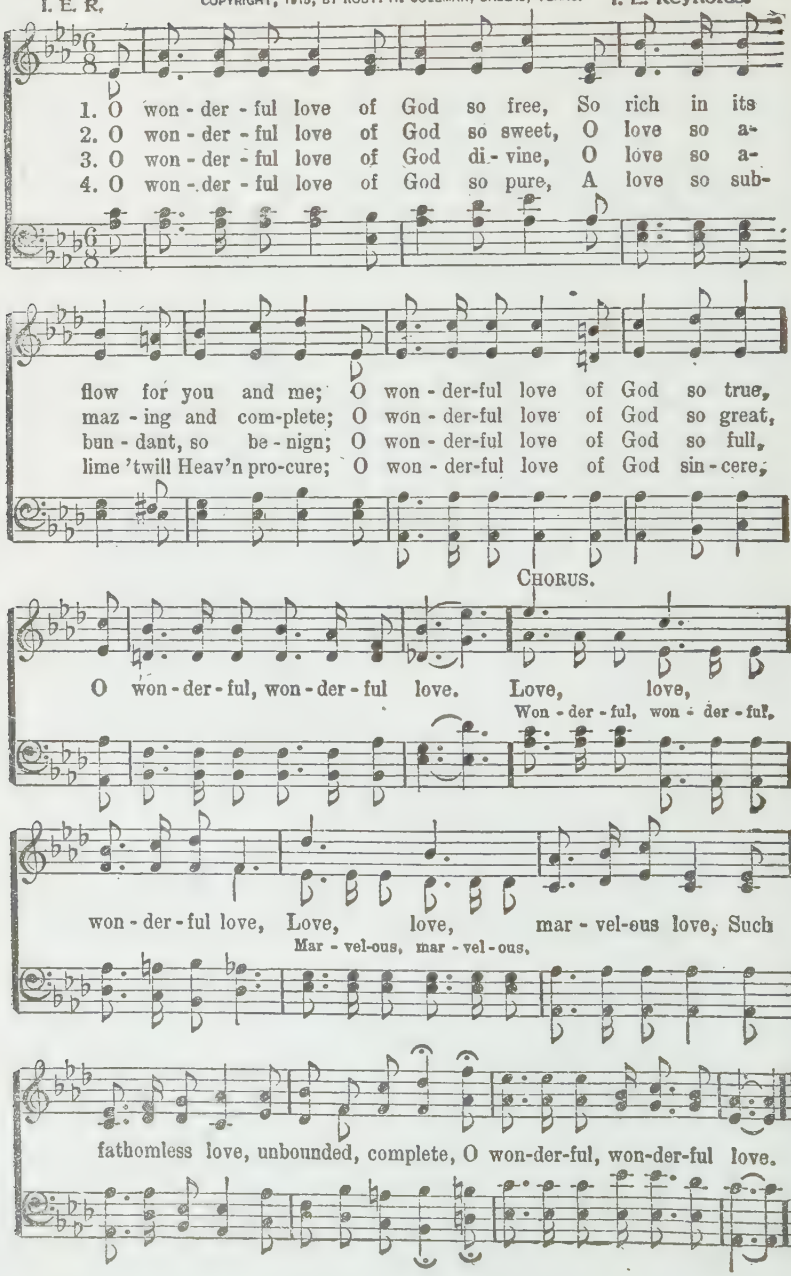
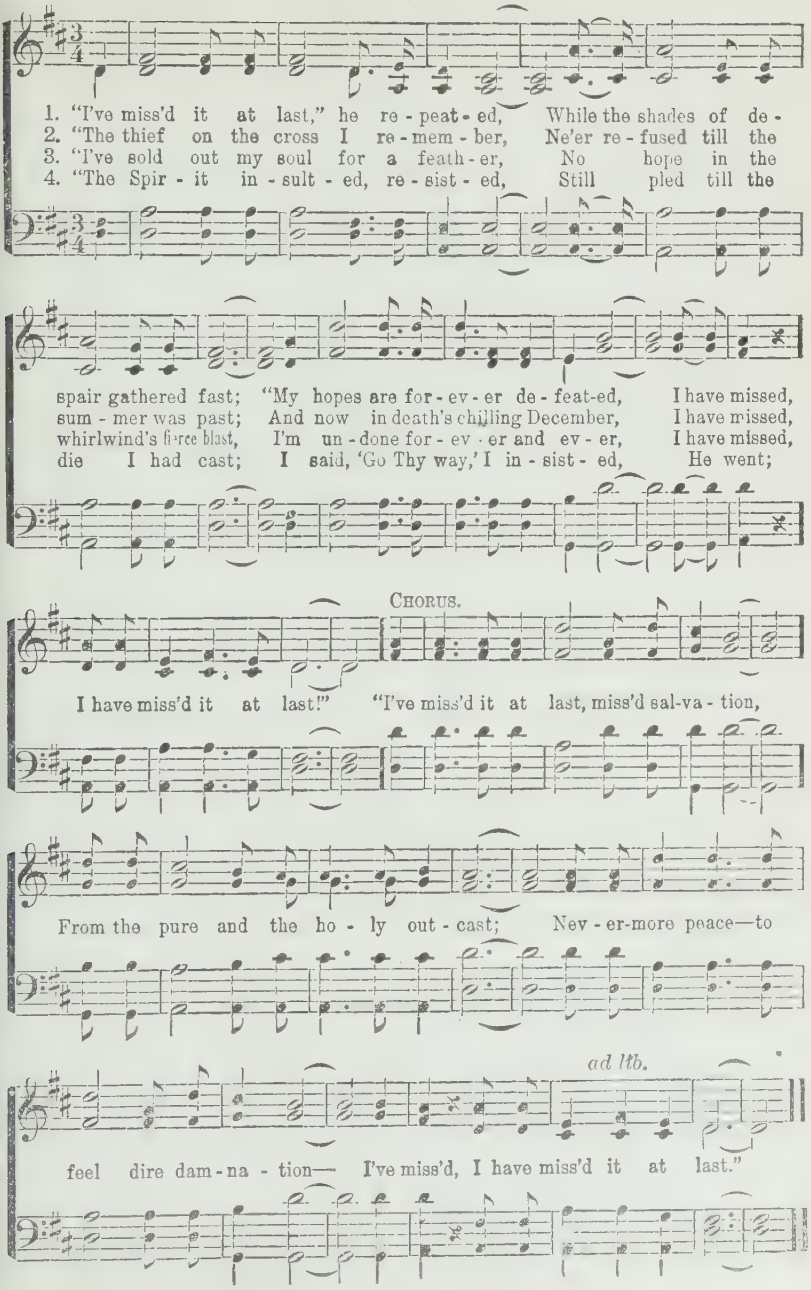
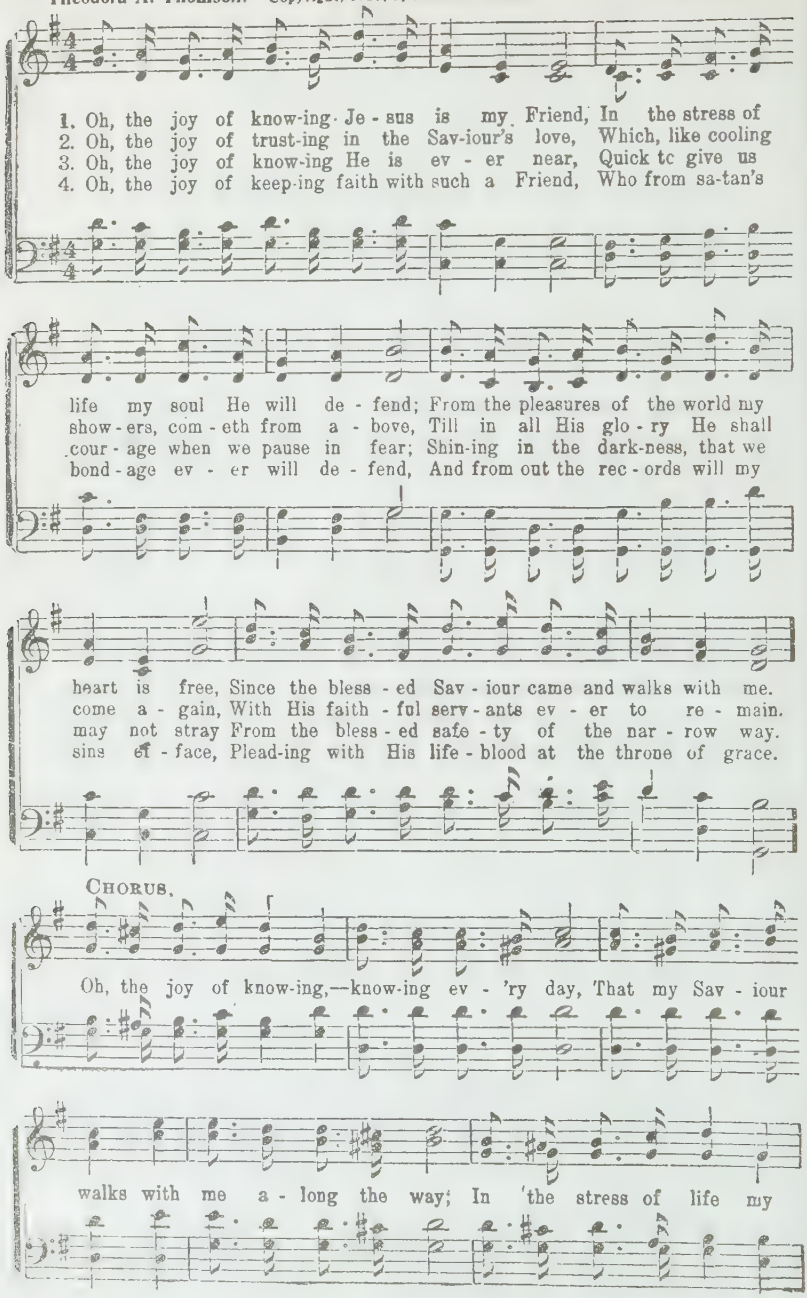
I. E. Reynolds.

1. O won - der - ful love of God so free, So rich in its
2. O won - der - ful love of God so sweet, O love so a-
3. O won - der - ful love of God di - vine, O love so a-
4. O won - der - ful love of God so pure, A love so sub-
flow for you and me; O won - der-ful love of God so true,
maz - ing and com-plete; O won - der-ful love of God so great,
bun - dant, so be - nign; O won - der-ful love of God so full,
lime 'twill Heav'n pro-cure; O won - der-ful love of God sin - cere,
CHORUS.
O won - der - ful, won - der - ful love. Love, love,
Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,
won - der - ful love, Love, love, mar - vel-ous love, Such
Mar - vel-ous, mar - vel - ous,
fathomless love, unbounded, complete, O won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.

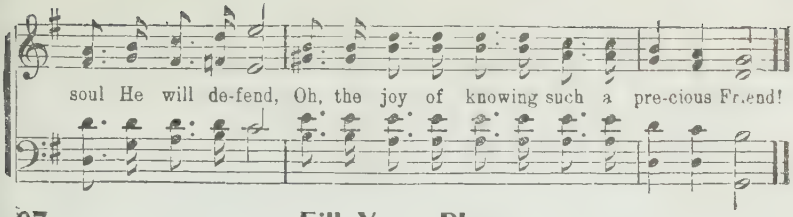
I've Missed it at Last.

Vivian A. Dake. Copyright, 1891, by V. A. Dake. Ida M. Dake.

1. "I've miss'd it at last," he re - peat - ed, While the shades of de -
2. "The thief on the cross I re - mem - ber, Ne'er re - fused till the
3. "I've sold out my soul for a feath - er, No hope in the
4. "The Spir - it in - sult - ed, re - sist - ed, Still pled till the
spair gathered fast; "My hopes are for - ev - er de - feat-ed, I have missed,
sum - mer was past; And now in death's chilling December, I have missed,
whirlwind's fierce blast, I'm un - done for - ev - er and ev - er, I have missed,
die I had cast; I said, 'Go Thy way,' I in - sist - ed, He went;
Chorus.
I have miss'd it at last!" "I've miss'd it at last, miss'd sal-va - tion,
From the pure and the ho - ly out - cast; Nev - er-more peace—to
ad lib.
feel dire dam - na - tion— I've miss'd, I have miss'd it at last."

The Joy of Knowing.

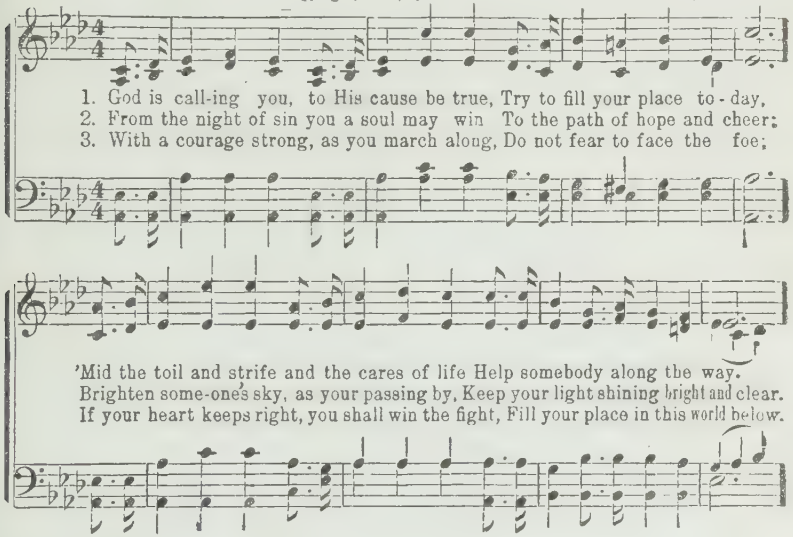
Theodora A. Thomson. Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black. James M. Black.

1. Oh, the joy of know-ing Je - sus is my Friend, In the stress of
2. Oh, the joy of trust-ing in the Sav-iour's love, Which, like cooling
3. Oh, the joy of know-ing He is ev - er near, Quick to give us
4. Oh, the joy of keep-ing faith with such a Friend, Who from sa-tan's
life my soul He will de - fend; From the pleasures of the world my
show-ers, com-eth from a - bove, Till in all His glo-ry He shall
cour-age when we pause in fear; Shin-ing in the dark-ness, that we
bond-age ev - er will de - fend, And from out the rec-ords will my
heart is free, Since the bless-ed Sav-iour came and walks with me.
come a - gain, With His faith-ful serv-ants ev - er to re - main.
may not stray From the bless-ed safe-ty of the nar-row way.
sins ef - face, Plead-ing with His life-blood at the throne of grace.
CHORUS.
Oh, the joy of know-ing,—know-ing ev - 'ry day, That my Sav - iour
walks with me a - long the way; In the stress of life my

The Joy of Knowing.

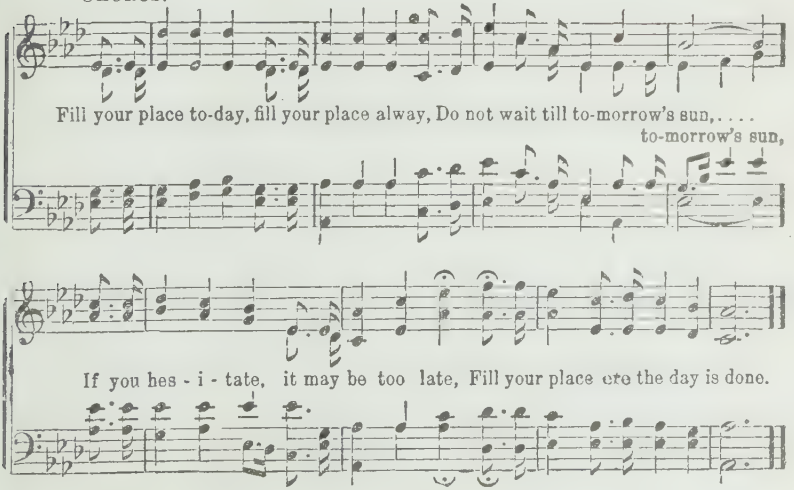


97 Fill Your Place.

J. K. R. Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black. J. K. Roberts.

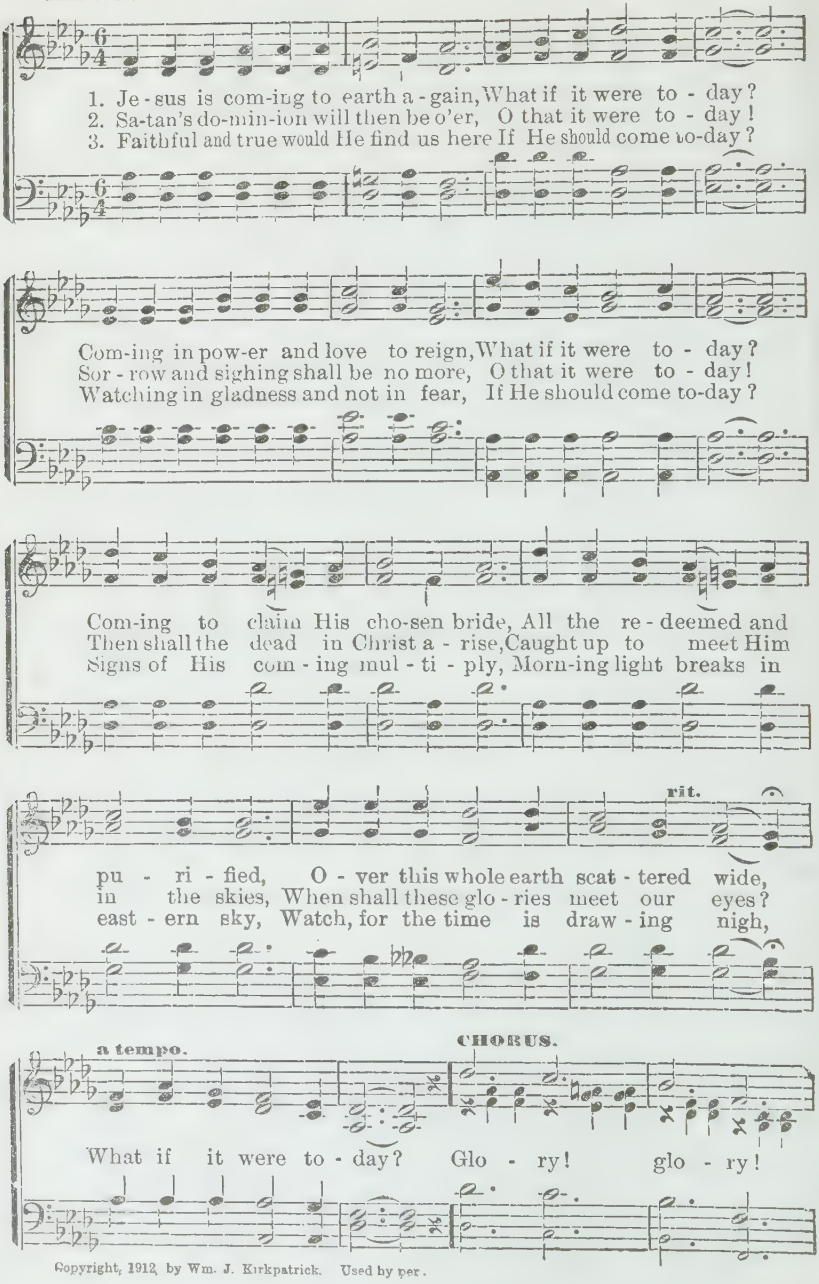

1. God is call-ing you, to His cause be true, Try to fill your place to-day.
2. From the night of sin you a soul may win To the path of hope and cheer;
3. With a courage strong, as you march along, Do not fear to face the foe;
'Mid the toil and strife and the cares of life Help somebody along the way.
Brighten some-one's sky, as your passing by, Keep your light shining bright and clear.
If your heart keeps right, you shall win the fight, Fill your place in this world below.

CHORUS.


Fill your place to-day, fill your place alway, Do not wait till to-morrow's sun,....
to-morrow's sun,
If you hes - i - tate, it may be too late, Fill your place ere the day is done.

What If It Were To-day?

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa-tan's do-min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to-day?
Com-ing in pow-er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sighing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in gladness and not in fear, If He should come to-day?
Com-ing to claim His cho-sen bride, All the re - deemed and
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in
rit.
pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,
a tempo.
CHORUS.
What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

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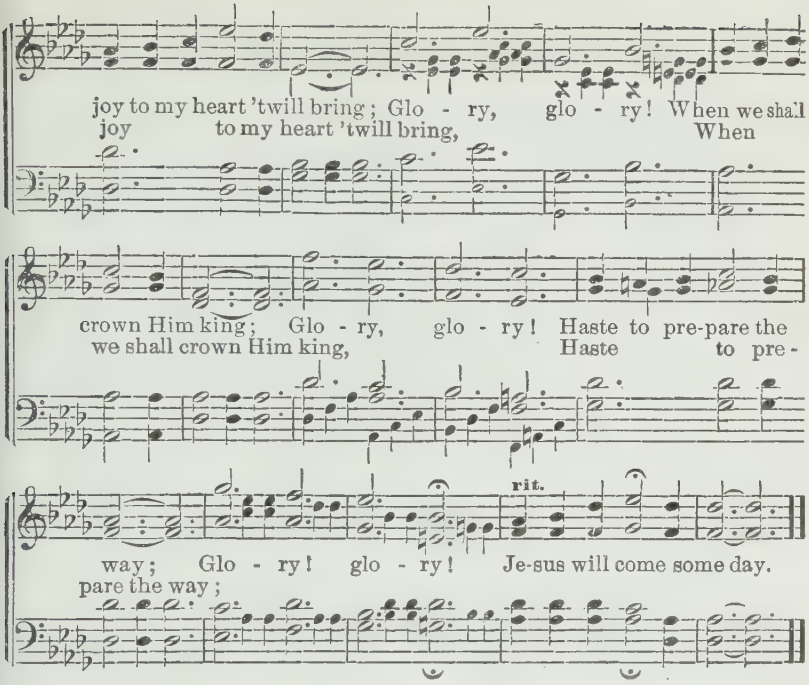
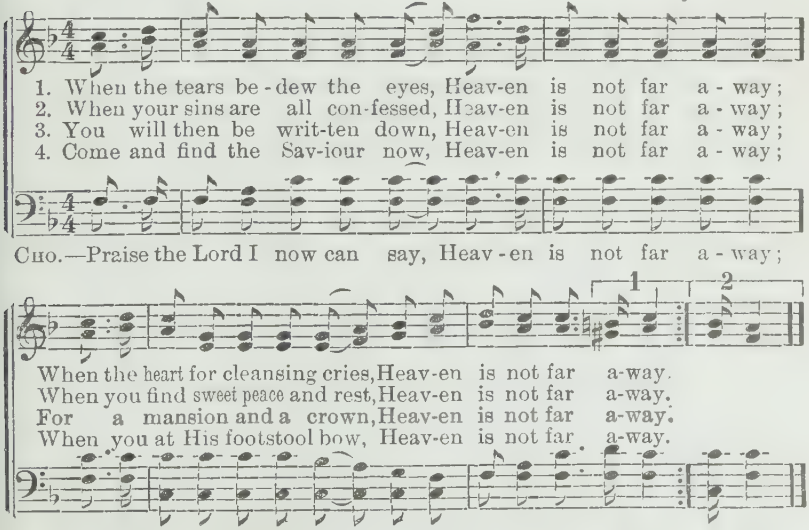
What If It Were To-day?


joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring, When
crown Him king; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
we shall crown Him king, Haste to pre-
rit.
way; Glo - ry! glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way;

99

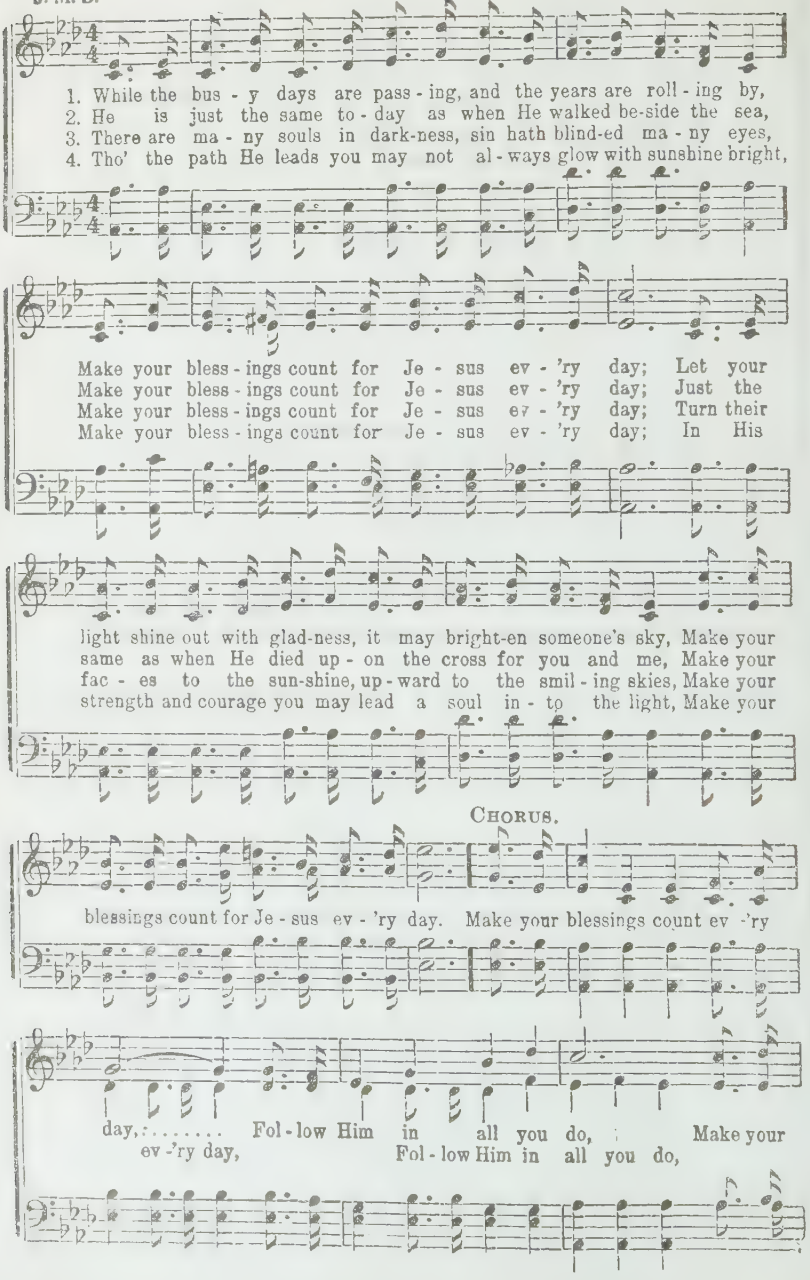
Heaven Is Not Far Away.

EDWIN OLIVER. Arr. by O. E. M.

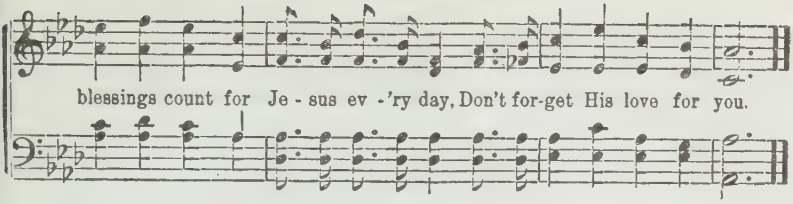

1. When the tears be-dew the eyes, Heav-en is not far a-way;
2. When your sins are all con-fessed, Heav-en is not far a-way;
3. You will then be writ-ten down, Heav-en is not far a-way;
4. Come and find the Sav-iour now, Heav-en is not far a-way;
Cho.—Praise the Lord I now can say, Heav-en is not far a-way;
1
2
When the heart for cleansing cries, Heav-en is not far a-way.
When you find sweet peace and rest, Heav-en is not far a-way.
For a mansion and a crown, Heav-en is not far a-way.
When you at His footstool bow, Heav-en is not far a-way.
When the soul is right with Je-sus, Heaven is not far [Omit...] a-way.

Make Your Blessings Count.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

J. M. B. James M. Black.

1. While the bus - y days are pass - ing, and the years are roll - ing by,
2. He is just the same to - day as when He walked be-side the sea,
3. There are ma - ny souls in dark-ness, sin hath blind-ed ma - ny eyes,
4. Tho' the path He leads you may not al - ways glow with sunshine bright,
Make your bless - ings count for Je - sus ev - 'ry day; Let your
Make your bless - ings count for Je - sus ev - 'ry day; Just the
Make your bless - ings count for Je - sus ev - 'ry day; Turn their
Make your bless - ings count for Je - sus ev - 'ry day; In His
light shine out with glad-ness, it may bright-en someone's sky, Make your
same as when He died up - on the cross for you and me, Make your
fac - es to the sun-shine, up - ward to the smil - ing skies, Make your
strength and courage you may lead a soul in - to the light, Make your
CHORUS.
blessings count for Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Make your blessings count ev - 'ry
day, ... Fol - low Him in all you do, Make your
ev - 'ry day, Fol - low Him in all you do,

Make Your Blessings Count.



101 More About Jesus.

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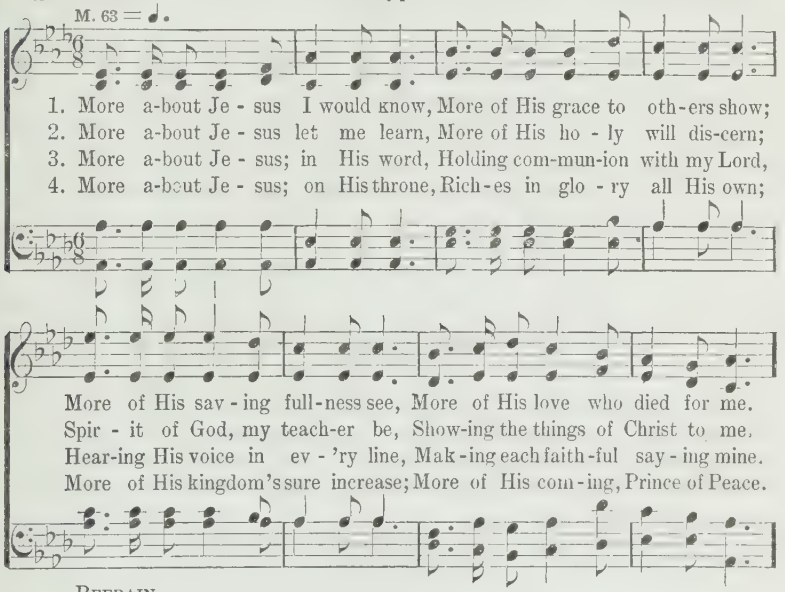
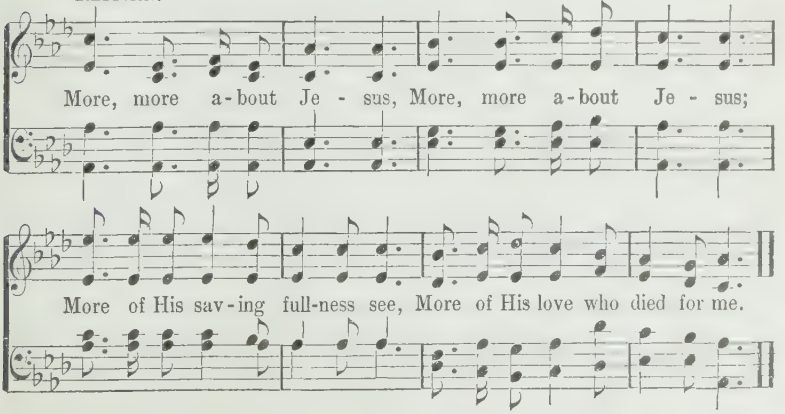
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

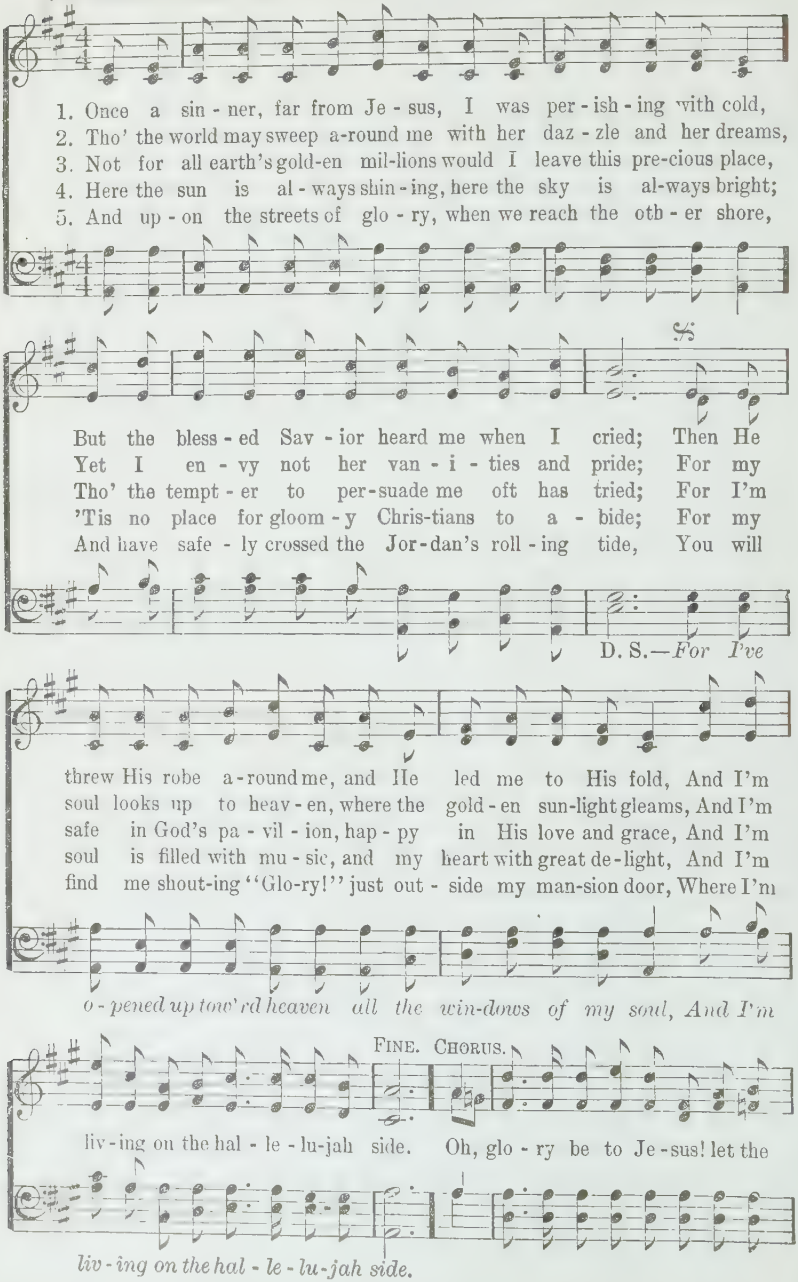
M. 63 = ♩.

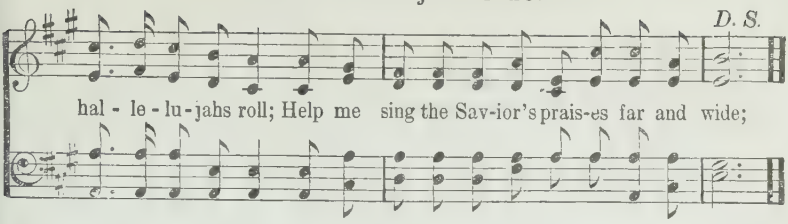

1. More a-bout Je - sus I would know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com-mun-ion with my Lord,
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;
More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.



The Hallelujah Side.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY JOHN J. HOOD. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. Once a sin - ner, far from Je - sus, I was per - ish - ing with cold,
2. Tho' the world may sweep a-round me with her daz - zle and her dreams,
3. Not for all earth's gold-en mil-lions would I leave this pre-cious place,
4. Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing, here the sky is al-ways bright;
5. And up - on the streets of glo - ry, when we reach the oth - er shore,
But the bless - ed Sav - ior heard me when I cried; Then He
Yet I en - vy not her van - i - ties and pride; For my
Tho' the tempt - er to per-suade me oft has tried; For I'm
'Tis no place for gloom - y Chris-tians to a - bide; For my
And have safe - ly crossed the Jor-dan's roll - ing tide, You will
D. S.—For I've
threw His robe a-round me, and He led me to His fold, And I'm
soul looks up to heav - en, where the gold - en sun-light gleams, And I'm
safe in God's pa - vil - ion, hap - py in His love and grace, And I'm
soul is filled with mu - sic, and my heart with great de-light, And I'm
find me shout-ing "Glo-ry!" just out - side my man-sion door, Where I'm
o - pened up tow'rd heaven all the win-dows of my soul, And I'm
FINE. CHORUS.
liv - ing on the hal - le - lu-jah side. Oh, glo - ry be to Je - sus! let the
liv - ing on the hal - le - lu-jah side.



103 Jesus is Tenderly Calling Thee Home.

Copyright, 1911, by George C. Stebbins, Renewal
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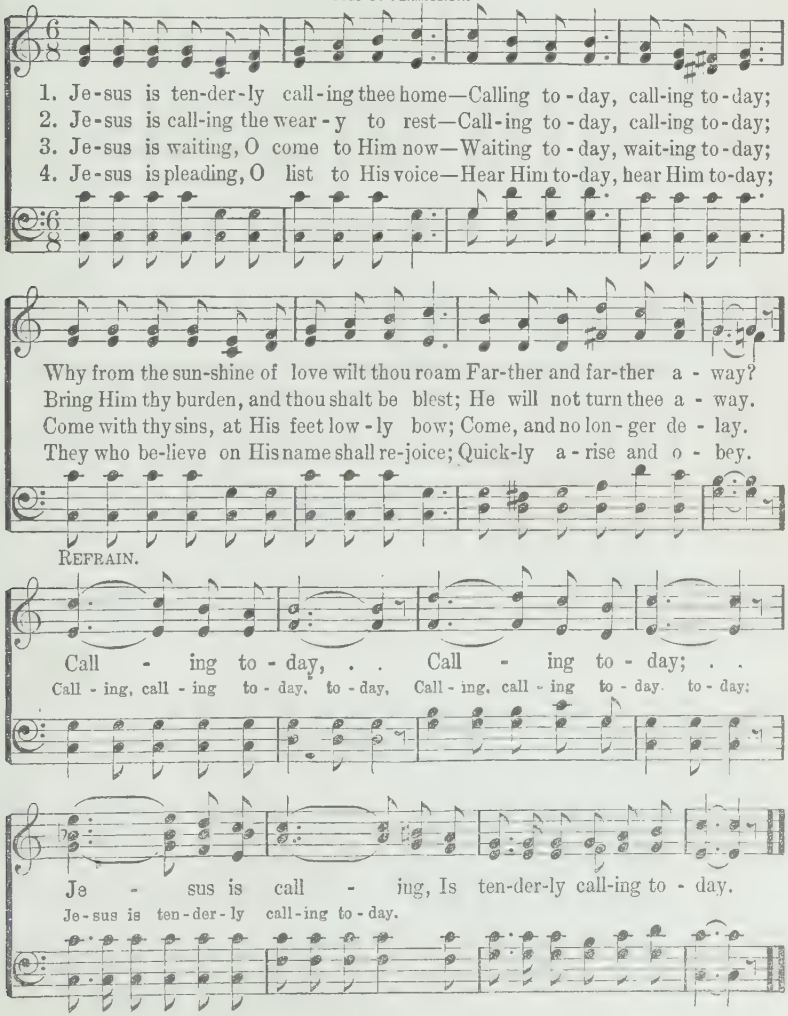
Fanny J. Crosby. **George C. Stebbins.**


1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, wait-ing to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quick-ly a-rise and o - bey.
REFRAIN.
Call - ing to-day, . . Call - ing to-day; . .
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Call - ing, call - ing to - day. to - day;
Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.

March Steadily Onward.

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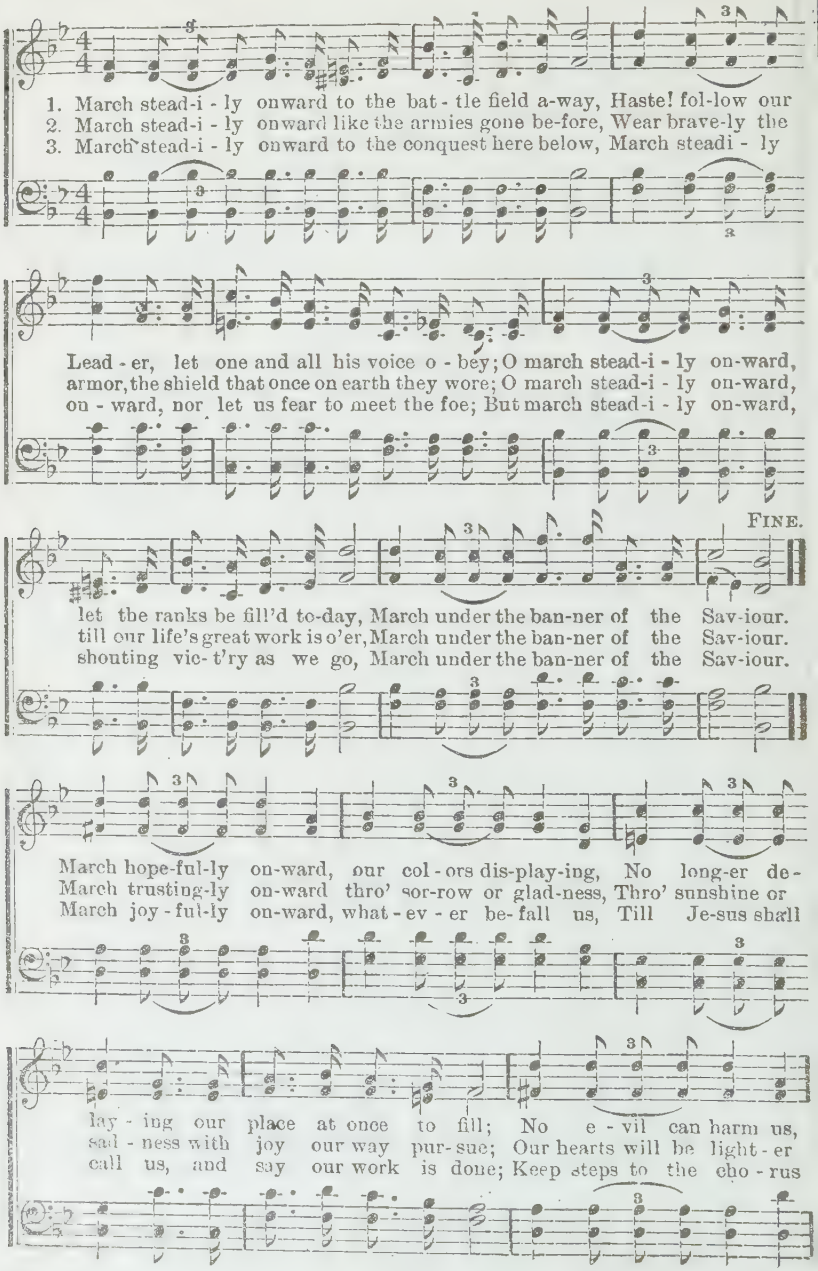
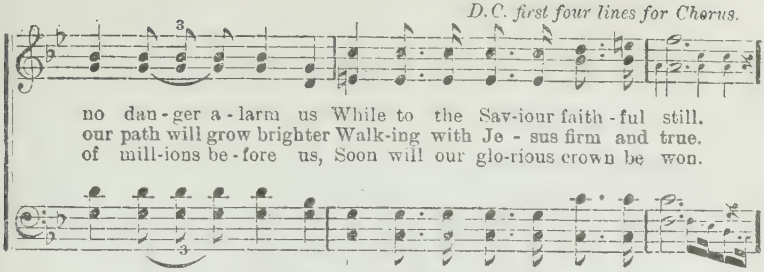
S. MARTIN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. March stead-i - ly onward to the bat - tle field a-way, Haste! fol-low our
2. March stead-i - ly onward like the armies gone be-fore, Wear brave-ly the
3. March stead-i - ly onward to the conquest here below, March steadi - ly
Lead - er, let one and all his voice o - bey; O march stead-i - ly on-ward,
armor, the shield that once on earth they wore; O march stead-i - ly on-ward,
on - ward, nor let us fear to meet the foe; But march stead-i - ly on-ward,
FINE.
let the ranks be fill'd to-day, March under the ban-ner of the Sav-iour.
till our life's great work is o'er, March under the ban-ner of the Sav-iour.
shouting vic- t'ry as we go, March under the ban-ner of the Sav-iour.
March hope-ful-ly on-ward, our col - ors dis-play-ing, No long-er de-
March trusting-ly on-ward thro' sor-row or glad-ness, Thro' sunshine or
March joy - ful-ly on-ward, what - ev - er be-fall us, Till Je-sus shall
lay - ing our place at once to fill; No e - vil can harm us,
sad - ness with joy our way pur- sue; Our hearts will be light - er
call us, and say our work is done; Keep steps to the cho - rus

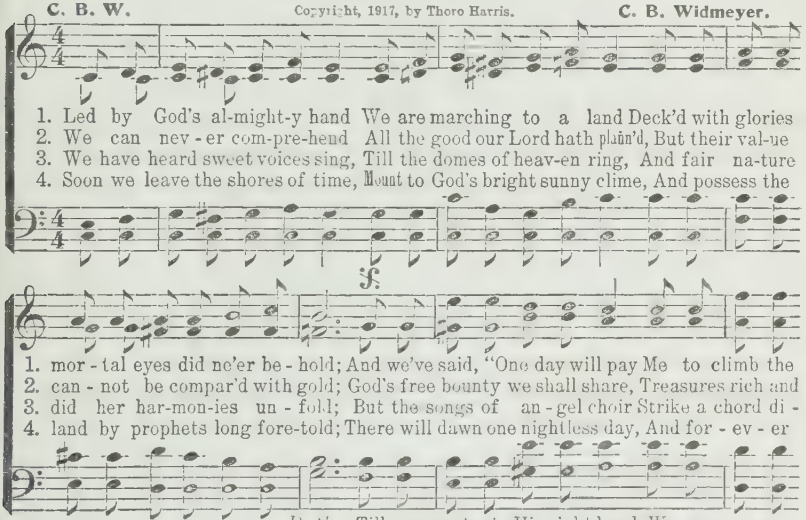
March Steadily Onward.

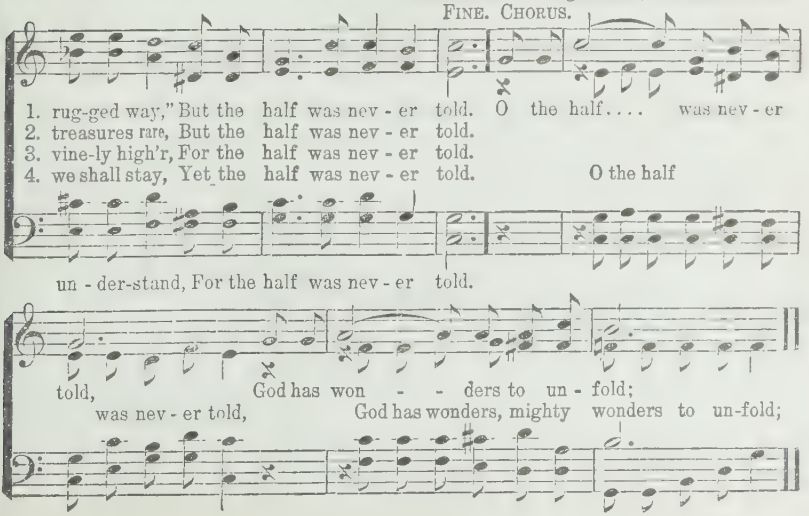
D. C. first four lines for Chorus.


no dan - ger a - larm us While to the Sav-iour faith - ful still.
our path will grow brighter Walk-ing with Je - sus firm and true.
of mill-ions be - fore us, Soon will our glo-rious crown be won.

105 Half Was Never Told.

C. B. W. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris. C. B. Widmeyer.


1. Led by God's al-might-y hand We are marching to a land Deck'd with glories
2. We can nev - er com-pre-hend All the good our Lord hath plann'd, But their val-ue
3. We have heard sweet voices sing, Till the domes of heav-en ring, And fair na-ture
4. Soon we leave the shores of time, Mount to God's bright sunny clime, And possess the
f
1. mor - tal eyes did ne'er be - hold; And we've said, "One day will pay Me to climb the
2. can - not be compar'd with gold; God's free bounty we shall share, Treasures rich and
3. did her har-mon-ies un - fold; But the songs of an - gel choir Strike a chord di -
4. land by prophets long fore-told; There will dawn one nightless day, And for - ev - er
D. S.—Till we meet at His right hand, We can nev - er

FINE. CHORUS.

1. rug-ged way," But the half was nev - er told. O the half.... was nev - er
2. treasures rare, But the half was nev - er told.
3. vine-ly high'r, For the half was nev - er told.
4. we shall stay, Yet the half was nev - er told. O the half
un - der-stand, For the half was nev - er told.
told, God has won - - ders to un - fold;
was nev - er told, God has wonders, mighty wonders to un-fold;

We Shall See Him.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

W. J. K. WM. J. KING.

1. When the people of all nations have been told of Jesus' birth, And the sto- ry of his dying love is known; When the tidings of salvation have been
2. When on Greenland's i- cy mountains, and far India's coral strand, Ev- 'ry ear shall hear of Jesus Christ the Son;
3. All the world shall hear the gospel, ev- 'ry knee before him bend, Ev- 'ry How they mock'd him, how they scourg'd him, how they
4. Hark, we hear the trumpet sounding, see the heavens like a scroll Rolling tongue confess that he is Lord of all; Then the grave shall burst asunder, and the back, while angels rally at his call; Then delay no longer, sinner, and your

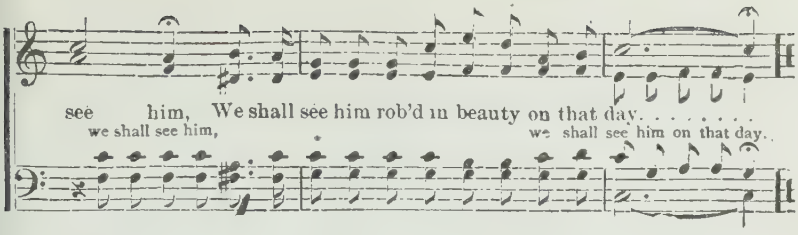
preach'd o'er all the earth, He will come and claim his lov'd ones for his own.
nail'd his lov - ing hand, How he died on Calv'ry's cross for ev - 'ry one.
ransom'd shall descend, And the sea shall yield its treasures at his call.
name for Christ enroll; E - ven so, Lord Je- sus, come and take us all.

CHORUS.

We shall see him, we shall see him, We shall see him in his beauty when the shadows flee a- way; We shall see him, we shall

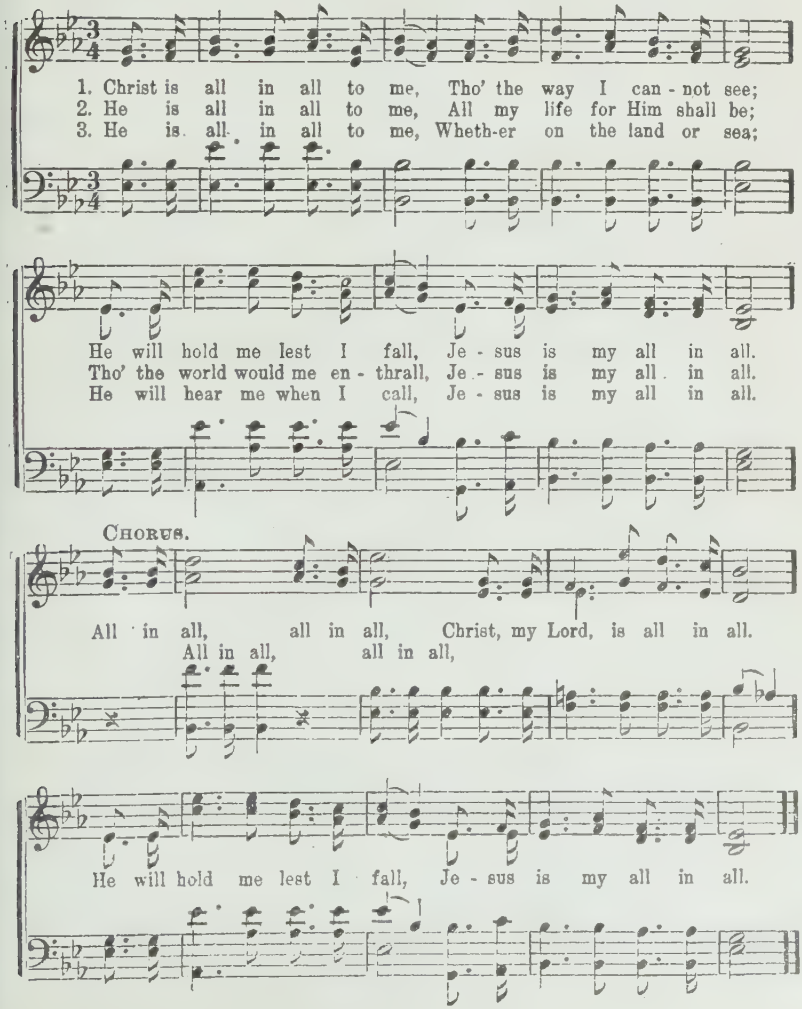
We shall see him, we shall see him, we shall see him,

We Shall See Him.



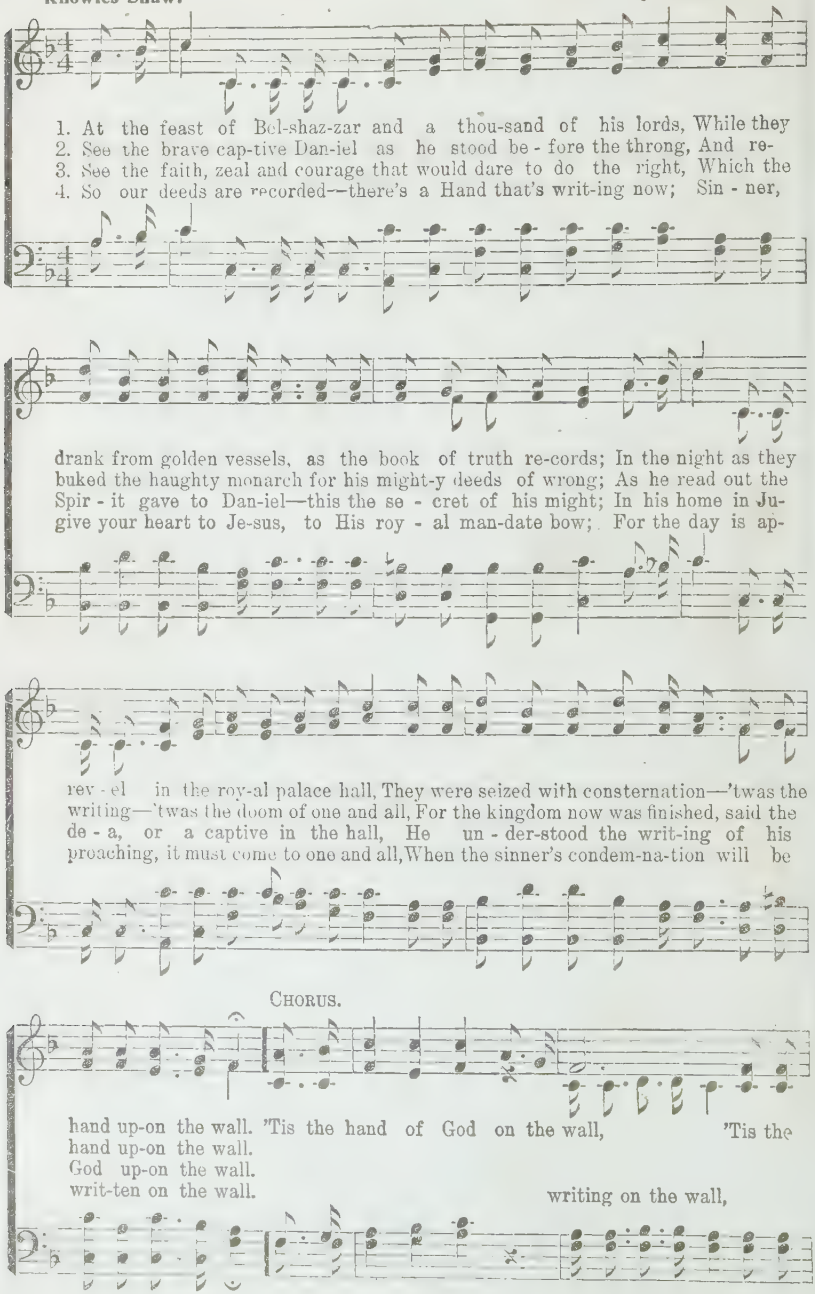
107 He Is All In All to Me.

Alice Horton. Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black. Alice Horton.

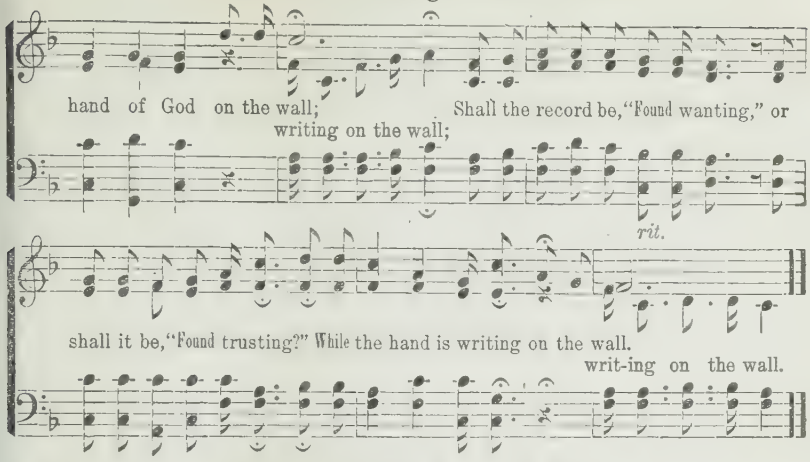

1. Christ is all in all to me, Tho' the way I can - not see;
2. He is all in all to me, All my life for Him shall be;
3. He is all in all to me, Wheth-er on the land or sea;
He will hold me lest I fall, Je - sus is my all in all.
Tho' the world would me en - thrall, Je - sus is my all in all.
He will hear me when I call, Je - sus is my all in all.
CHORUS.
All in all, all in all, Christ, my Lord, is all in all.
All in all, all in all,
He will hold me lest I fall, Je - sus is my all in all.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

Knowles Shaw. K. S. Arr. by Thoro Harris.

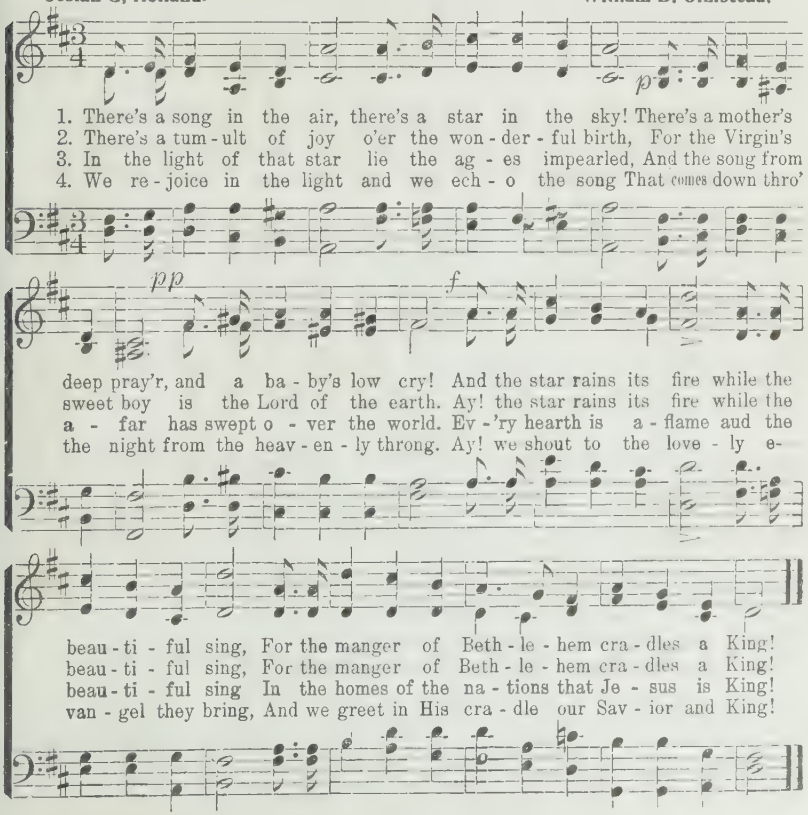

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from golden vessels, as the book of truth re-cords; In the night as they rev - el in the roy-al palace hall, They were seized with consternation—'twas the
2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel as he stood be - fore the throng, And re- buked the haughty monarch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writing—'twas the doom of one and all, For the kingdom now was finished, said the
3. See the faith, zeal and courage that would dare to do the right, Which the Spir - it gave to Dan-iel—this the se - cret of his might; In his home in Ju- de - a, or a captive in the hall, He un - der-stood the writ-ing of his
4. So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writ-ing now; Sin - ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to His roy - al man-date bow; For the day is ap- proaching, it must come to one and all, When the sinner's condem-na-tion will be
CHORUS.
hand up-on the wall. 'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the writing on the wall,
hand up-on the wall.
God up-on the wall.
writ-ten on the wall.

The Handwriting on the Wall.


hand of God on the wall; Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or
writing on the wall;
rit.
shall it be, "Found trusting?" While the hand is writing on the wall.
writ-ing on the wall.

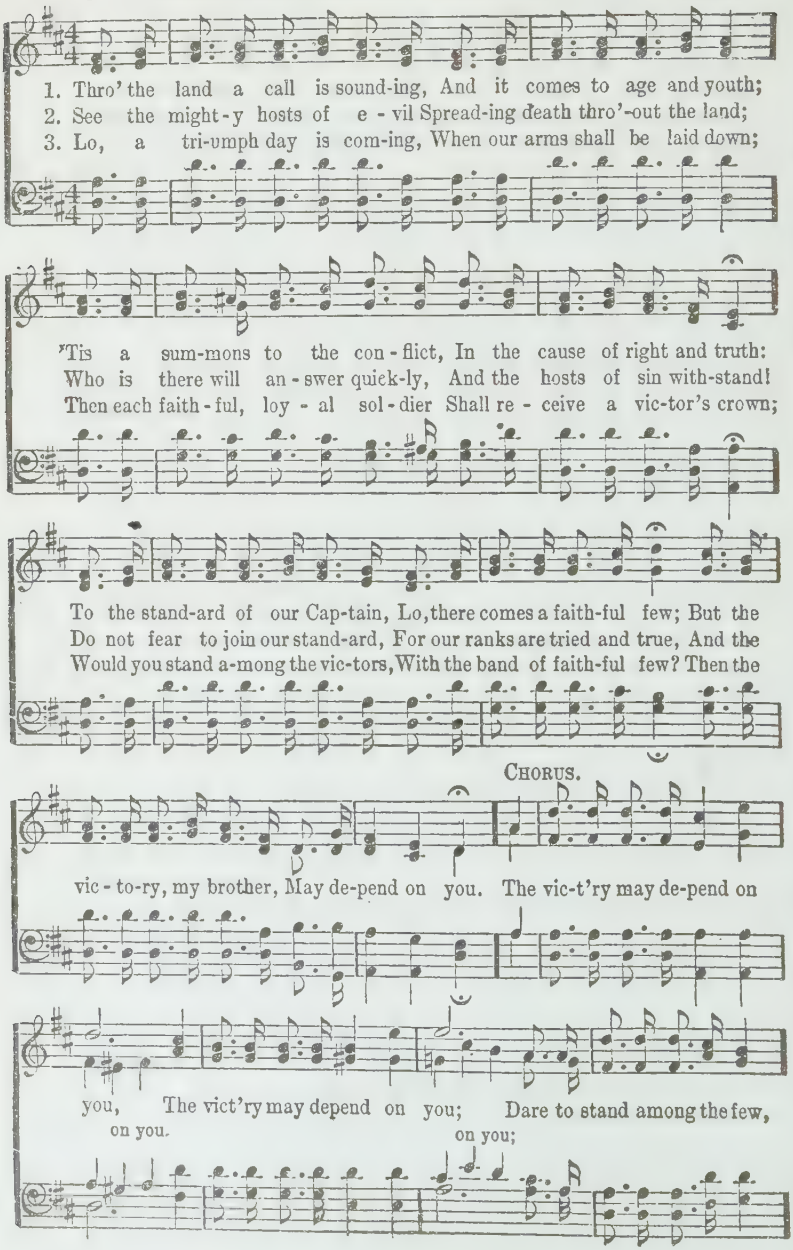
109 There's a Song in the Air.

Josiah G. Holland. **William B. Olmstead.**

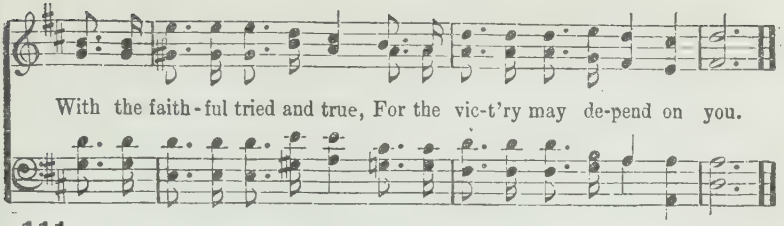

1. There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky! There's a mother's
2. There's a tum-ult of joy o'er the won-der-ful birth, For the Virgin's
3. In the light of that star lie the ag-es impearled, And the song from
4. We re-joice in the light and we ech-o the song That comes down thro'
deep pray'r, and a ba-by's low cry! And the star rains its fire while the
sweet boy is the Lord of the earth. Ay! the star rains its fire while the
a-far has swept o-ver the world. Ev-'ry hearth is a-flame aud the
the night from the heav-en-ly throng. Ay! we shout to the love-ly e-
beau-ti-ful sing, For the manger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a King!
beau-ti-ful sing, For the manger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a King!
beau-ti-ful sing In the homes of the na-tions that Je-sus is King!
van-gel they bring, And we greet in His cra-dle our Sav-ior and King!

The Victory May Depend on You.

George O. Webster. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE FILLMORE BROS. CO. J. H. Fillmore.

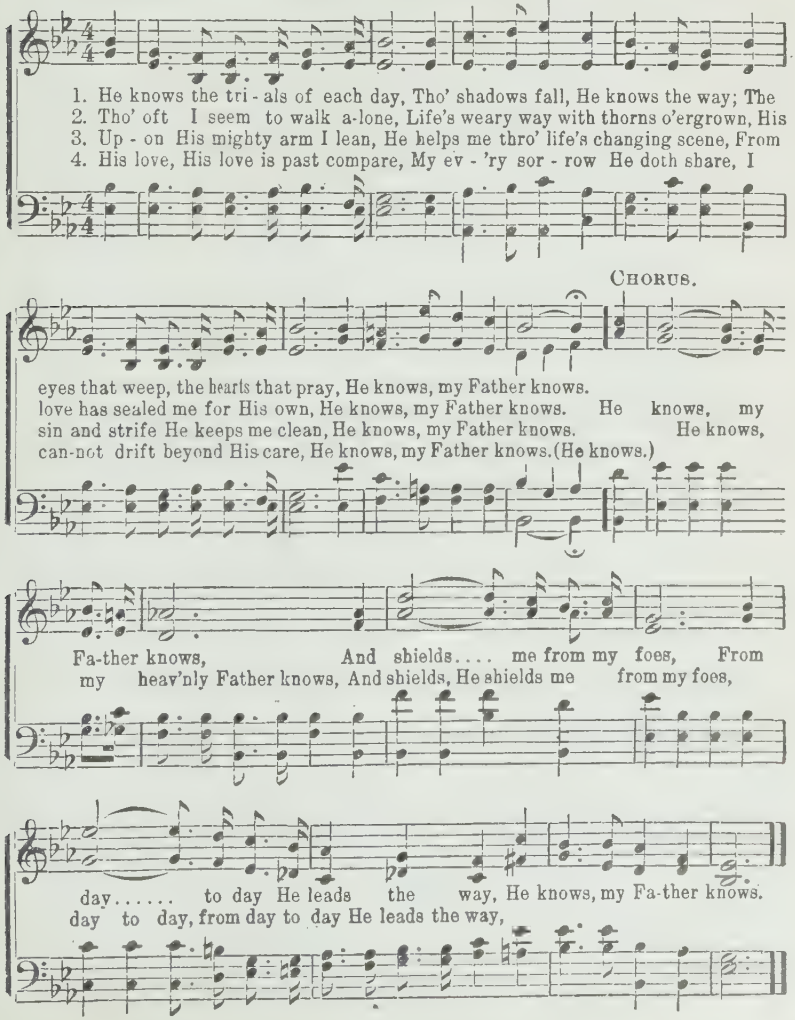

1. Thro' the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might-y hosts of e-vil Spread-ing death thro'-out the land;
3. Lo, a tri-umph day is com-ing, When our arms shall be laid down;
'Tis a sum-mons to the con-flict, In the cause of right and truth:
Who is there will an-swer quick-ly, And the hosts of sin with-stand!
Then each faith-ful, loy-al sol-dier Shall re-ceive a vic-tor's crown;
To the stand-ard of our Cap-tain, Lo, there comes a faith-ful few; But the
Do not fear to join our stand-ard, For our ranks are tried and true, And the
Would you stand a-mong the vic-tors, With the band of faith-ful few? Then the
CHORUS.
vic-to-ry, my brother, May de-pend on you. The vic-t'ry may de-pend on
you, The vict'ry may depend on you; Dare to stand among the few,
on you.
on you;

The Victory May Depend on You.



111 My Father Knows.

Elizabeth Holmes. Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black. W. W. Holden.

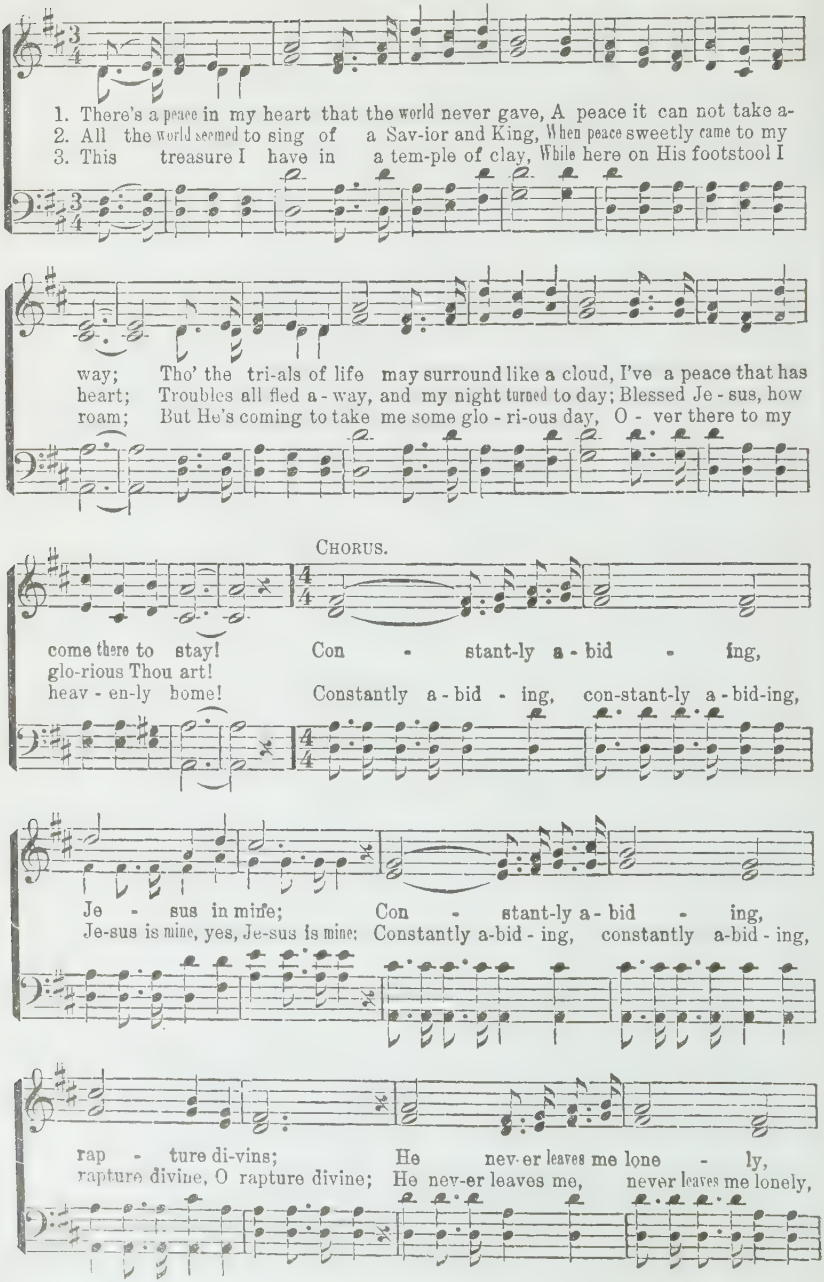

1. He knows the tri - als of each day, Tho' shadows fall, He knows the way; The
2. Tho' oft I seem to walk a-lone, Life's weary way with thorns o'ergrown, His
3. Up - on His mighty arm I lean, He helps me thro' life's changing scene, From
4. His love, His love is past compare, My ev - 'ry sor - row He doth share, I
CHORUS.
eyes that weep, the hearts that pray, He knows, my Father knows.
love has sealed me for His own, He knows, my Father knows. He knows, my
sin and strife He keeps me clean, He knows, my Father knows. He knows,
can-not drift beyond His care, He knows, my Father knows. (He knows.)
Fa-ther knows, And shields.... me from my foes, From
my heav'nly Father knows, And shields, He shields me from my foes,
day..... to day He leads the way, He knows, my Fa-ther knows.
day to day, from day to day He leads the way,

Constantly Abiding.

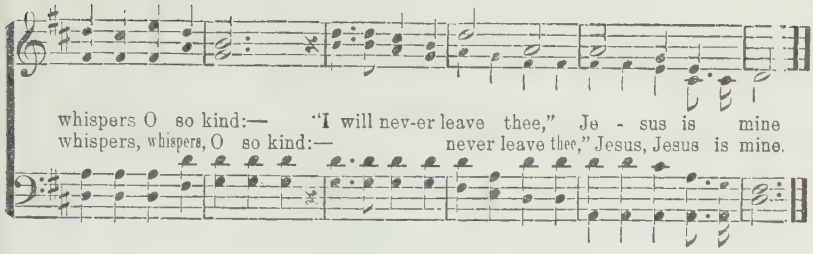
Mrs W. L. M.

Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Harris.

Mrs. Will L. Murphy.

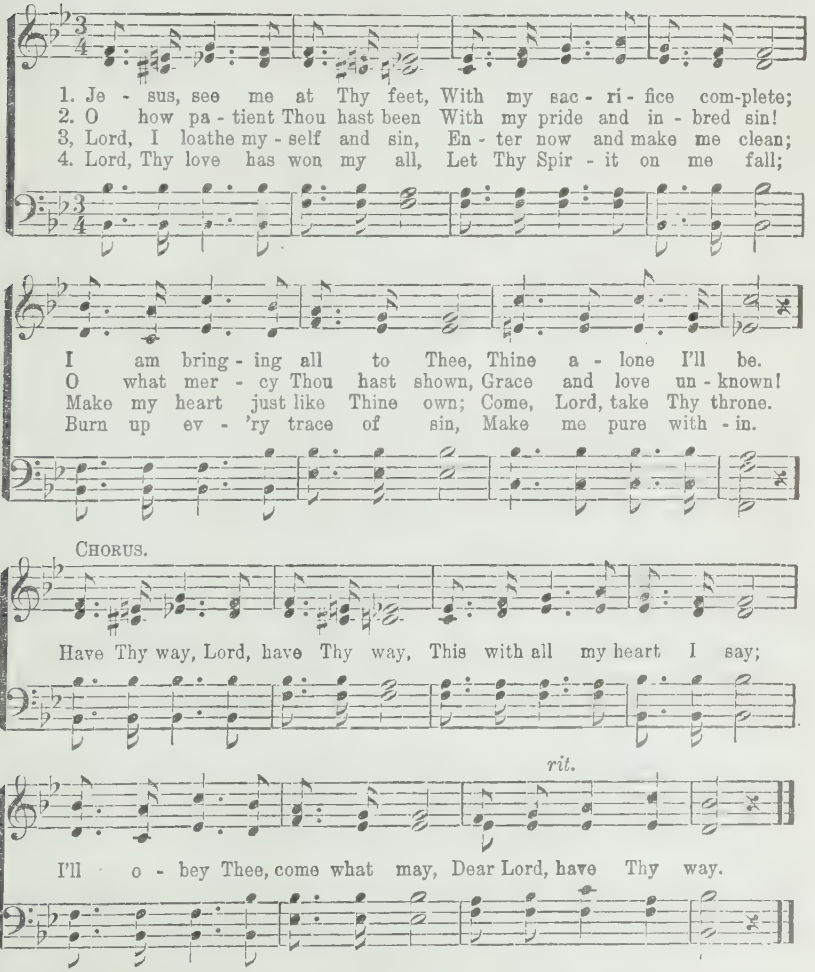

1. There's a peace in my heart that the world never gave, A peace it can not take a-
2. All the world seemed to sing of a Sav-ior and King, When peace sweetly came to my
3. This treasure I have in a tem-ple of clay, While here on His footstool I
way; Tho' the tri-als of life may surround like a cloud, I've a peace that has
heart; Troubles all fled a-way, and my night turned to day; Blessed Je-sus, how
roam; But He's coming to take me some glo-ri-ous day, O-ver there to my
CHORUS.
come there to stay! Con - stant-ly a-bid - ing,
glo-rious Thou art!
heav-en-ly home! Constantly a-bid-ing, con-stant-ly a-bid-ing,
Je - sus in mine; Con - stant-ly a-bid - ing,
Je-sus is mine, yes, Je-sus is mine; Constantly a-bid-ing, constantly a-bid-ing,
rap - ture di-vins; He nev-er leaves me lone - ly,
rapture divine, O rapture divine; He nev-er leaves me, never leaves me lonely,

Constantly Abiding.

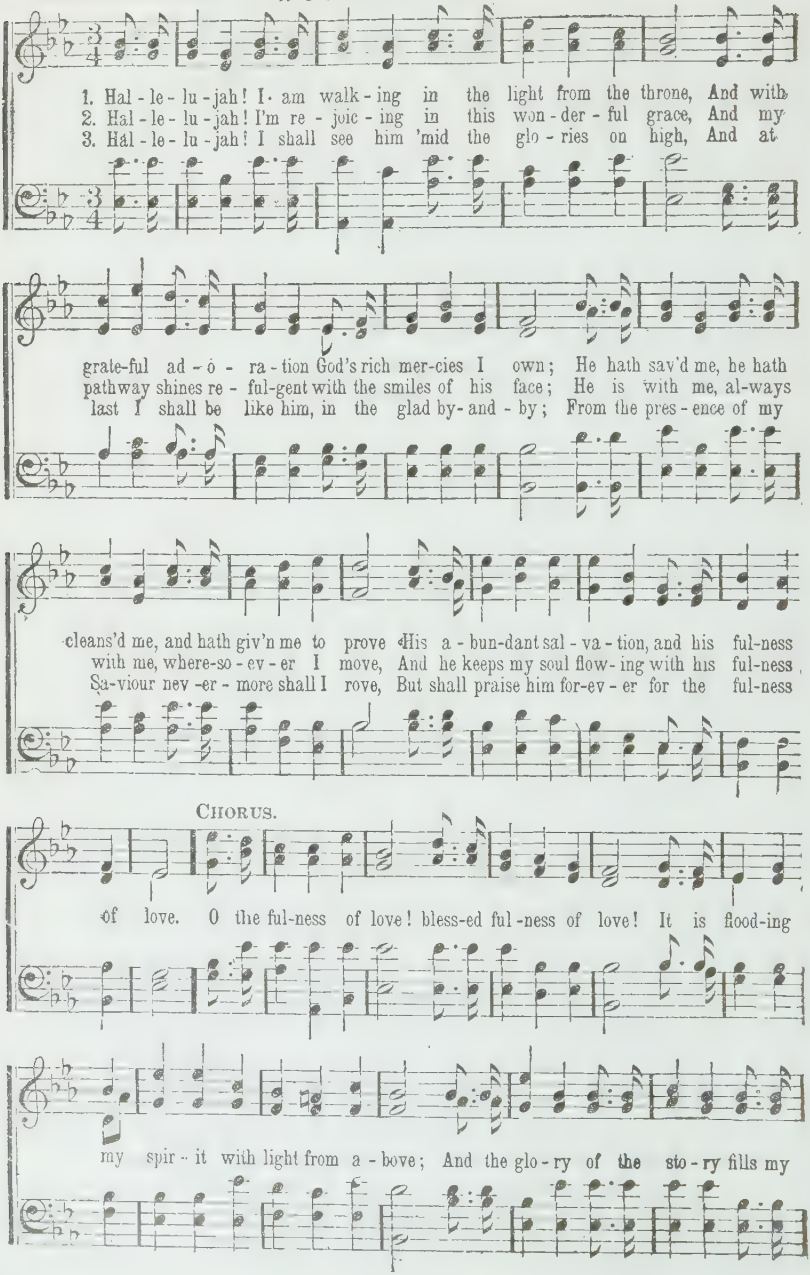


113 Have Thy Way, Lord.

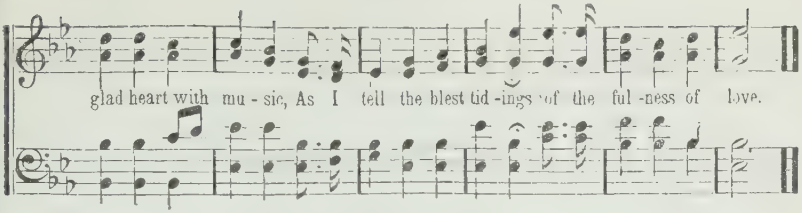
G. B. Copyright, 1910, by Geo. Bennard. Rev. George Bennard.


1. Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, With my sac - ri - fice com-plete;
2. O how pa - tient Thou hast been With my pride and in - bred sin!
3, Lord, I loathe my - self and sin, En - ter now and make me clean;
4. Lord, Thy love has won my all, Let Thy Spir - it on me fall;
I am bring - ing all to Thee, Thine a - lone I'll be.
O what mer - cy Thou hast shown, Grace and love un - known!
Make my heart just like Thine own; Come, Lord, take Thy throne.
Burn up ev - 'ry trace of sin, Make me pure with - in.
CHORUS.
Have Thy way, Lord, have Thy way, This with all my heart I say;
rit.
I'll o - bey Thee, come what may, Dear Lord, have Thy way.

The Fulness of Love.

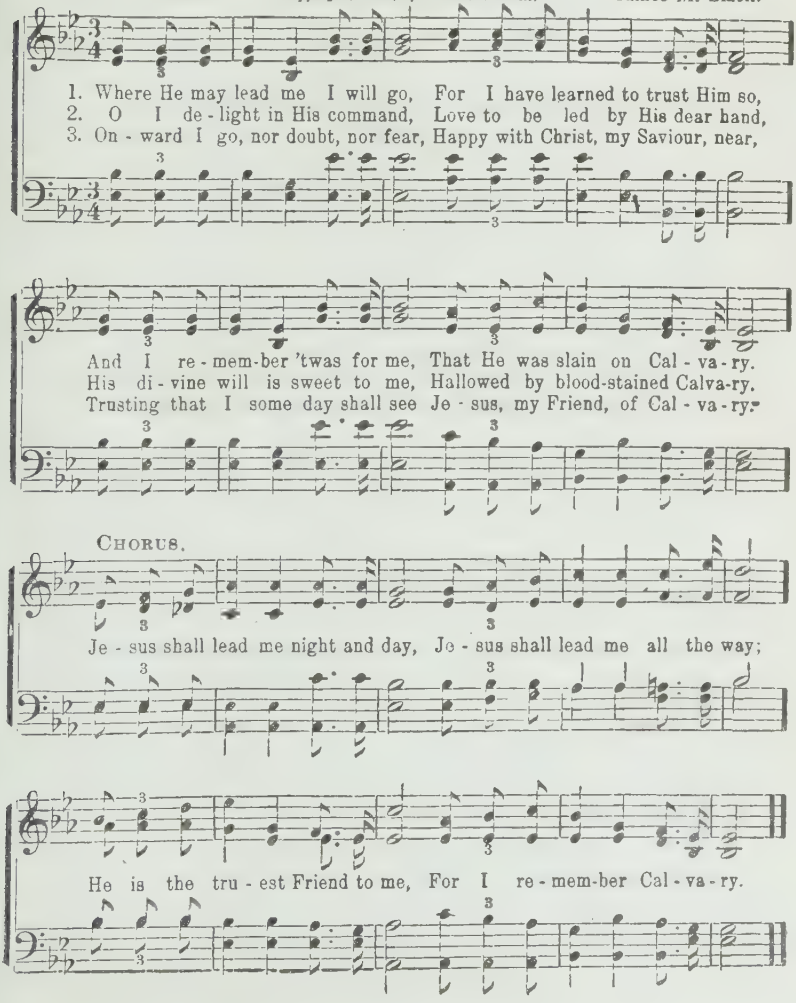
MRS. E. E. WILLIAMS. Copyright, 1902, by H. L. Gilmour. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! I am walk - ing in the light from the throne, And with
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re - joic - ing in this won - der - ful grace, And my
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall see him 'mid the glo - ries on high, And at
grate-ful ad - o - ra - tion God's rich mer-cies I own; He hath sav'd me, he hath
pathway shines re - ful-gent with the smiles of his face; He is with me, al-ways
last I shall be like him, in the glad by-and - by; From the pres - ence of my
cleans'd me, and hath giv'n me to prove His a - bun-dant sal - va - tion, and his ful-ness
with me, where-so - ev - er I move, And he keeps my soul flow - ing with his ful-ness
Sa-viour nev -er - more shall I rove, But shall praise him for-ev - er for the ful-ness
CHORUS.
of love. O the ful-ness of love! bless-ed ful - ness of love! It is flood-ing
my spir - it with light from a - bove; And the glo - ry of the sto - ry fills my

The Fulness of Love.



115 I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Copyright, 1900, by James M. Black. James M. Black.


1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
2. O I de - light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand,
3. On - ward I go, nor doubt, nor fear, Happy with Christ, my Saviour, near,
And I re - mem - ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.
His di - vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Calva-ry.
Trusting that I some day shall see Je - sus, my Friend, of Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way;
He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry.

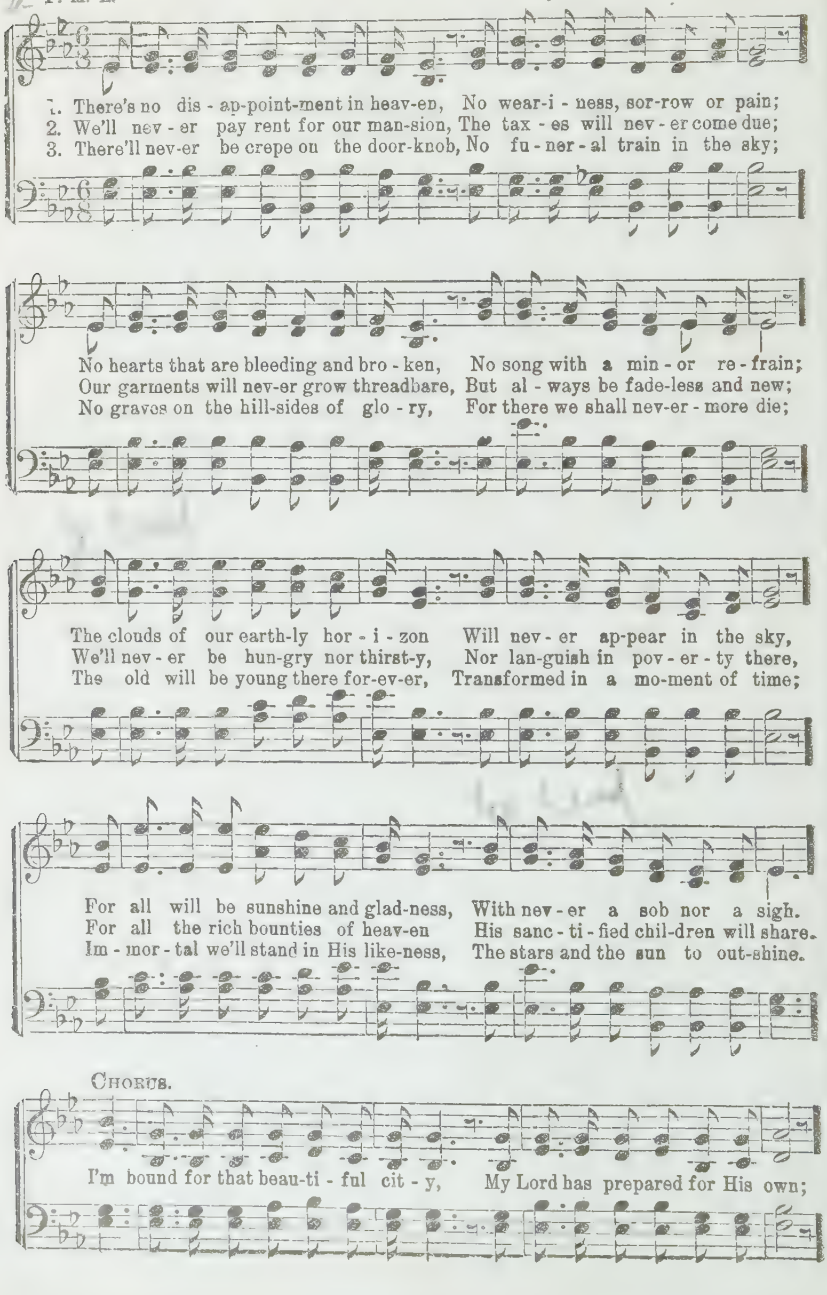
No Disappointment in Heaven.

Copyright, 1914, by F. M. Lehman. Used by per,

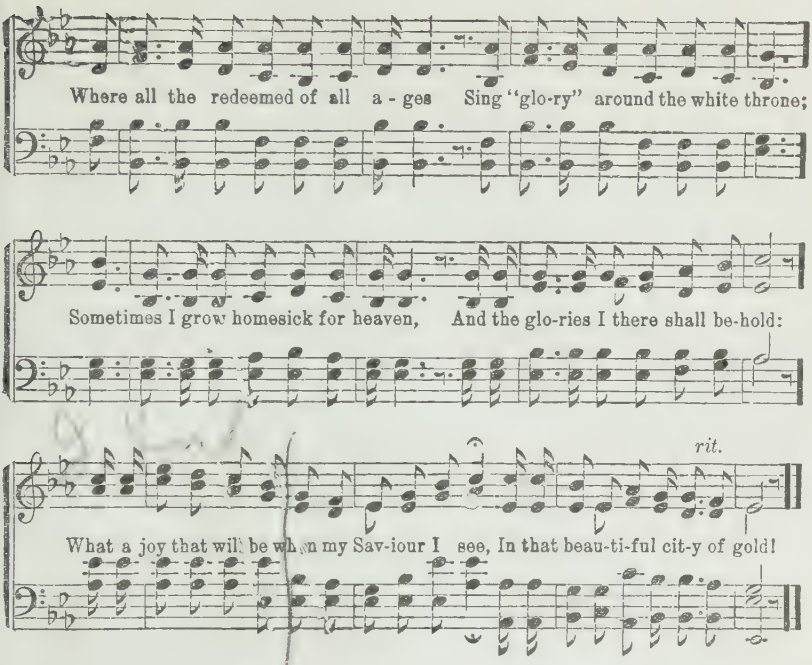
F. M. LEHMAN.

F. M. L.

Har. by MISS CLAUDIA LEHMAN.


1. There's no dis - ap-point-ment in heav-en, No wear-i - ness, sor-row or pain;
2. We'll nev - er pay rent for our man-sion, The tax - es will nev - er come due;
3. There'll nev-er be crepe on the door-knob, No fu - ner - al train in the sky;
No hearts that are bleeding and bro - ken, No song with a min - or re - frain;
Our garments will nev-er grow threadbare, But al - ways be fade-less and new;
No graves on the hill-sides of glo - ry, For there we shall nev-er - more die;
The clouds of our earth-ly hor - i - zon Will nev - er ap-pear in the sky,
We'll nev - er be hun-gry nor thirst-y, Nor lan-guish in pov - er - ty there,
The old will be young there for-ev-er, Transformed in a mo-ment of time;
For all will be sunshine and glad-ness, With nev - er a sob nor a sigh.
For all the rich bounties of heav-en His sanc - ti - fied chil-dren will share.
Im - mor - tal we'll stand in His like-ness, The stars and the sun to out-shine.
CHORUS.
I'm bound for that beau-ti - ful cit - y, My Lord has prepared for His own;

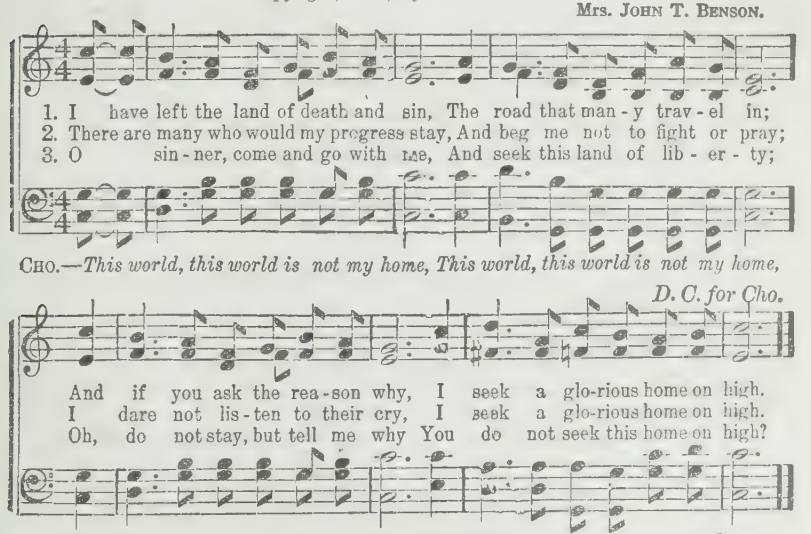
No Disappointment in Heaven.


Where all the redeemed of all a - ges Sing "glo-ry" around the white throne;
Sometimes I grow homesick for heaven, And the glo-ries I there shall be-hold:
rit.
What a joy that will be when my Sav-iour I see, In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold!

117 This World Is Not My Home.

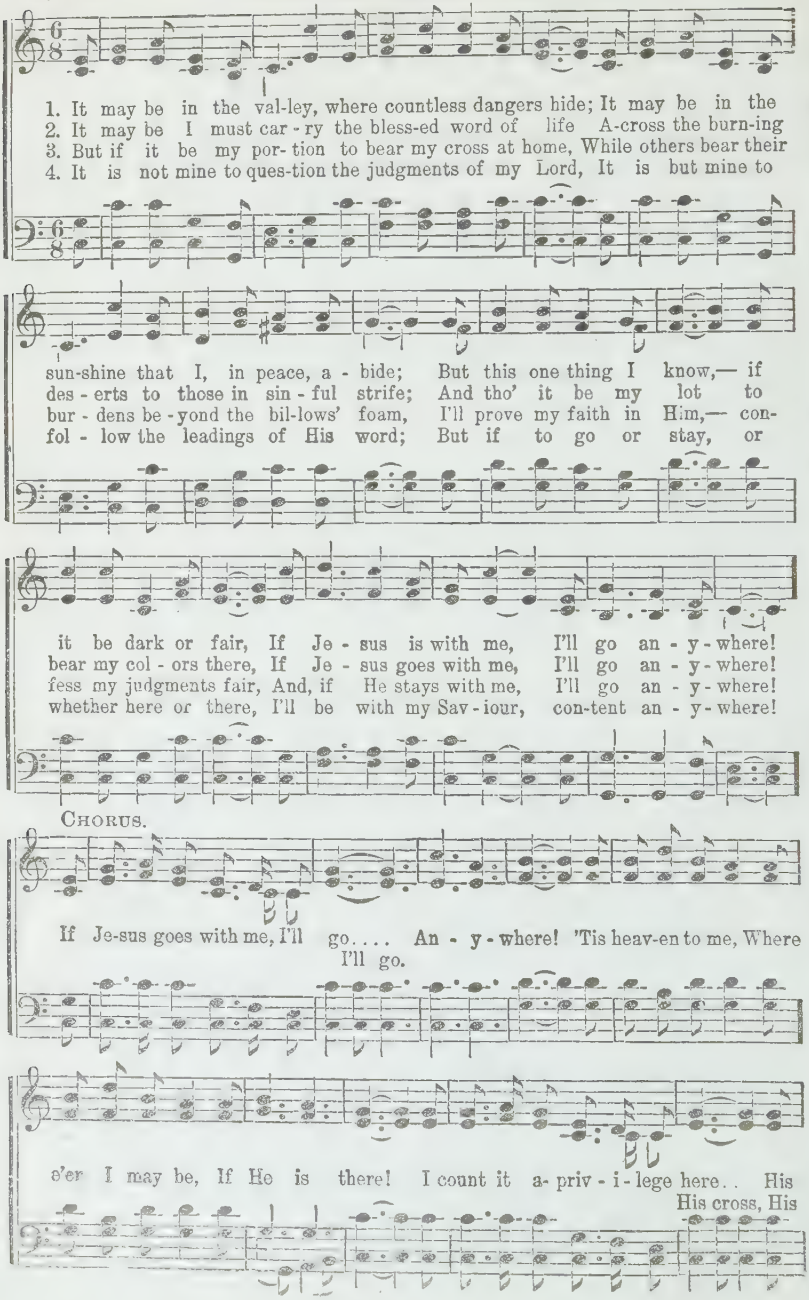
Copyright, 1910, by John T. Benson.

Mrs. JOHN T. BENSON.

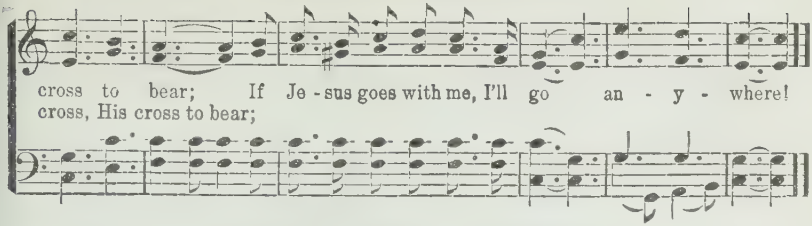

1. I have left the land of death and sin, The road that man - y trav - el in;
2. There are many who would my progress stay, And beg me not to fight or pray;
3. O sin - ner, come and go with me, And seek this land of lib - er - ty;
CHO.—This world, this world is not my home, This world, this world is not my home,
D. C. for Cho.
And if you ask the rea - son why, I seek a glo-rious home on high.
I dare not lis - ten to their cry, I seek a glo-rious home on high.
Oh, do not stay, but tell me why You do not seek this home on high?
This world is not my rest-ing-place, This world, this world is not my home.

If Jesus Goes With Me.

G. A. M. Copyright, 1908, by Hall-Mack Co., by per. G. AUSTIN MILES.


1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burn-ing
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to
sun-shine that I, in peace, a-bide; But this one thing I know,— if
des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur-dens be-yond the bil-lows' foam, I'll prove my faith in Him,— con-
fol-low the leadings of His word; But if to go or stay, or
it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
fess my judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
whether here or there, I'll be with my Sav-iour, con-tent an-y-where!
CHORUS.
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go.... An-y-where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Where I'll go.
e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a-priv-i-lege here.. His His cross, His

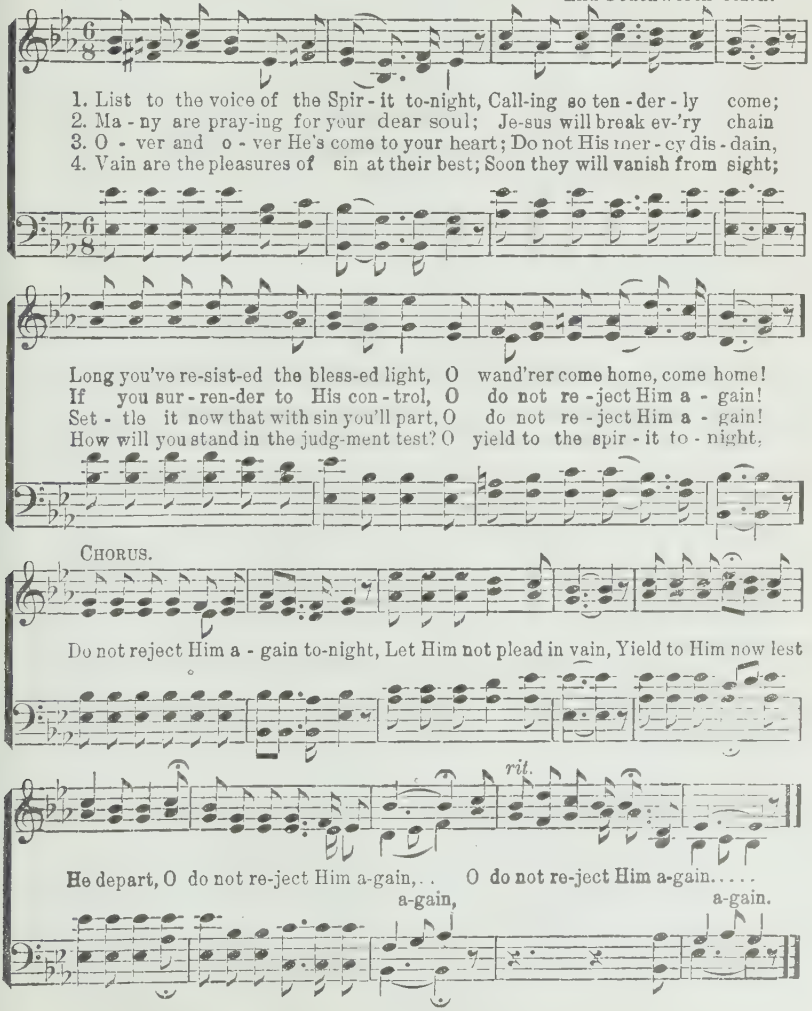
If Jesus Goes With Me.



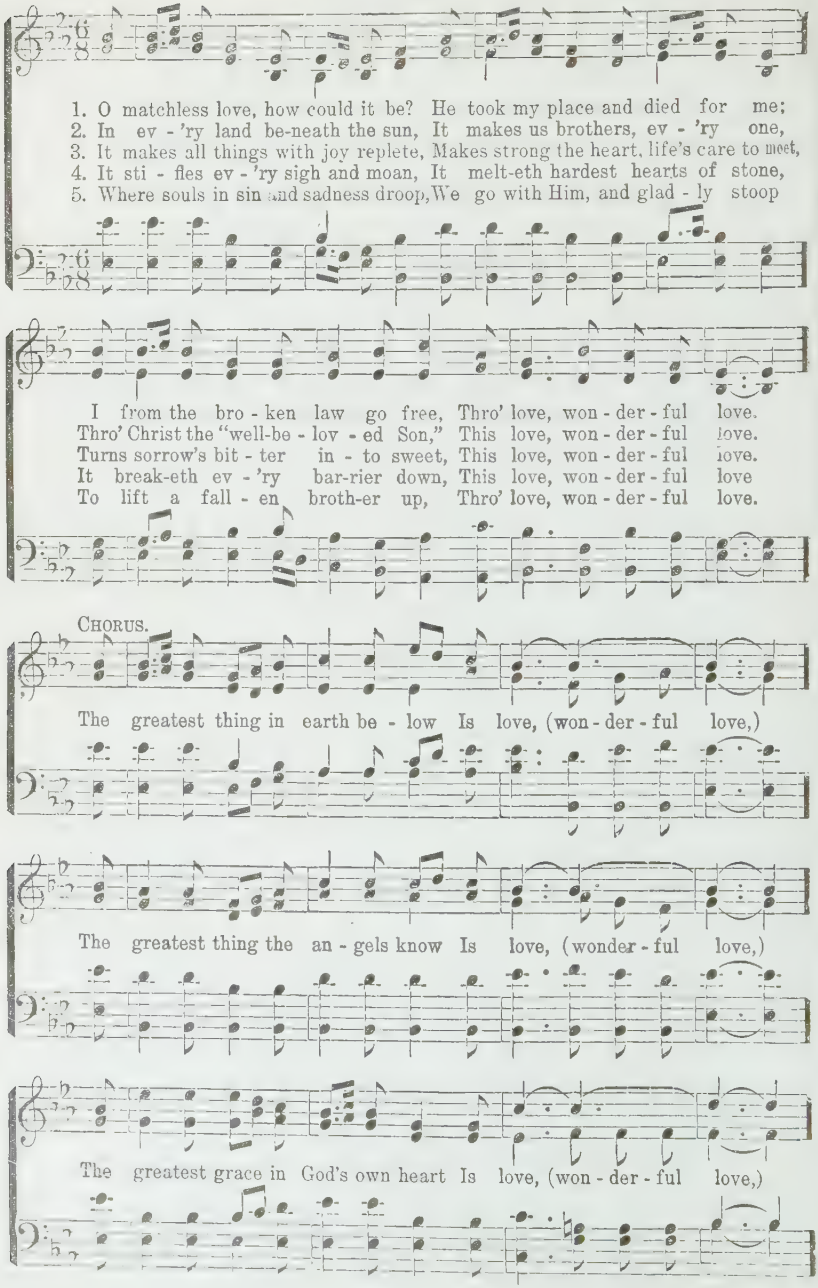
119 Do Not Reject Him Again.

Copyright, 1918, by W. B. Rose, Agent.

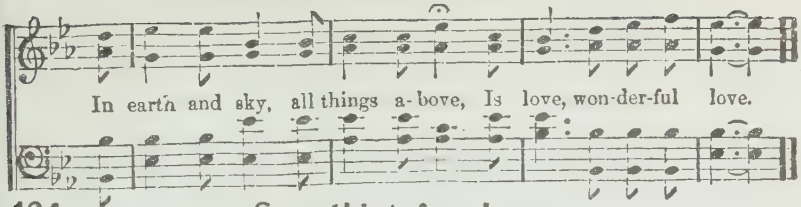
E. S. C. Ella Southworth Clark.


1. List to the voice of the Spir - it to-night, Call-ing so ten - der - ly come;
2. Ma - ny are pray-ing for your dear soul; Je-sus will break ev-'ry chain
3. O - ver and o - ver He's come to your heart; Do not His mer - cy dis - dain,
4. Vain are the pleasures of sin at their best; Soon they will vanish from sight;
Long you've re-sist-ed the bless-ed light, O wand'rer come home, come home!
If you sur - ren-der to His con - trol, O do not re - ject Him a - gain!
Set - tle it now that with sin you'll part, O do not re - ject Him a - gain!
How will you stand in the judg-ment test? O yield to the spir - it to - night,
CHORUS.
Do not reject Him a - gain to-night, Let Him not plead in vain, Yield to Him now lest
rit.
He depart, O do not re-ject Him a-gain, . . O do not re-ject Him a-gain. . . . .
a-gain, a-gain.

The Greatest Thing is Love.

C. H. M. Copyright, 1903, by H. L. Gilmour. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
2. In ev - 'ry land be-neath the sun, It makes us brothers, ev - 'ry one,
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's care to meet,
4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt-eth hardest hearts of stone,
5. Where souls in sin and sadness droop, We go with Him, and glad - ly stoop
I from the bro - ken law go free, Thro' love, won - der - ful love.
Thro' Christ the "well-be - lov - ed Son," This love, won - der - ful love.
Turns sorrow's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, won - der - ful love.
It break-eth ev - 'ry bar-rier down, This love, won - der - ful love
To lift a fall - en broth-er up, Thro' love, won - der - ful love.
CHORUS.
The greatest thing in earth be - low Is love, (won - der - ful love,)
The greatest thing the an - gels know Is love, (wonder - ful love,)
The greatest grace in God's own heart Is love, (won - der - ful love,)

The Greatest Thing is Love.



121. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

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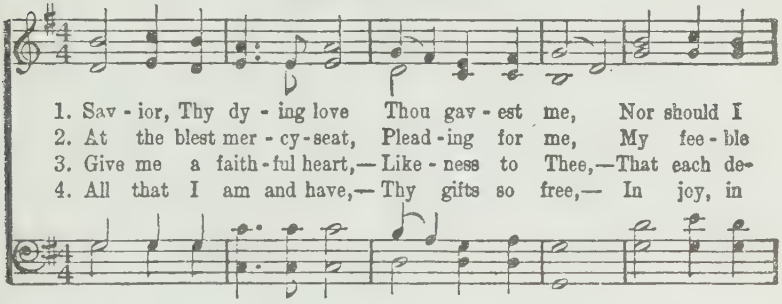
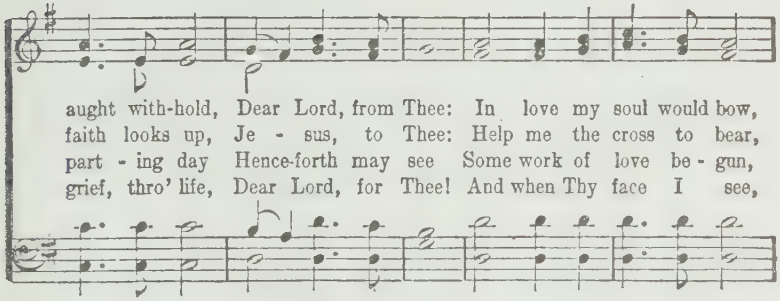
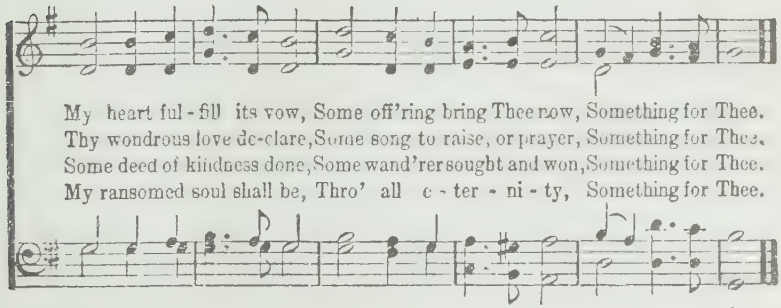
Robert Lowry, D. D.


1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart,— Like - ness to Thee,—That each de-
4. All that I am and have,— Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in

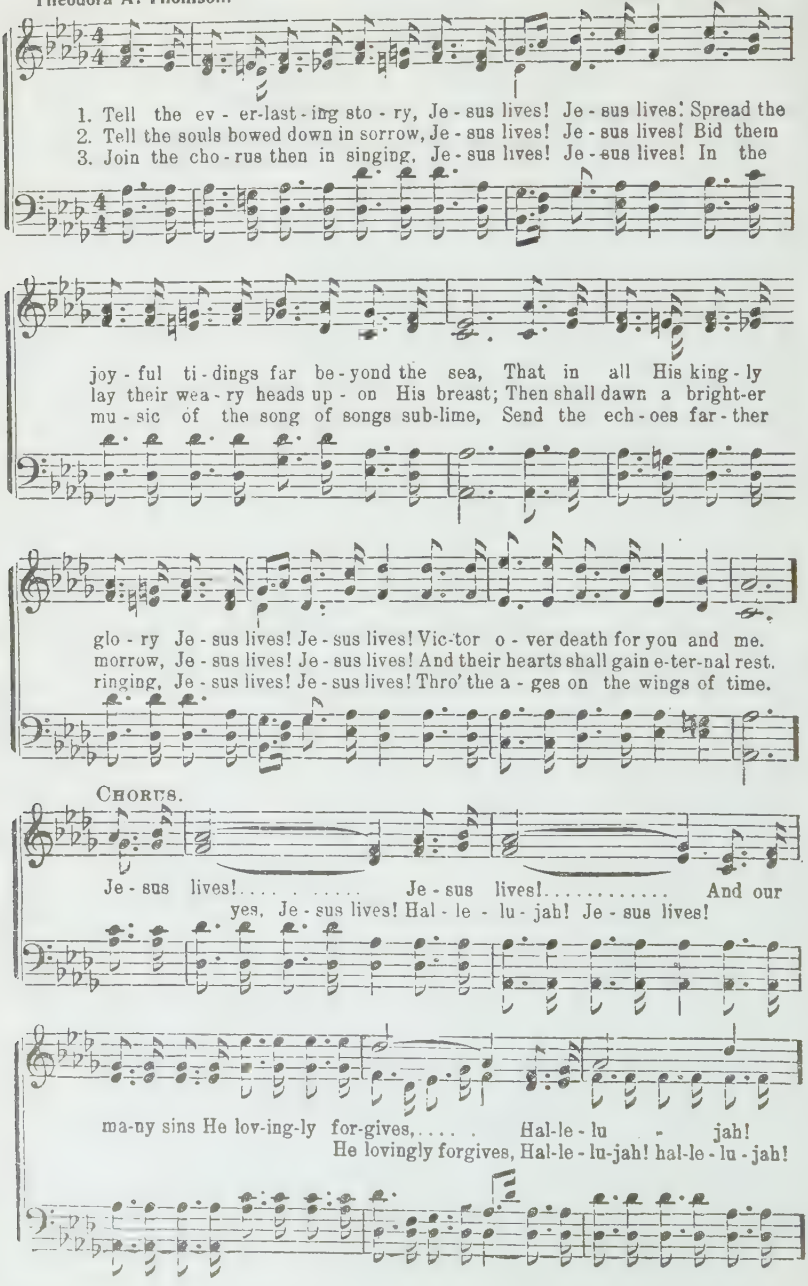

aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,


My heart ful - fil its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

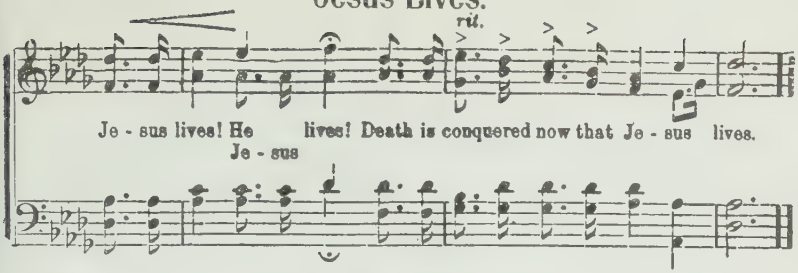
Jesus Lives.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Theodora A. Thomson. James M. Black.


1. Tell the ev - er-last - ing sto - ry, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! Spread the
2. Tell the souls bowed down in sorrow, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! Bid them
3. Join the cho - rus then in singing, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! In the
joy - ful ti - dings far be - yond the sea, That in all His king - ly
lay their wea - ry heads up - on His breast; Then shall dawn a bright-er
mu - sic of the song of songs sub-lime, Send the ech - oes far - ther
glo - ry Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! Vic-tor o - ver death for you and me.
morrow, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! And their hearts shall gain e-ter-nal rest.
ringing, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! Thro' the a - ges on the wings of time.
CHORUS.
Je - sus lives! . . . . . Je - sus lives! . . . . . And our
yes, Je - sus lives! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus lives!
ma-ny sins He lov-ing-ly for-gives, ... Hal-le - lu - jah!
He lovingly forgives, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu - jah!

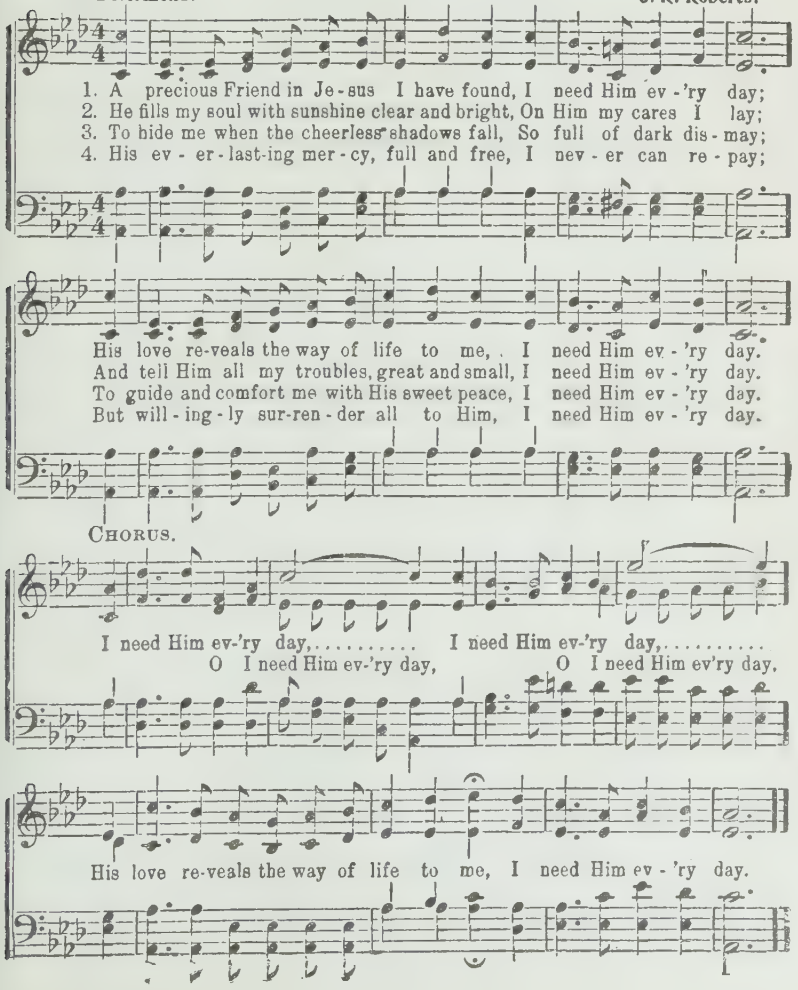
Jesus Lives.



123 I Need Him Every Day.

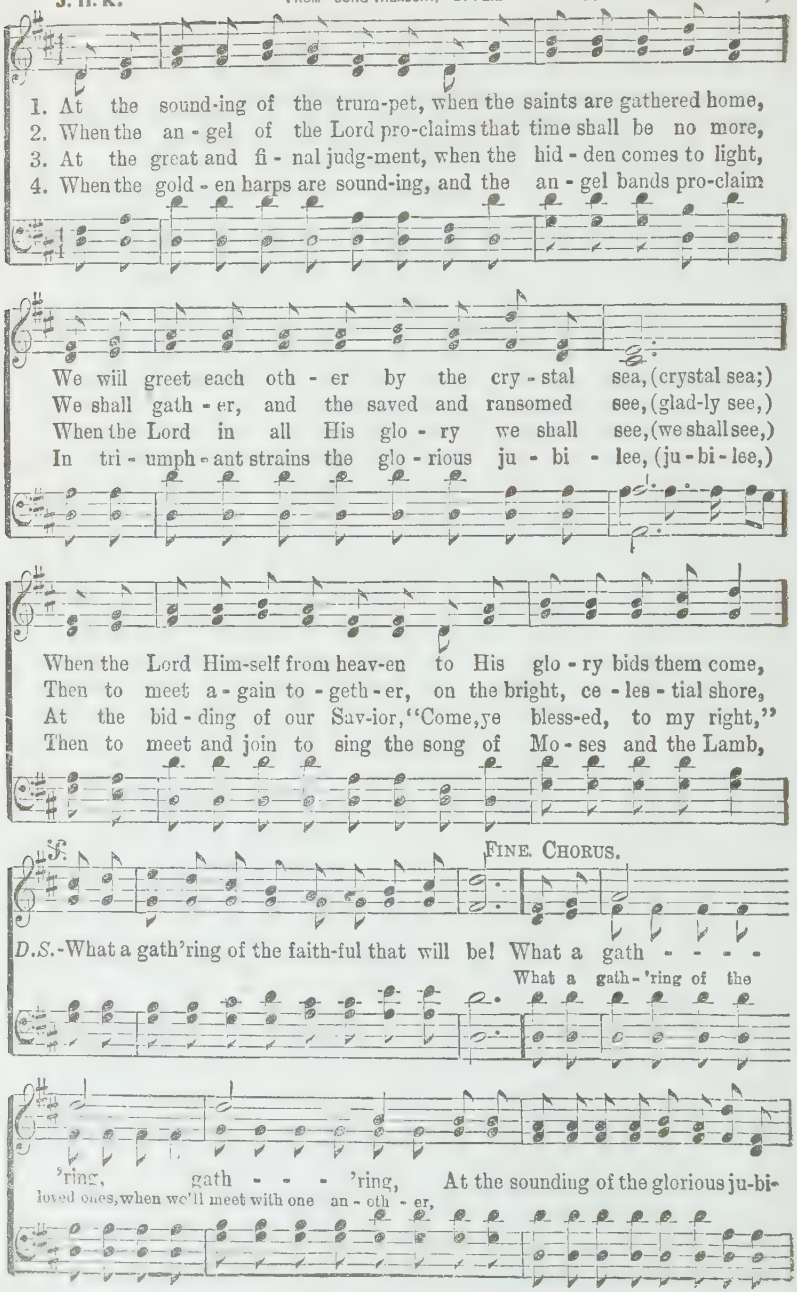
Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Lizzie DeArmond. J. R. Roberts.

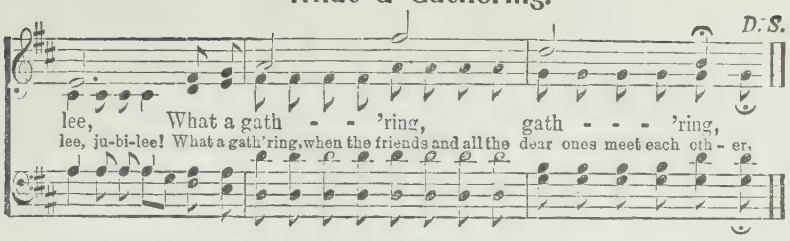

1. A precious Friend in Je - sus I have found, I need Him ev - 'ry day;
2. He fills my soul with sunshine clear and bright, On Him my cares I lay;
3. To hide me when the cheerless shadows fall, So full of dark dis - may;
4. His ev - er - last - ing mer - cy, full and free, I nev - er can re - pay;
His love re-veals the way of life to me, I need Him ev - 'ry day.
And tell Him all my troubles, great and small, I need Him ev - 'ry day.
To guide and comfort me with His sweet peace, I need Him ev - 'ry day.
But will - ing - ly sur-ren - der all to Him, I need Him ev - 'ry day.
CHORUS.
I need Him ev-'ry day, ... I need Him ev-'ry day, ...
O I need Him ev-'ry day, O I need Him ev'ry day.
His love re-veals the way of life to me, I need Him ev - 'ry day.

What a Gathering.

J. H. K. FROM "SONG TREASURY," BY PER. J. H. Kurzenknabe.

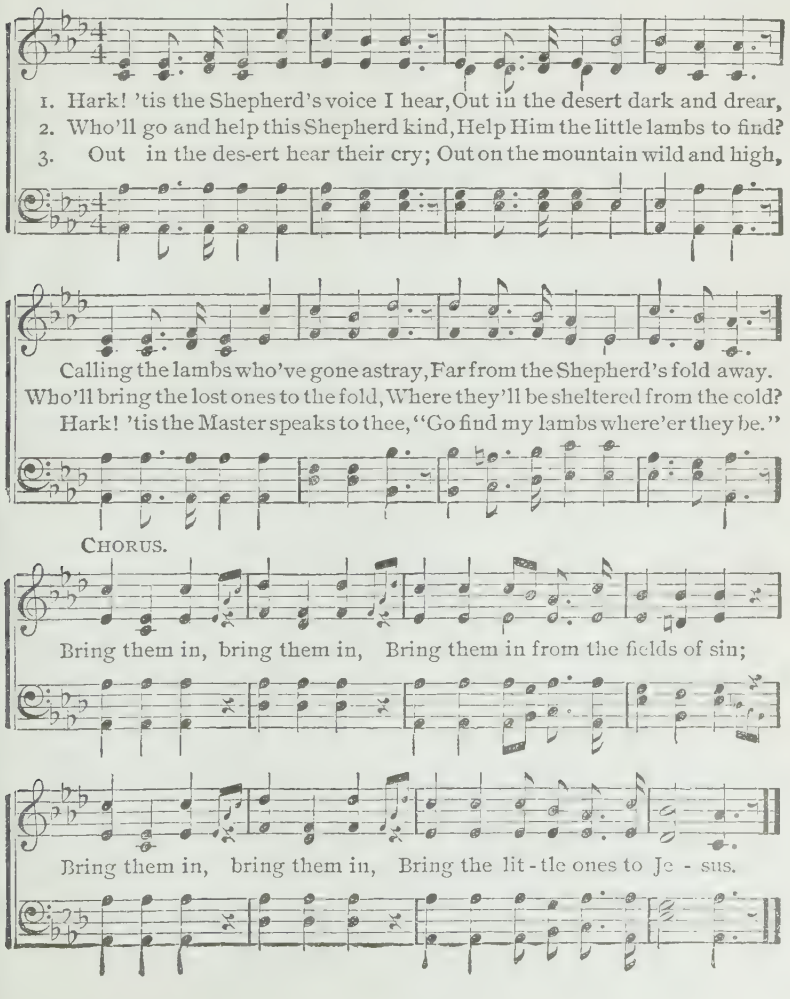

1. At the sound-ing of the trum-pet, when the saints are gathered home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord pro-claims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi - nal judg-ment, when the hid - den comes to light,
4. When the gold - en harps are sound-ing, and the an - gel bands pro-claim
We will greet each oth - er by the cry - stal sea, (crystal sea;)
We shall gath - er, and the saved and ransomed see, (glad-ly see,)
When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see,)
In tri - umph - ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, (ju - bi - lee,)
When the Lord Him-self from heav-en to His glo - ry bids them come,
Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright, ce - les - tial shore,
At the bid - ding of our Sav-ior, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,
D.S.
FINE. CHORUS.
D.S.-What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath - - - -
What a gath - 'ring of the
'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi-
loved ones, when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

What a Gathering.



125 Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN, by per.


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the little lambs to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,
Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go find my lambs where'er they be."
CHORUS.
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the lit - tle ones to Je - sus.

Through Wondrous Grace.

Copyright, 1910, by H. L. Gilmour.

L. F. J. LYMAN F. JACKSON.

1. There is joy in serving Je - sus, When we serve with loving hearts;
2. There is peace that passeth knowledge, That the world cannot receive,
3. There is rest for souls that struggle With the bur - den of their sin,

If we do his will sincere - ly He this wondrous joy imparts.
By the Ho - ly Spir - it giv - en To the souls that will be- lieve;
For the blood of Christ a - vail - eth, And will make them pure within!

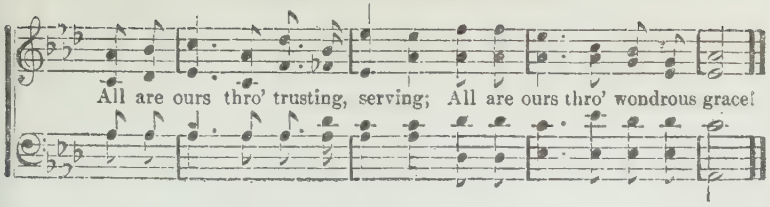
Then, when sor - row o - vertakes us Like a tem - pest on the sea,
When tempta - tions break like billows O'er the lov - ing, trusting heart,
Then, tho' griev- ous are the bur- dens That are dai - ly laid on thee,

We shall hear his gracious promise, "As thy days thy strength shall be!"
Still in peace he sweetly keeps them, Bidding all their doubts depart!
You may prove his gracious promise, "As thy days thy strength shall be!"

CHORUS.

There is peace and joy a- bounding, That the world cannot displace;

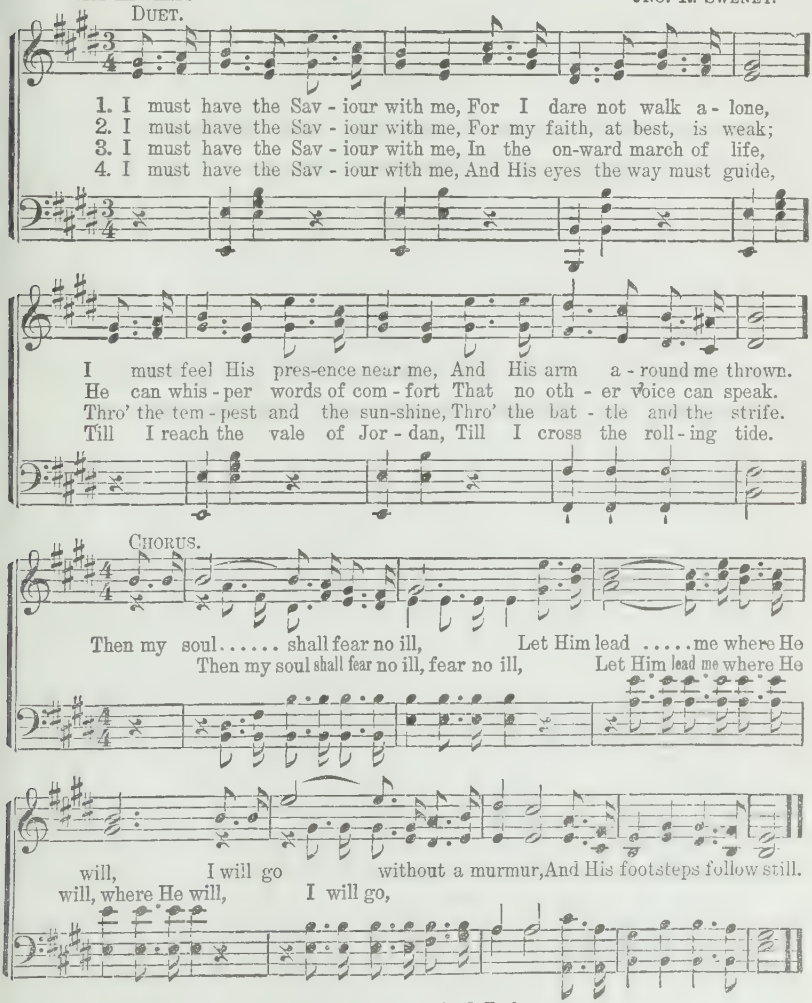
Through Wondrous Grace.



127 The Savior With Me.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.


1. I must have the Sav - iour with me, For I dare not walk a - lone,
2. I must have the Sav - iour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;
3. I must have the Sav - iour with me, In the on-ward march of life,
4. I must have the Sav - iour with me, And His eyes the way must guide,
I must feel His pres-ence near me, And His arm a - round me thrown.
He can whis - per words of com - fort That no oth - er voice can speak.
Thro' the tem - pest and the sun-shine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
Till I reach the vale of Jor - dan, Till I cross the roll - ing tide.
CHORUS.
Then my soul..... shall fear no ill, Let Him lead .....me where He
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He
will, I will go without a murmur, And His footsteps follow still.
will, where He will, I will go,

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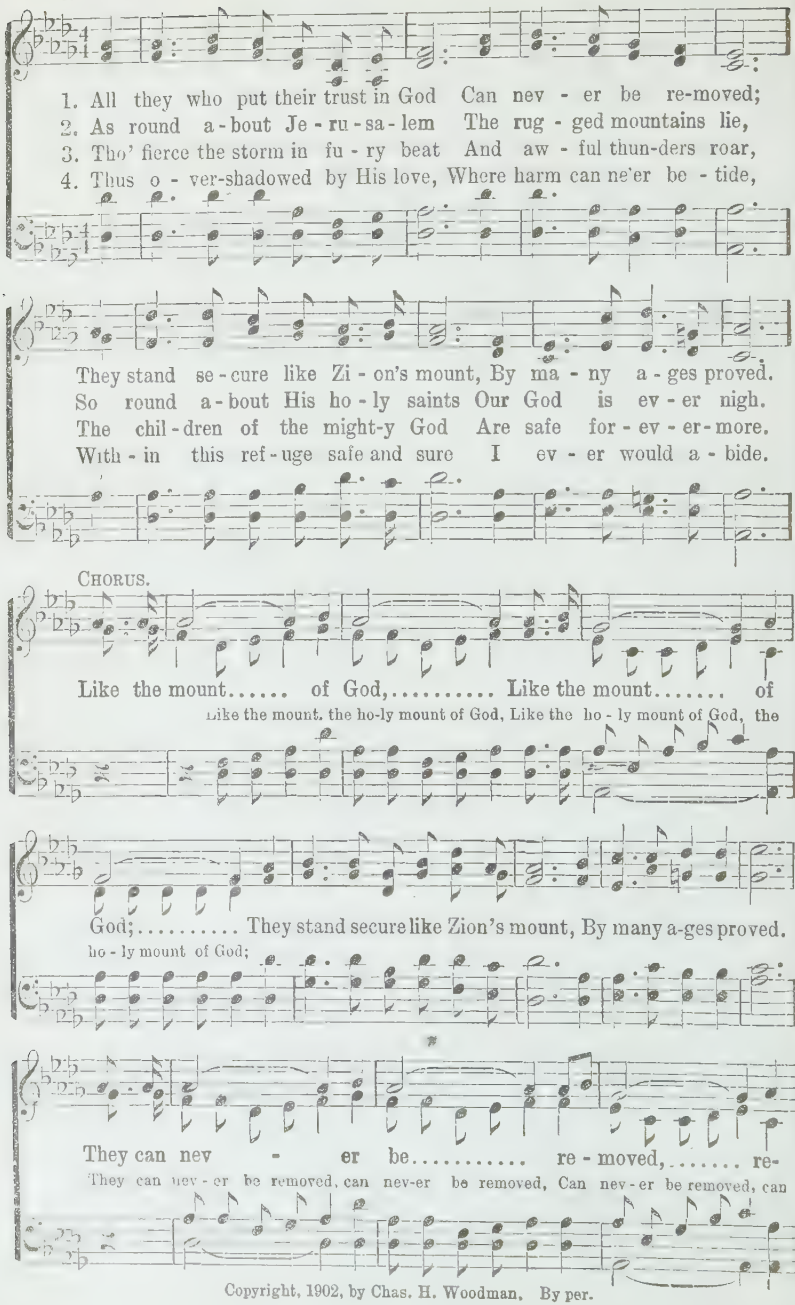
Like Zion's Holy Mount.

C. M. S. C. M. SEAMANS.


1. All they who put their trust in God Can nev - er be re-moved;
2. As round a-bout Je - ru - sa - lem The rug - ged mountains lie,
3. Tho' fierce the storm in fu - ry beat And aw - ful thun-ders roar,
4. Thus o - ver-shadowed by His love, Where harm can ne'er be - tide,
They stand se - cure like Zi - on's mount, By ma - ny a - ges proved.
So round a-bout His ho - ly saints Our God is ev - er nigh.
The chil - dren of the might-y God Are safe for - ev - er - more.
With - in this ref - uge safe and sure I ev - er would a - bide.
CHORUS.
Like the mount..... of God,..... Like the mount..... of
Like the mount, the ho-ly mount of God, Like the ho - ly mount of God, the
God;..... They stand secure like Zion's mount, By many a-ges proved.
ho - ly mount of God;
They can nev - er be..... re - moved,..... re-
They can nev - er be removed, can nev-er be removed, Can nev - er be removed, can

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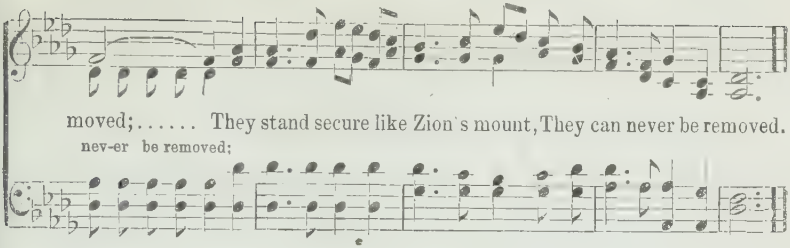
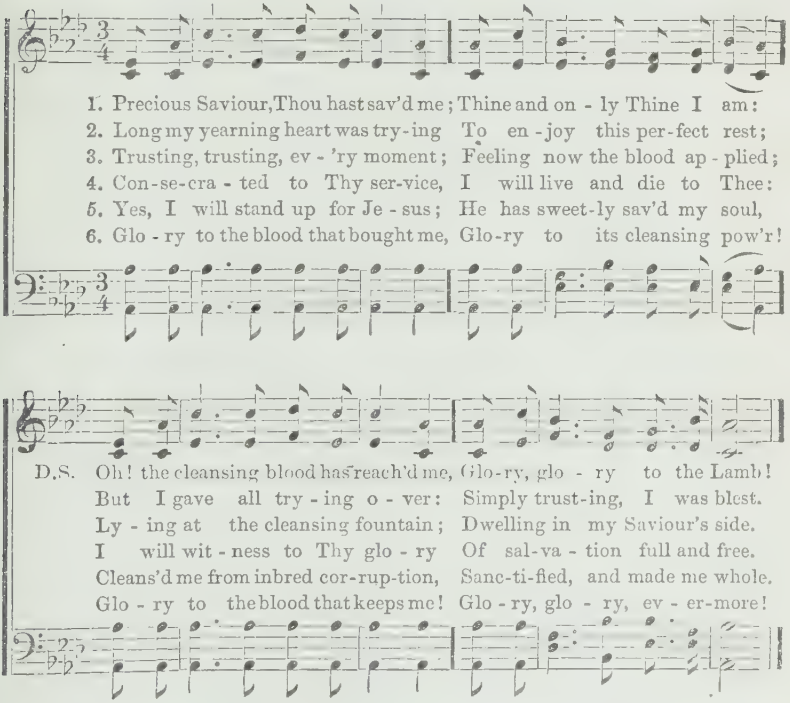
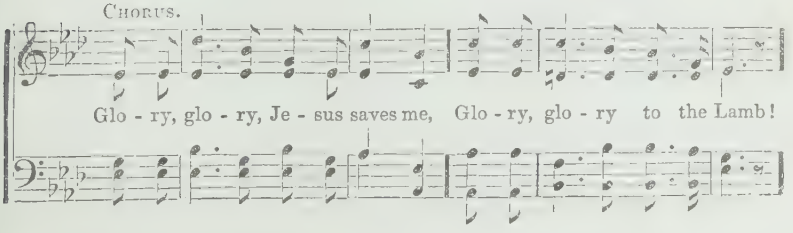
Like Zion's Holy Mount.

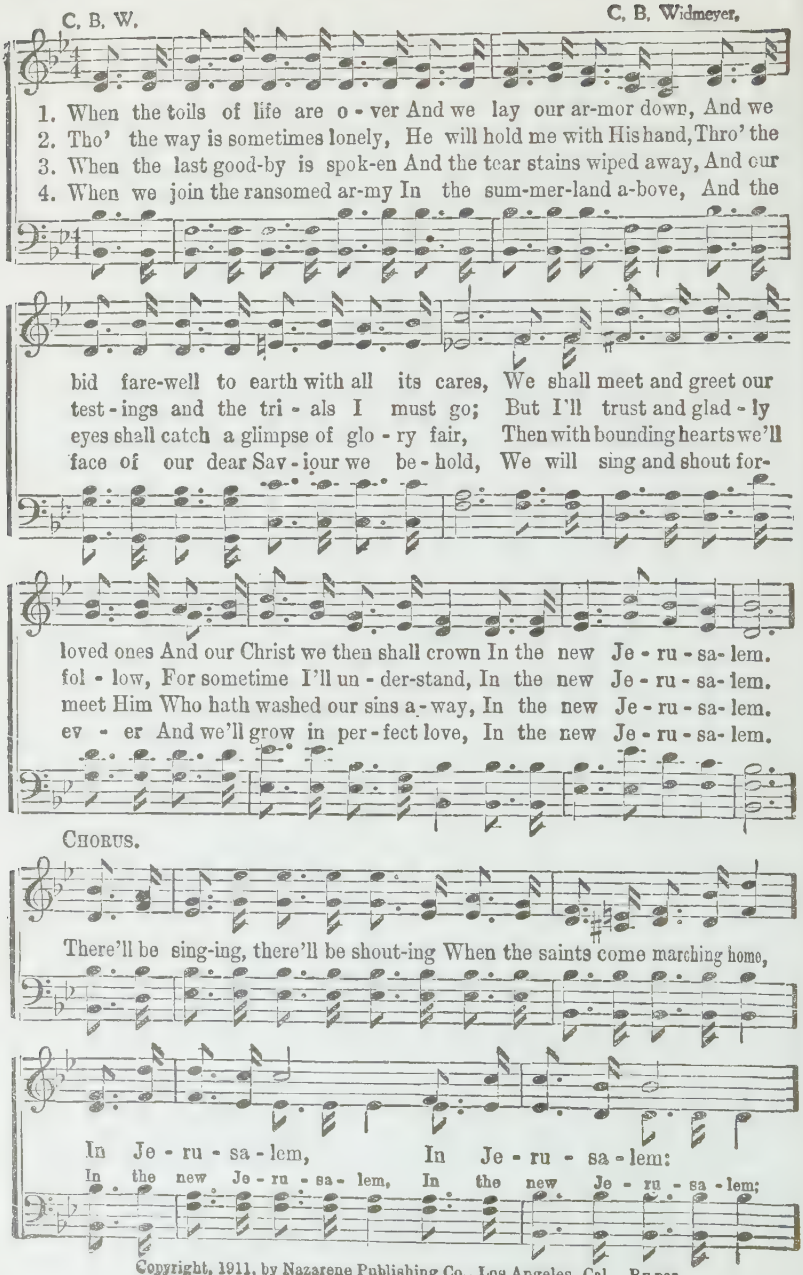


129 Full Salvation.

LOUISE M. ROUSE. DORA BOOLE.


1. Precious Saviour, Thou hast sav'd me; Thine and on - ly Thine I am:
2. Long my yearning heart was try-ing To en - joy this per-fect rest;
3. Trusting, trusting, ev - 'ry moment; Feeling now the blood ap - plied;
4. Con-se-cra - ted to Thy ser-vice, I will live and die to Thee:
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je - sus; He has sweet-ly sav'd my soul,
6. Glo - ry to the blood that bought me, Glo-ry to its cleansing pow'r!
D.S. Oh! the cleansing blood has reach'd me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
But I gave all try - ing o - ver: Simply trust-ing, I was blest.
Ly - ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
I will wit - ness to Thy glo - ry Of sal-va - tion full and free.
Cleans'd me from inbred cor-rup-tion, Sanc-ti-fied, and made me whole.
Glo - ry to the blood that keeps me! Glo - ry, glo - ry, ev - er-more!

In the New Jerusalem.

C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.


1. When the toils of life are o - ver And we lay our ar-mor down, And we
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lonely, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the
3. When the last good-by is spok-en And the tear stains wiped away, And our
4. When we join the ransomed ar-my In the sum-mer-land a-bove, And the
bid fare-well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our
test - ings and the tri - als I must go; But I'll trust and glad - ly
eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo - ry fair, Then with bounding hearts we'll
face of our dear Sav - iour we be - hold, We will sing and shout for-
loved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
fol - low, For sometime I'll un - der-stand, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
meet Him Who hath washed our sins a - way, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
ev - er And we'll grow in per - fect love, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
CHORUS.
There'll be sing-ing, there'll be shout-ing When the saints come marching home,
In Je - ru - sa - lem, In Je - ru - sa - lem:
In the new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem;

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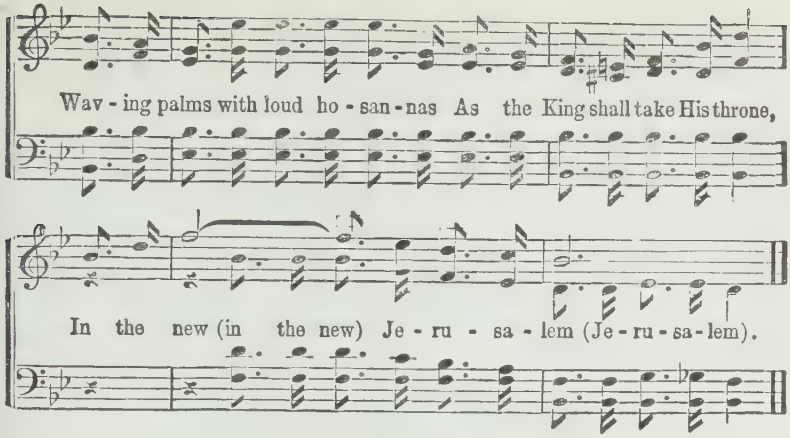
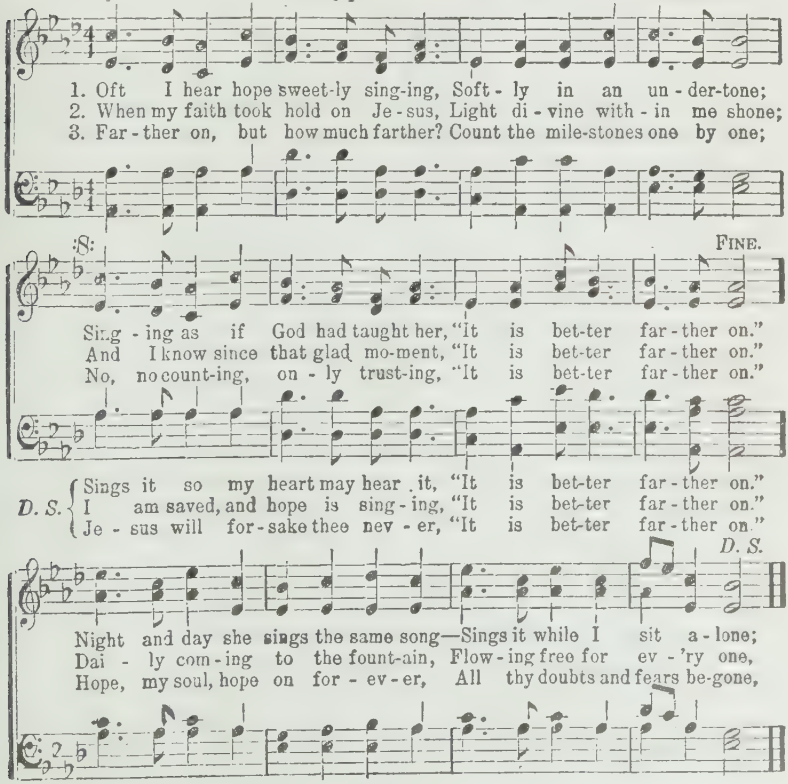
In the New Jerusalem.

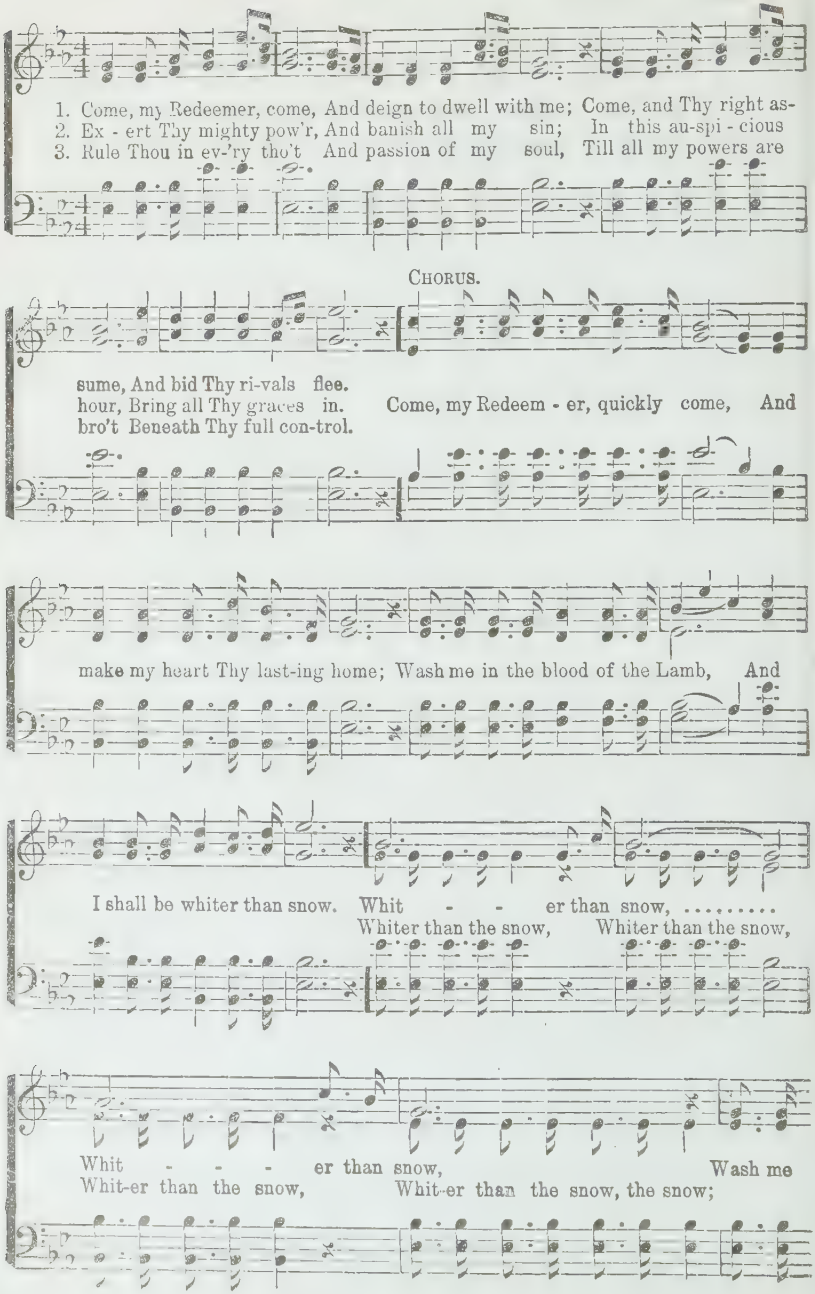


131 Better Farther On.

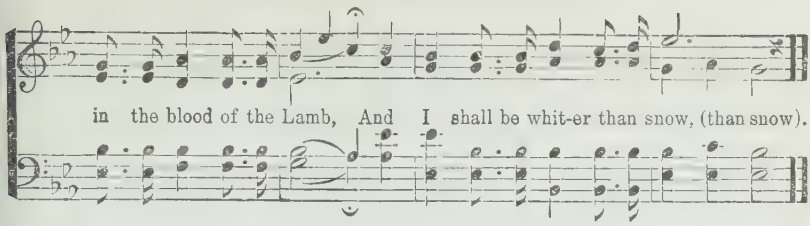
Arr. by JAMES NICHOLSON. By per. L. THOMPSON.

1. Oft I hear hope sweet-ly sing-ing, Soft - ly in an un - der-tone;
2. When my faith took hold on Je - sus, Light di - vine with - in me shone;
3. Far - ther on, but how much farther? Count the mile-stones one by one;
FINE.
Sing - ing as if God had taught her, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
And I know since that glad mo-ment, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
No, no count-ing, on - ly trust-ing, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
D. S.
Sings it so my heart may hear it, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
I am saved, and hope is sing - ing, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
Je - sus will for-sake thee nev - er, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
D. S.
Night and day she sings the same song—Sings it while I sit a - lone;
Dai - ly com - ing to the fount-ain, Flow - ing free for ev - 'ry one,
Hope, my soul, hope on for - ev - er, All thy doubts and fears be-gone,

Whiter Than the Snow.

Mrs. Sue M. O. Hoffman.

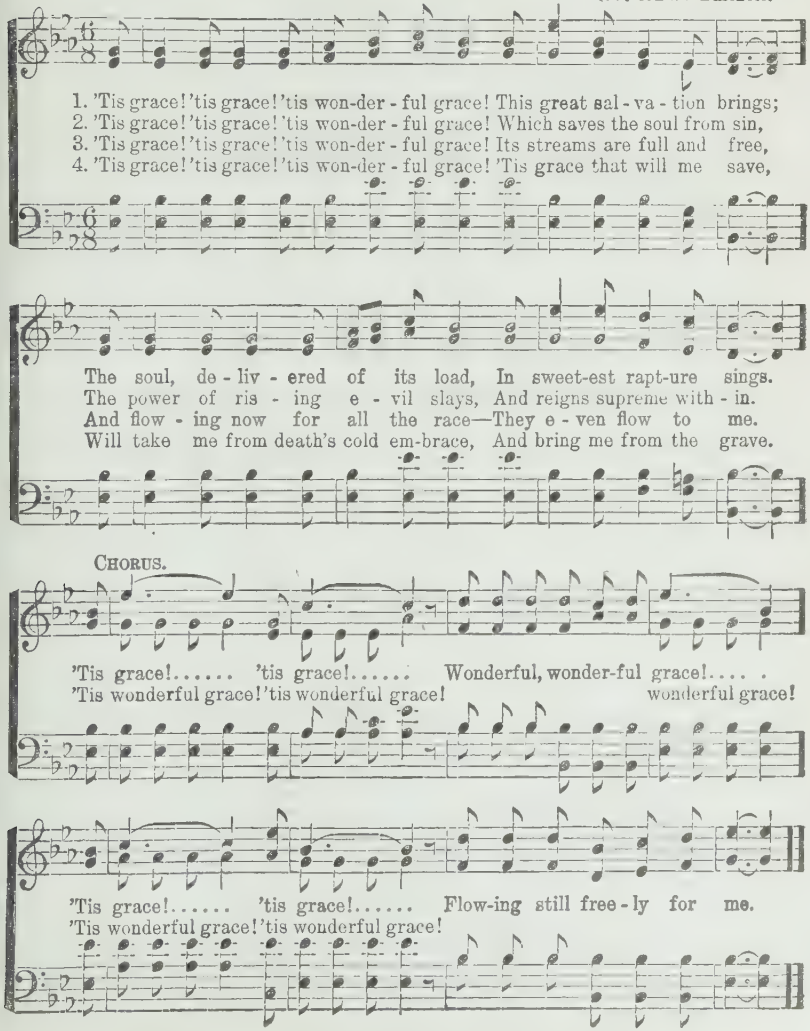

1. Come, my Redeemer, come, And deign to dwell with me; Come, and Thy right as-
2. Ex - ert Thy mighty pow'r, And banish all my sin; In this au-spi - cious
3. Rule Thou in ev-'ry tho't And passion of my soul, Till all my powers are
CHORUS.
sume, And bid Thy ri-vals flee.
hour, Bring all Thy graces in.
bro't Beneath Thy full con-trol.
Come, my Redeem - er, quickly come, And
make my heart Thy last-ing home; Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And
I shall be whiter than snow. Whit - - - er than snow, ...
Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,
Whit - - - - er than snow, Wash me
Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow, the snow;

Whiter Than the Snow.

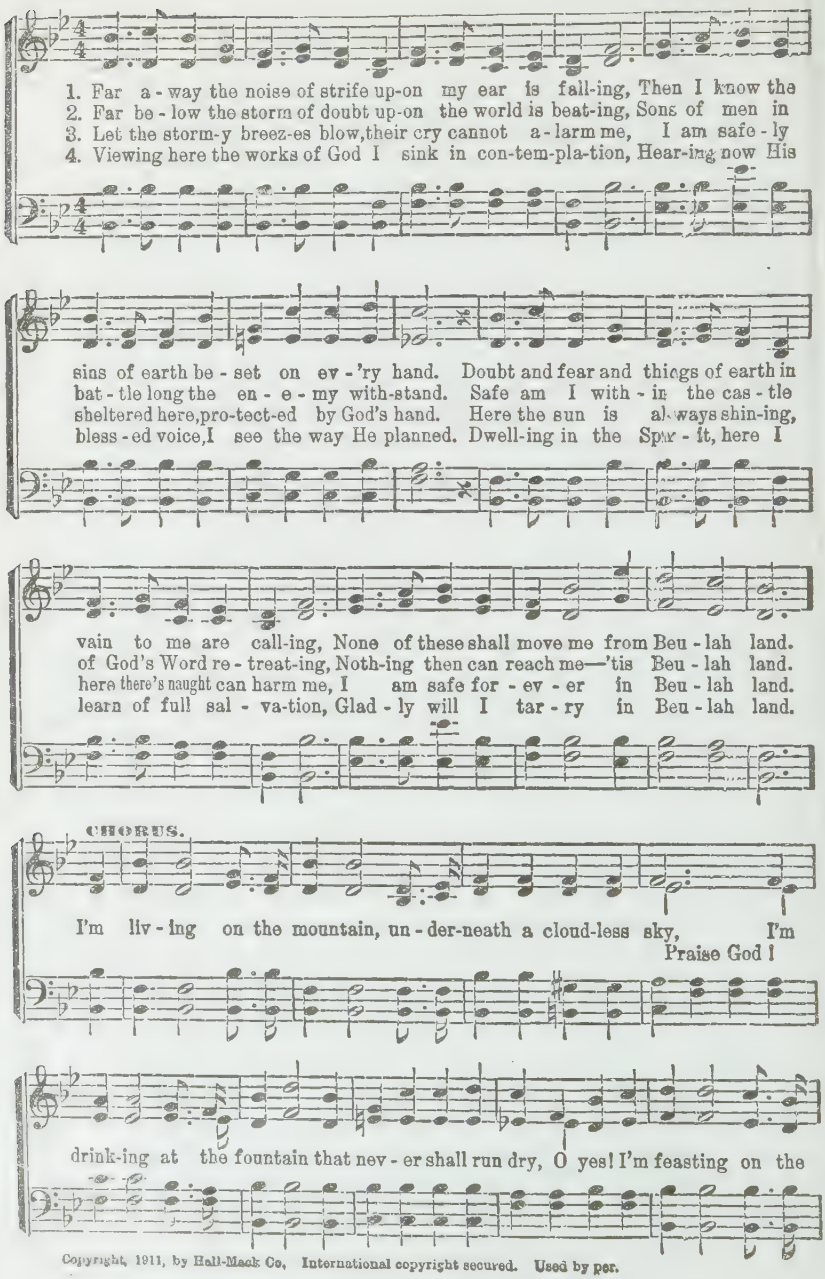


133 Wonderful Grace.

W. H. Burrell. Rev. Isaiah Baltzell.


1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der - ful grace! This great sal - va - tion brings;
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der - ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin,
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der - ful grace! Its streams are full and free,
4. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der - ful grace! 'Tis grace that will me save,
The soul, de - liv - ered of its load, In sweet-est rapt-ure sings.
The power of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with - in.
And flow - ing now for all the race—They e - ven flow to me.
Will take me from death's cold em-brace, And bring me from the grave.
CHORUS.
'Tis grace!..... 'tis grace!..... Wonderful, wonder-ful grace!.....
'Tis wonderful grace! 'tis wonderful grace! wonderful grace!
'Tis grace!..... 'tis grace!..... Flow-ing still free - ly for me.
'Tis wonderful grace! 'tis wonderful grace!

Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Far a - way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be - low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry cannot a - larm me, I am safe - ly
4. Viewing here the works of God I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hear-ing now His
sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand. Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand. Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless - ed voice, I see the way He planned. Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah land.
of God's Word re - treat-ing, Noth-ing then can reach me—'tis Beu - lah land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah land.
learn of full sal - va-tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah land.
CHORUS.
I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm Praise God!
drink-ing at the fountain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

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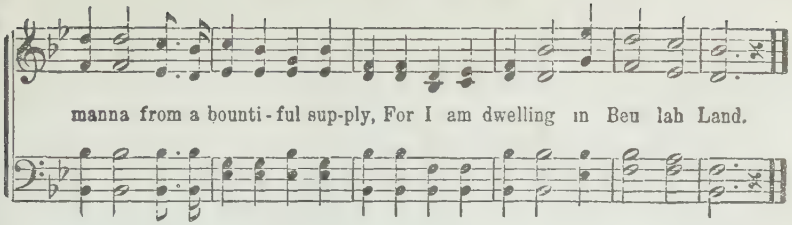
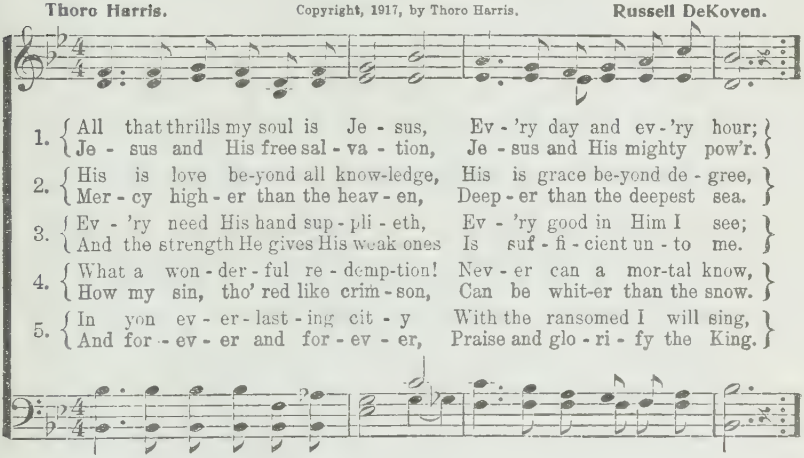
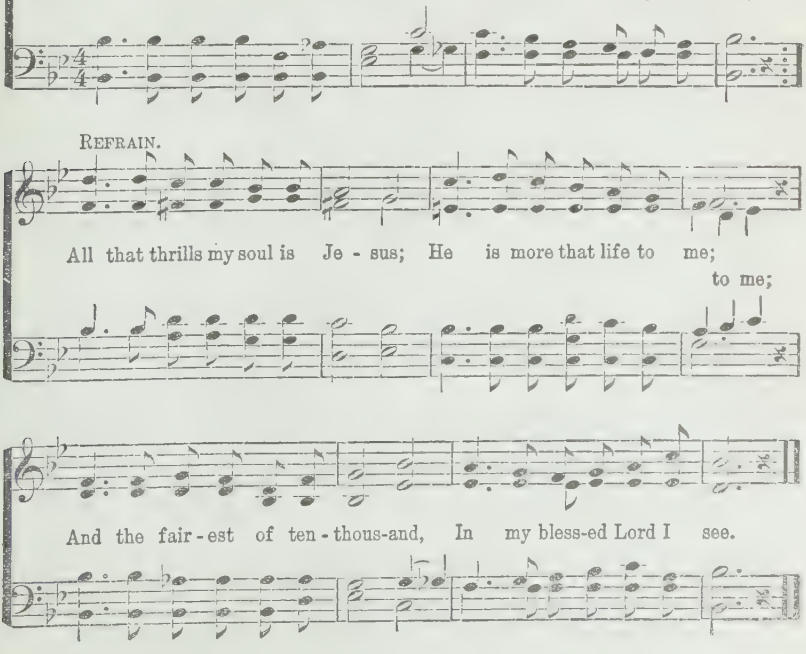
Dwelling in Beulah Land.



135 All That Thrills My Soul.

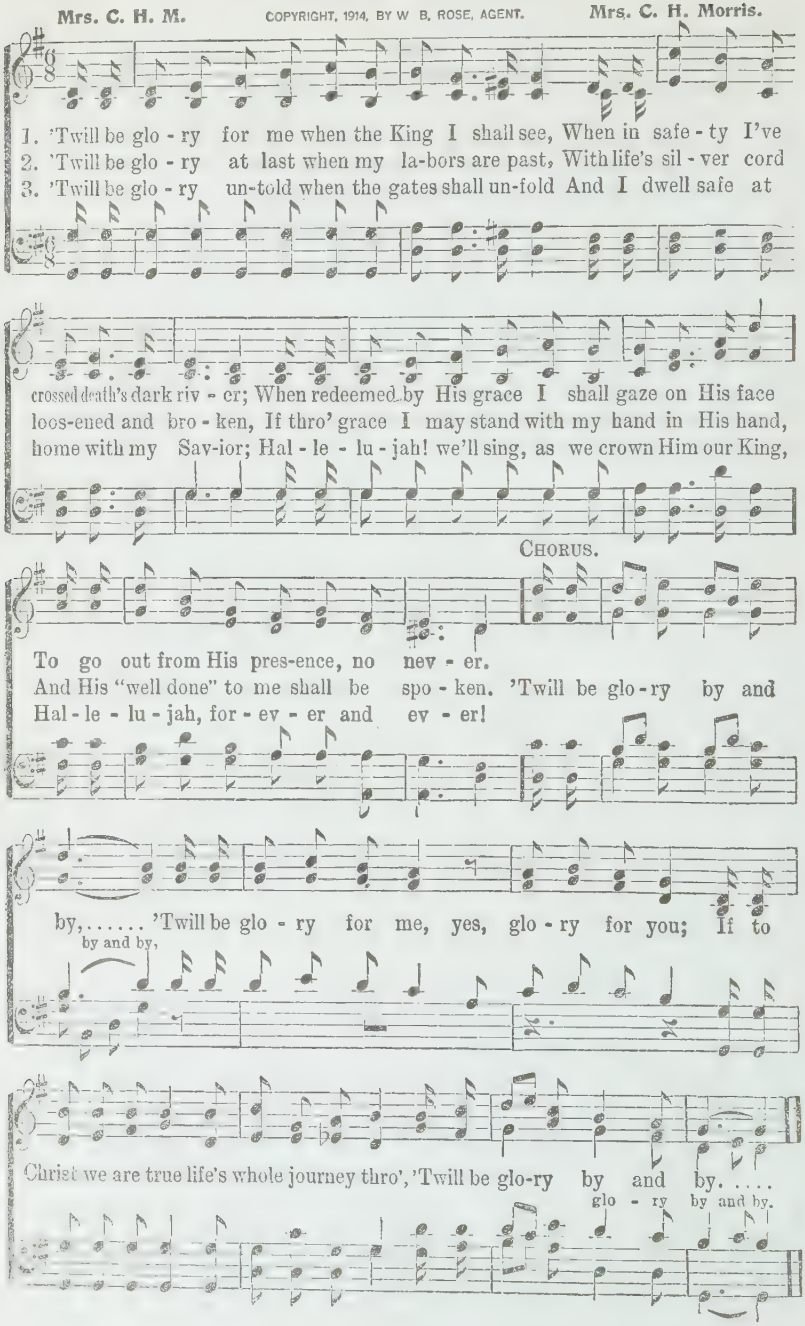
Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris. **Russell DeKoven.**


1. All that thrills my soul is Je - sus, Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour;
Je - sus and His free sal - va - tion, Je - sus and His mighty pow'r.
2. His is love be-yond all know-ledge, His is grace be-yond de - gree,
Mer - cy high - er than the heav - en, Deep - er than the deepest sea.
3. Ev - 'ry need His hand sup - pli - eth, Ev - 'ry good in Him I see;
And the strength He gives His weak ones Is suf - fi - cient un - to me.
4. What a won - der - ful re - demp-tion! Nev - er can a mor-tal know,
How my sin, tho' red like crim - son, Can be whit-er than the snow.
5. In yon ev - er - last - ing cit - y With the ransomed I will sing,
And for - ev - er and for - ev - er, Praise and glo - ri - fy the King.

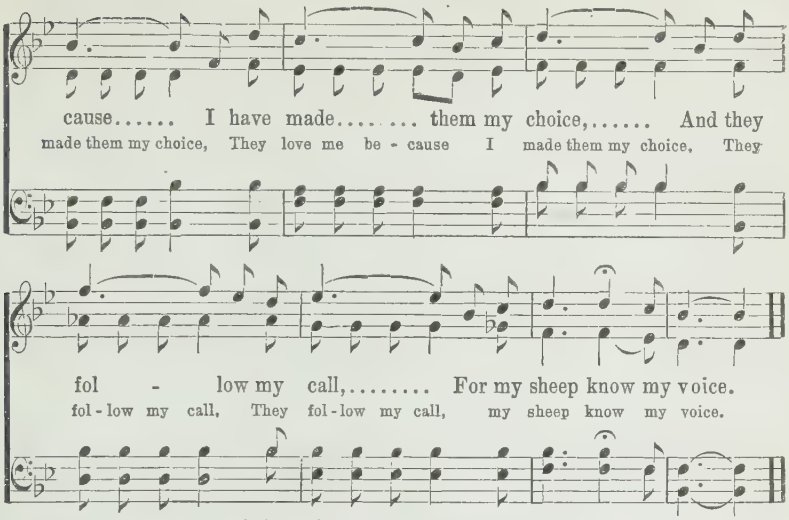

REFRAIN.
All that thrills my soul is Je - sus; He is more that life to me;
to me;
And the fair - est of ten - thous-and, In my bless-ed Lord I see.

'Twill be Glory for Me.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

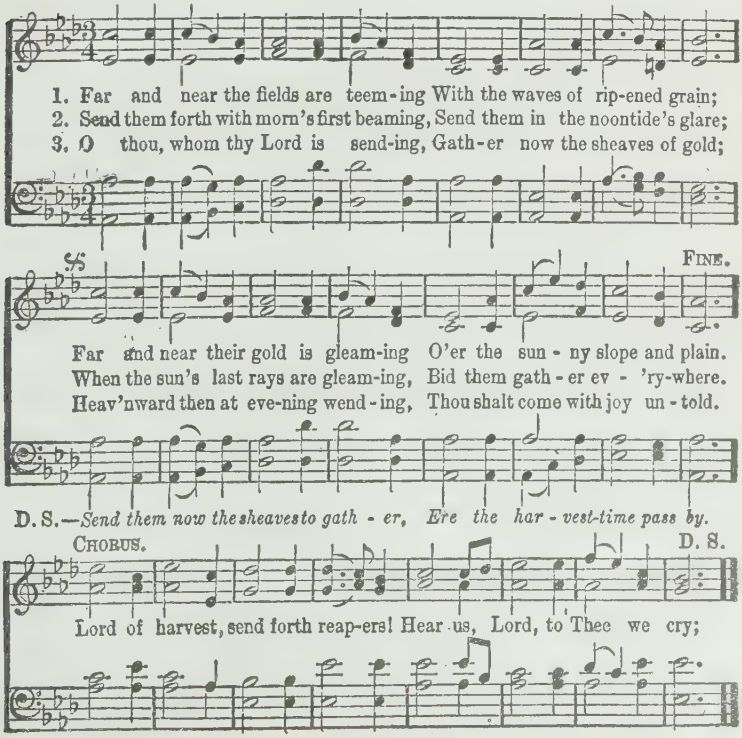

1. 'Twill be glo - ry for me when the King I shall see, When in safe - ty I've
2. 'Twill be glo - ry at last when my la-bors are past, With life's sil - ver cord
3. 'Twill be glo - ry un-told when the gates shall un-fold And I dwell safe at
crossed death's dark riv - er; When redeemed by His grace I shall gaze on His face
loos-ened and bro - ken, If thro' grace I may stand with my hand in His hand,
home with my Sav-ior; Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll sing, as we crown Him our King,
CHORUS.
To go out from His pres-ence, no nev - er.
And His "well done" to me shall be spo - ken. 'Twill be glo-ry by and
Hal - le - lu - jah, for - ev - er and ev - er!
by,..... 'Twill be glo - ry for me, yes, glo - ry for you; If to
by and by,
Christ we are true life's whole journey thro', 'Twill be glo-ry by and by.....
glo - ry by and by.

My Sheep Know My Voice. Concluded.


cause..... I have made..... them my choice,..... And they
made them my choice, They love me be - cause I made them my choice, They
fol - low my call,..... For my sheep know my voice.
fol - low my call, They fol - low my call, my sheep know my voice.

139 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. J. B. O. Clemm.

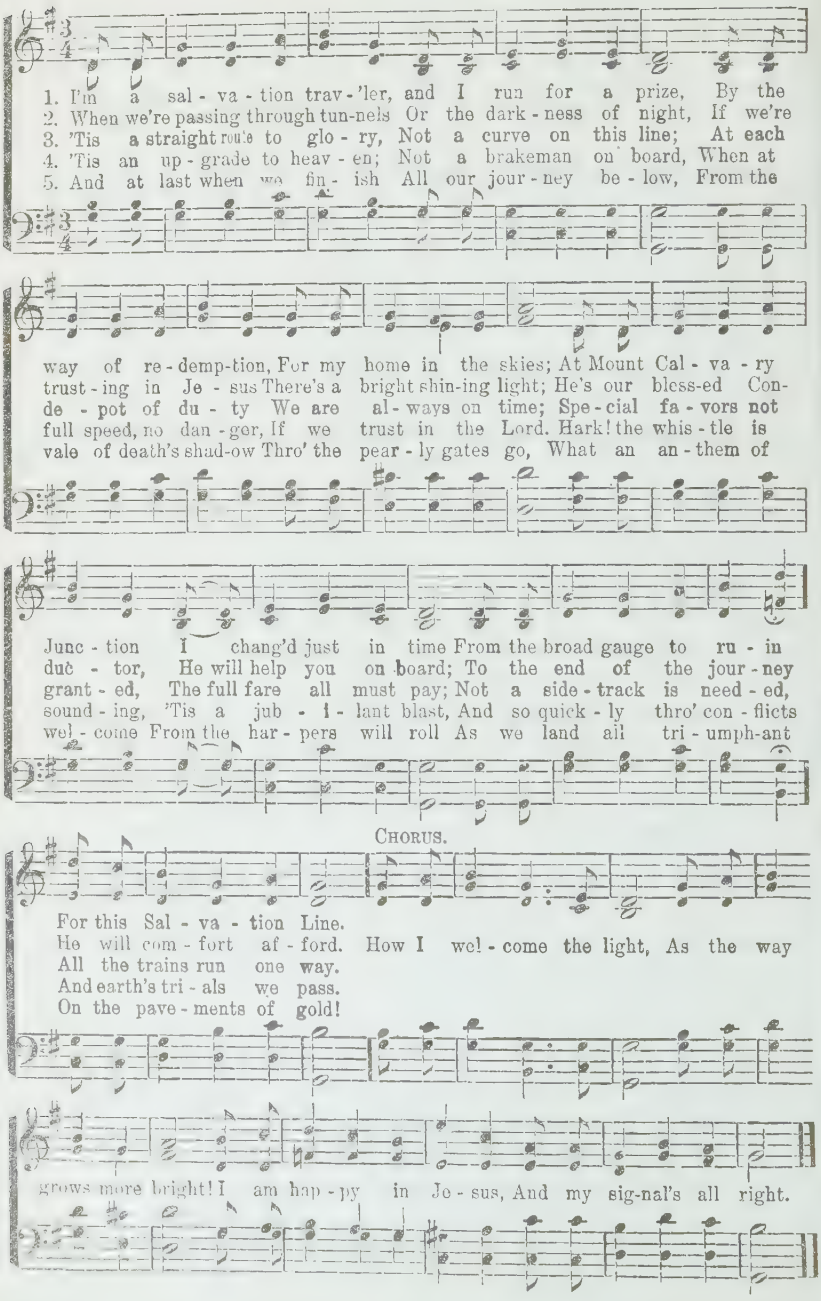

1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;
FINE.
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend - ing, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.
D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest-time pass by.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Lord of harvest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

The Salvation Line.

S. K. W.

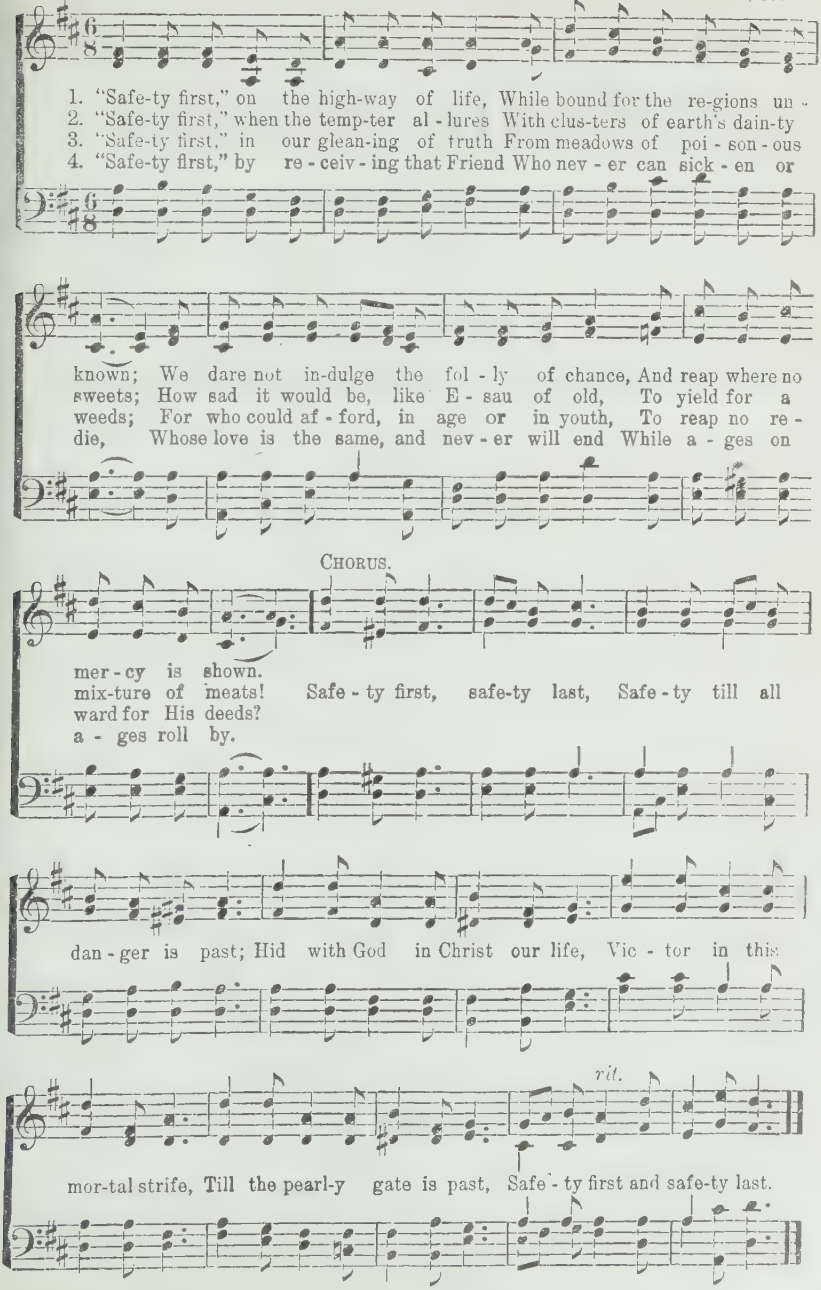
Copyright, 1918, by S. K. Wheatlake.

Rev. S. K. Wheatlake.


1. I'm a sal - va - tion trav - 'ler, and I run for a prize, By the way of re - demp-tion, For my home in the skies; At Mount Cal - va - ry Junc - tion I chang'd just in time From the broad gauge to ru - in
2. When we're passing through tun-nels Or the dark - ness of night, If we're trust - ing in Je - sus There's a bright shin-ing light; He's our bless-ed Con- duc - tor, He will help you on board; To the end of the jour - ney
3. 'Tis a straight route to glo - ry, Not a curve on this line; At each de - pot of du - ty We are al - ways on time; Spe - cial fa - vors not grant - ed, The full fare all must pay; Not a side - track is need - ed,
4. 'Tis an up - grade to heav - en; Not a brakeman on board, When at full speed, no dan - ger, If we trust in the Lord. Hark! the whis - tle is sound - ing, 'Tis a jub - i - lant blast, And so quick - ly thro' con - flicts
5. And at last when we fin - ish All our jour - ney be - low, From the vale of death's shad-ow Thro' the pear - ly gates go, What an an - them of wel - come From the har - pers will roll As we land all tri - umph-ant
Chorus.
For this Sal - va - tion Line.
He will com - fort af - ford. How I wel - come the light, As the way
All the trains run one way.
And earth's tri - als we pass.
On the pave - ments of gold!
grows more bright! I am hap - py in Je - sus, And my sig-nal's all right.

Safety First.

Rev. J. M. Humphrey. Copyright, 1918, by J. M. Humphrey. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.


1. "Safe-ty first," on the high-way of life, While bound for the re-gions un-
2. "Safe-ty first," when the temp-ter al-lures With clus-ters of earth's dain-ty
3. "Safe-ty first," in our glean-ing of truth From meadows of poi-son-ous
4. "Safe-ty first," by re-ceiv-ing that Friend Who nev-er can sick-en or
known; We dare not in-dulge the fol-ly of chance, And reap where no
sweets; How sad it would be, like E-sau of old, To yield for a
weeds; For who could af-ford, in age or in youth, To reap no re-
die, Whose love is the same, and nev-er will end While a-ges on
CHORUS.
mer-cy is shown.
mix-ture of meats! Safe-ty first, safe-ty last, Safe-ty till all
ward for His deeds?
a-ges roll by.
dan-ger is past; Hid with God in Christ our life, Vic-tor in this
rit.
mor-tal strife, Till the pearl-y gate is past, Safe-ty first and safe-ty last.

142 "Almost Persuaded."

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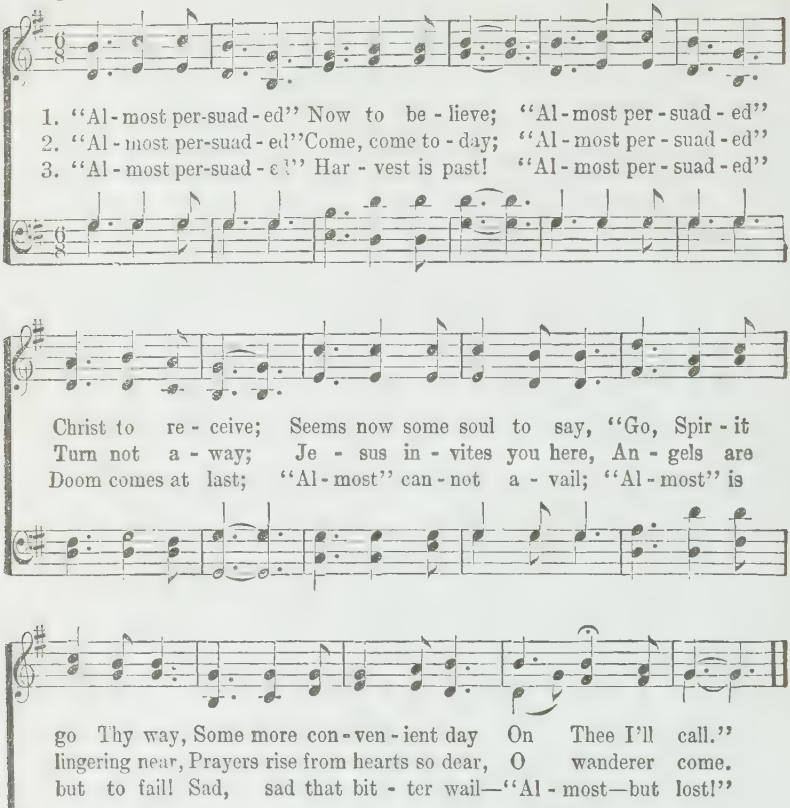
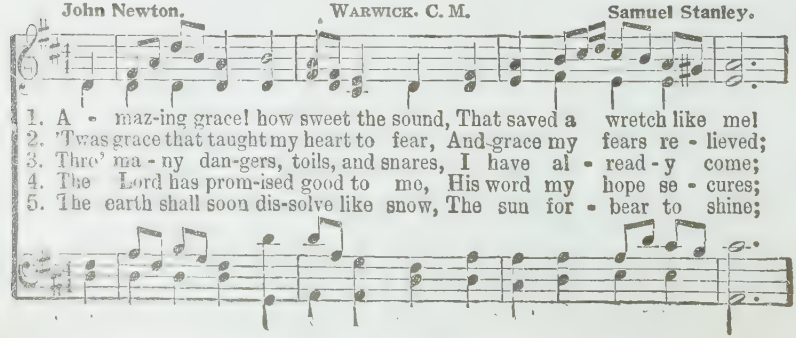
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

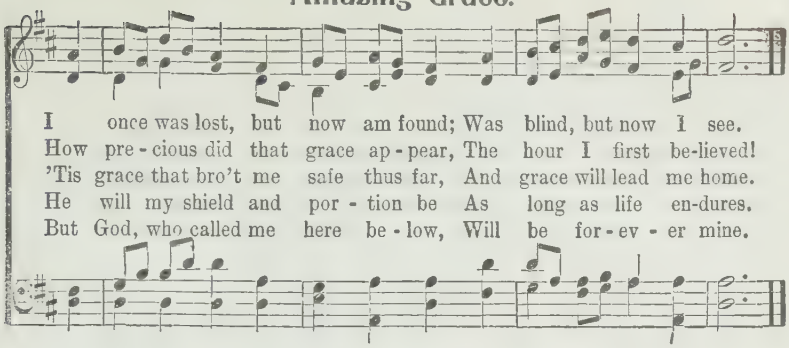

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed" Come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed" Har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wanderer come.
but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

143 Amazing Grace!

John Newton. WARWICK. C. M. Samuel Stanley.


1. A - maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - ready come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
5. The earth shall soon dis-solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;

Amazing Grace!


I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en-dures.
But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

144 Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

A. A. P.

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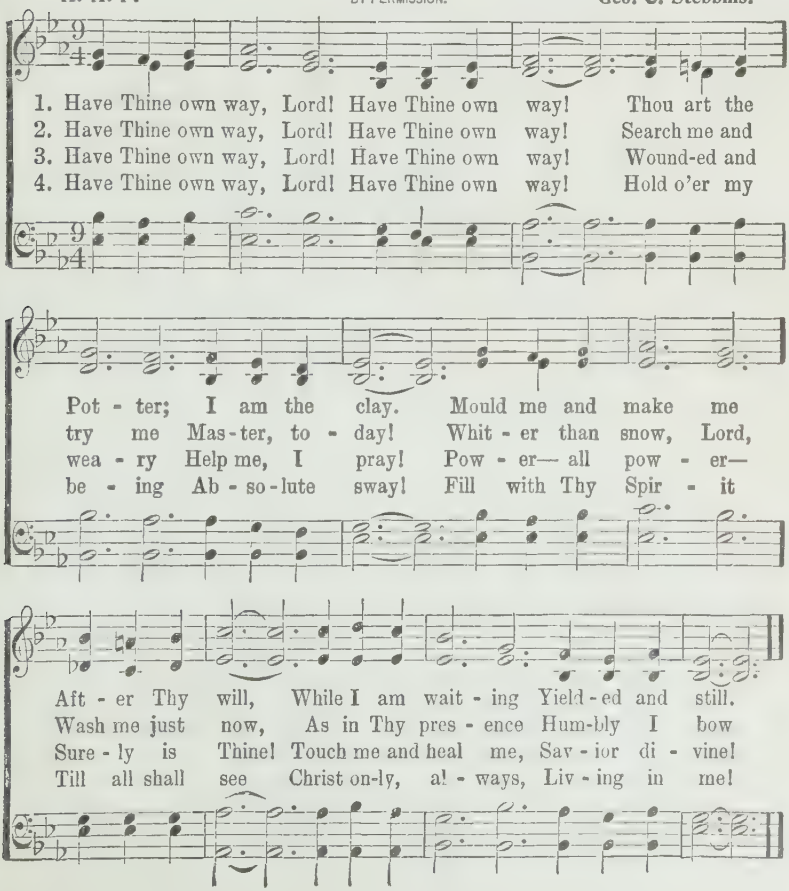
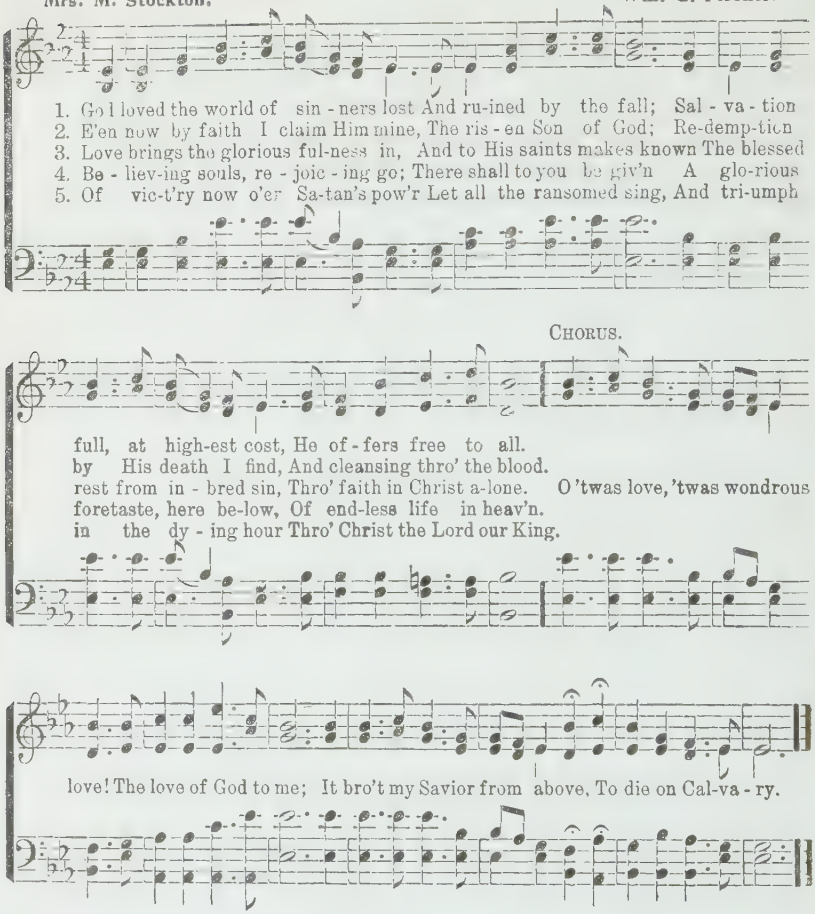
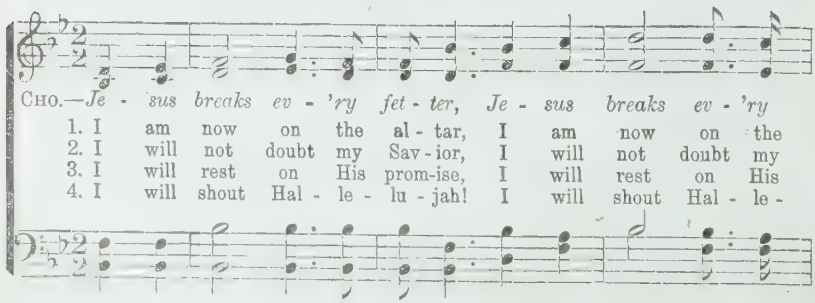
Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my
Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me
try me Mas-ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry Help me, I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so-lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it
Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield - ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on-ly, a! - ways, Liv - ing in me!

145 Wondrous Love.

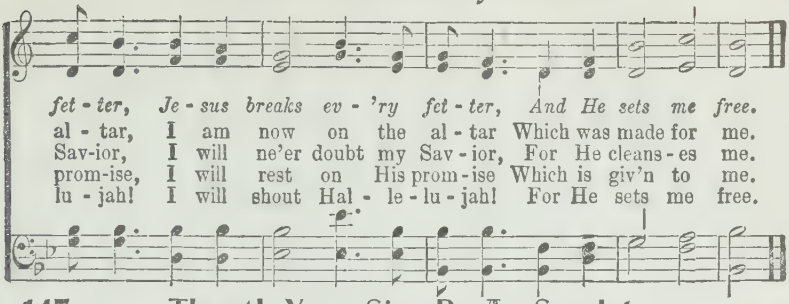
Mrs. M. Stockton. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru-ined by the fall; Sal - va - tion
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God; Re-demp-tion
3. Love brings the glorious ful-ness in, And to His saints makes known The blessed
4. Be - liev-ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be giv'n A glo-rious
5. Of vic-t'ry now o'er Sa-tan's pow'r Let all the ransomed sing, And tri-umph
CHORUS.
full, at high-est cost, He of - fers free to all.
by His death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.
rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a-lone. O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous
foretaste, here be-low, Of end-less life in heav'n.
in the dy - ing hour Thro' Christ the Lord our King.
love! The love of God to me; It bro't my Savior from above, To die on Cal-va - ry.

146 Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

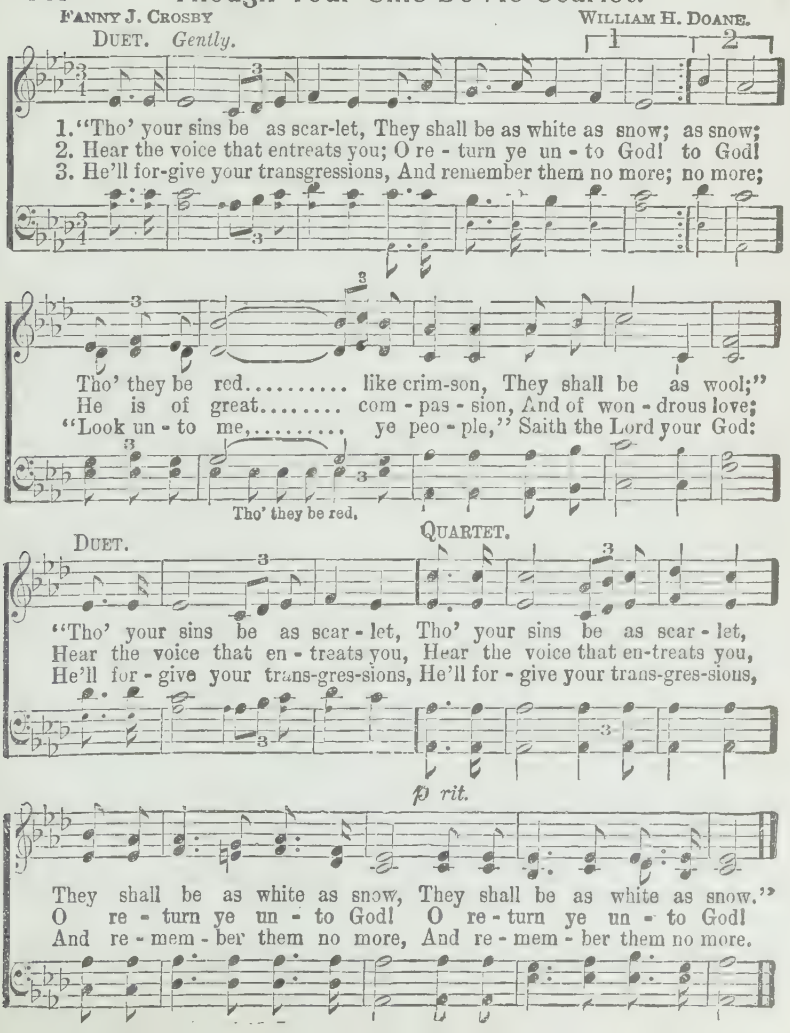

CHO.—Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry
1. I am now on the al - tar, I am now on the
2. I will not doubt my Sav - ior, I will not doubt my
3. I will rest on His prom-ise, I will rest on His
4. I will shout Hal - le - lu - jah! I will shout Hal - le -

Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.


fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, And He sets me free.
al - tar, I am now on the al - tar Which was made for me.
Sav-ior, I will ne'er doubt my Sav - ior, For He cleans - es me.
prom-ise, I will rest on His prom - ise Which is giv'n to me.
lu - jah! I will shout Hal - le - lu - jah! For He sets me free.

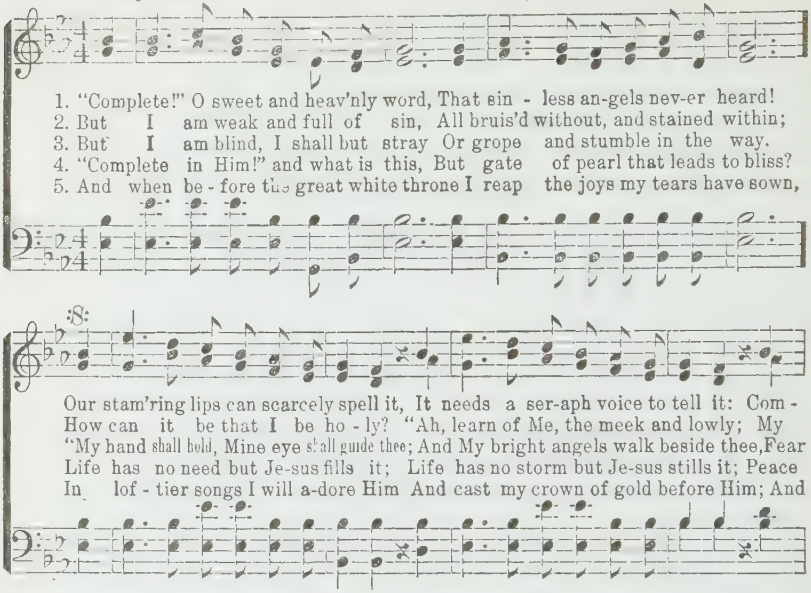
147 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY — WILLIAM H. DOANE.

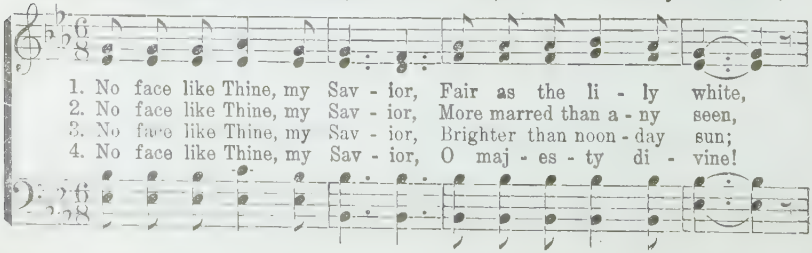

DUET. Gently.
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you; O re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;
Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com - pas - sion, And of won - drous love;
"Look un - to me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God:
Tho' they be red.
DUET.
QUARTET.
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions,
p rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

148 Complete in Him.

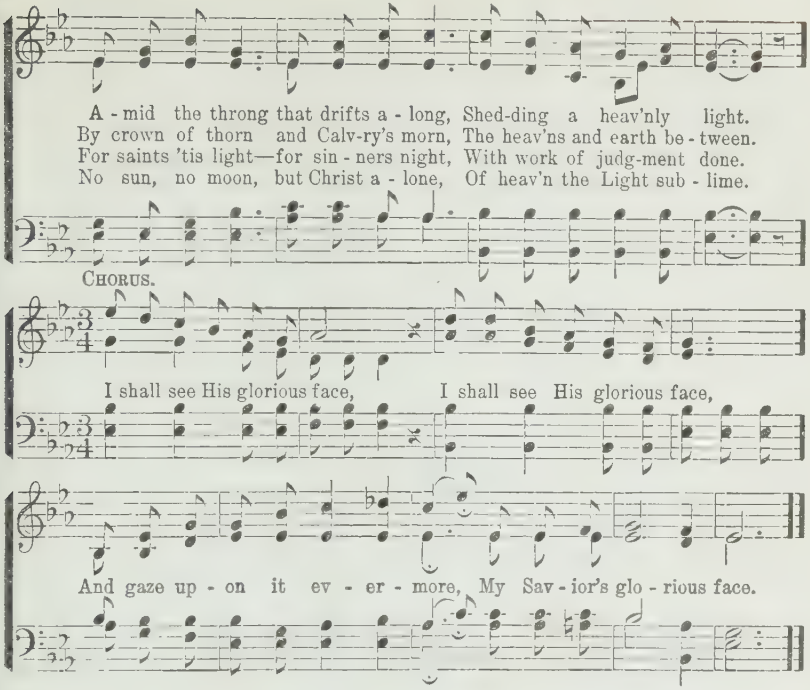
Rev. Henry Burton. Copyright, 1886, by Joshua Gill. Joshua Gill.


1. "Complete!" O sweet and heav'nly word, That sin - less an-gels nev-er heard!
2. But I am weak and full of sin, All bruis'd without, and stained within;
3. But I am blind, I shall but stray Or grope and stumble in the way.
4. "Complete in Him!" and what is this, But gate of pearl that leads to bliss?
5. And when be - fore the great white throne I reap the joys my tears have sown,
Our stam'ring lips can scarcely spell it, It needs a ser-aph voice to tell it: Com -
How can it be that I be ho - ly? "Ah, learn of Me, the meek and lowly; My
"My hand shall hold, Mine eye shall guide thee; And My bright angels walk beside thee, Fear
Life has no need but Je-sus fills it; Life has no storm but Je-sus stills it; Peace
In lof - tier songs I will a-dore Him And cast my crown of gold before Him; And
D.S.–Com-plete in Him, I know, I feel it; Com-plete in Him, I dare to tell it; Com -
D. S. for Chorus.
plete, not in myself, but Thee! "Yes, trusting soul, complete in Me, com-plete in Me."
grace it is that sets you free! Rejoice, thou art complete in Me, com-plete in Me."
not, I gave my-self for thee, And where I am night cannot be, night can-not be."
wi - dens, deepens to a sea, When I can say, "Complete in Thee, complete in Thee."
this my high-est note shall be, "Redeemed and saved, Complete in Thee, complete in Thee."
plete in Him, I'm sanc-ti-fied; Complete in Him, I'm sat-is-fied, I'm sat - is-fied.

149 No Face Like Thine.

Rev. Vivian A. Dake. Copyright, 1918, by W. B. Rose, Agent. Mrs. Mary Dake Fink.

1. No face like Thine, my Sav - ior, Fair as the li - ly white,
2. No face like Thine, my Sav - ior, More marred than a - ny seen,
3. No face like Thine, my Sav - ior, Brighter than noon - day sun;
4. No face like Thine, my Sav - ior, O maj - es - ty di - vine!

No Face Like Thine.


A - mid the throng that drifts a - long, Shed-ding a heav'nly light.
By crown of thorn and Calv-ry's morn, The heav'ns and earth be - tween.
For saints 'tis light—for sin - ners night, With work of judg-ment done.
No sun, no moon, but Christ a - lone, Of heav'n the Light sub - lime.
CHORUS.
I shall see His glorious face, I shall see His glorious face,
And gaze up - on it ev - er - more, My Sav - ior's glo - rious face.

150 The Golden Key.

S. K. W.

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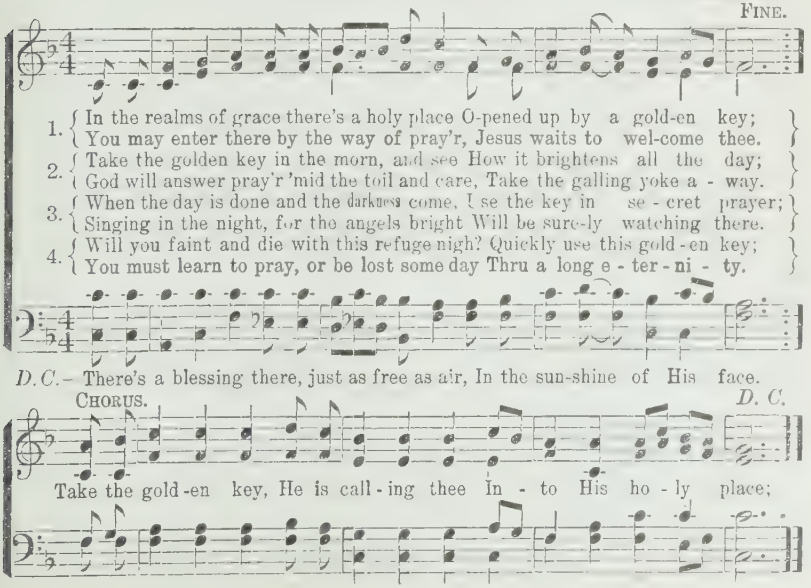
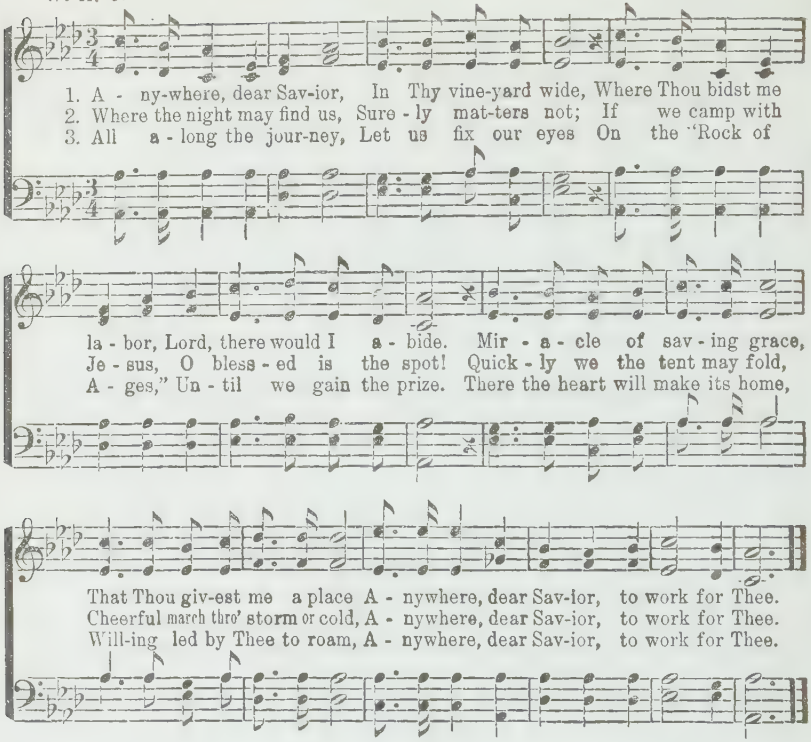
S. K. Wheatlake.


FINE.
1. In the realms of grace there's a holy place O-pened up by a gold-en key;
You may enter there by the way of pray'r, Jesus waits to wel-come thee.
2. Take the golden key in the morn, and see How it brightens all the day;
God will answer pray'r 'mid the toil and care, Take the galling yoke a - way.
3. When the day is done and the darkness come, Use the key in se - cret prayer;
Singing in the night, for the angels bright Will be sure-ly watching there.
4. Will you faint and die with this refuge nigh? Quickly use this gold-en key;
You must learn to pray, or be lost some day Thru a long e - ter - ni - ty.
D. C. – There's a blessing there, just as free as air, In the sun-shine of His face.
CHORUS.
D. C.
Take the gold-en key, He is call-ing thee In - to His ho - ly place;

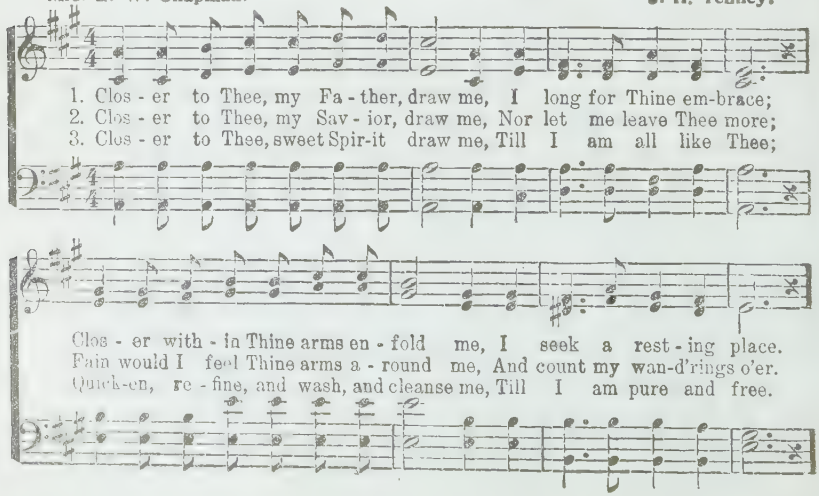
151 Anywhere, Dear Savior.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

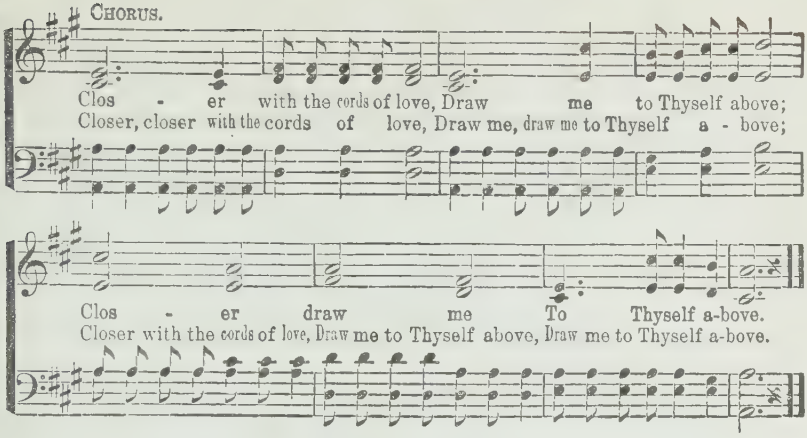

1. A - ny-where, dear Sav-ior, In Thy vine-yard wide, Where Thou bidst me
2. Where the night may find us, Sure - ly mat-ters not; If we camp with
3. All a - long the jour-ney, Let us fix our eyes On the "Rock of
la - bor, Lord, there would I a - bide. Mir - a - cle of sav - ing grace,
Je - sus, O bless - ed is the spot! Quick - ly we the tent may fold,
A - ges," Un - til we gain the prize. There the heart will make its home,
That Thou giv-est me a place A - nywhere, dear Sav-ior, to work for Thee.
Cheerful march thro' storm or cold, A - nywhere, dear Sav-ior, to work for Thee.
Will-ing led by Thee to roam, A - nywhere, dear Sav-ior, to work for Thee.

152 Draw Me Closer to Thee.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.


1. Clos - er to Thee, my Fa - ther, draw me, I long for Thine em-brace;
2. Clos - er to Thee, my Sav - ior, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more;
3. Clos - er to Thee, sweet Spir-it draw me, Till I am all like Thee;
Clos - er with - in Thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest - ing place.
Fain would I feel Thine arms a - round me, And count my wan-d'rings o'er.
Quick-en, re - fine, and wash, and cleanse me, Till I am pure and free.

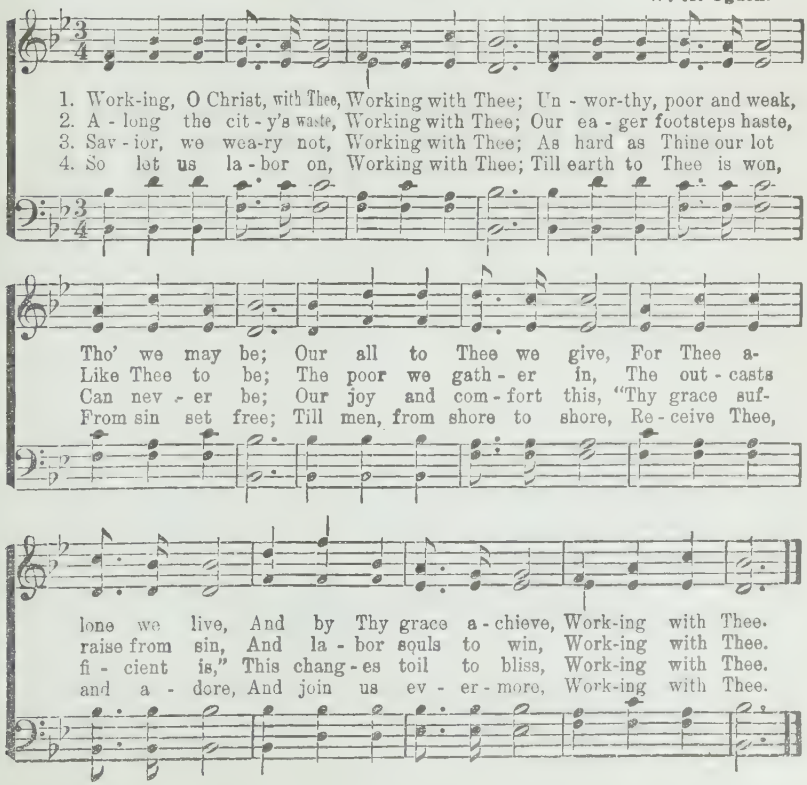
Draw Me Closer to Thee.


CHORUS.
Clos - er with the cords of love, Draw me to Thyself above;
Closer, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to Thyself a - bove;
Clos - er draw me To Thyself a-bove.
Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to Thyself above, Draw me to Thyself a-bove.

153

Working With Christ.

"Workers together with Him."—2 Cor. 6: 1.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Work-ing, O Christ, with Thee, Working with Thee; Un - wor-thy, poor and weak,
2. A - long the cit - y's waste, Working with Thee; Our ea - ger footsteps haste,
3. Sav - ior, we wea-ry not, Working with Thee; As hard as Thine our lot
4. So let us la - bor on, Working with Thee; Till earth to Thee is won,
Tho' we may be; Our all to Thee we give, For Thee a-
Like Thee to be; The poor we gath - er in, The out - casts
Can nev - er be; Our joy and com - fort this, "Thy grace suf-
From sin set free; Till men, from shore to shore, Re - ceive Thee,
lone we live, And by Thy grace a - chieve, Work-ing with Thee.
raise from sin, And la - bor souls to win, Work-ing with Thee.
fi - cient is," This chang - es toil to bliss, Work-ing with Thee.
and a - dore, And join us ev - er - more, Work-ing with Thee.

My Intercessor.

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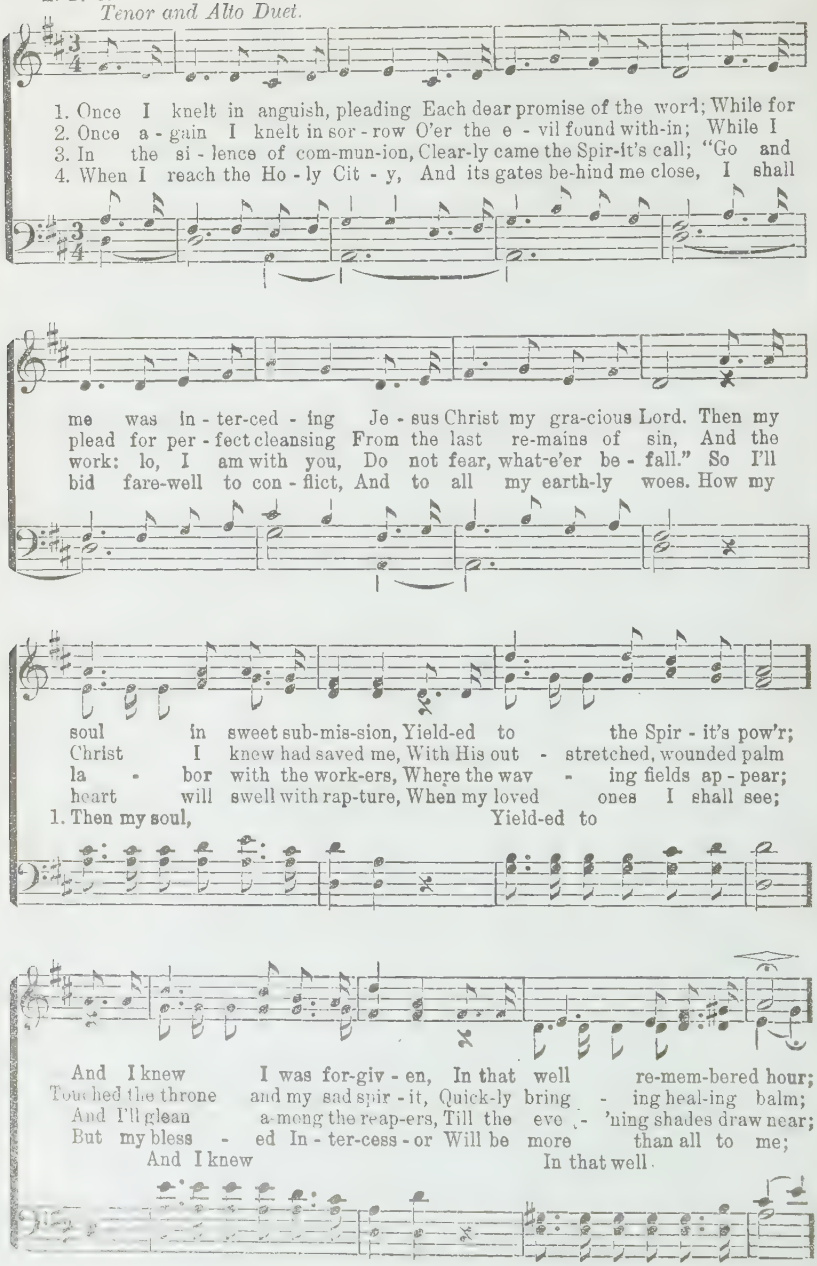
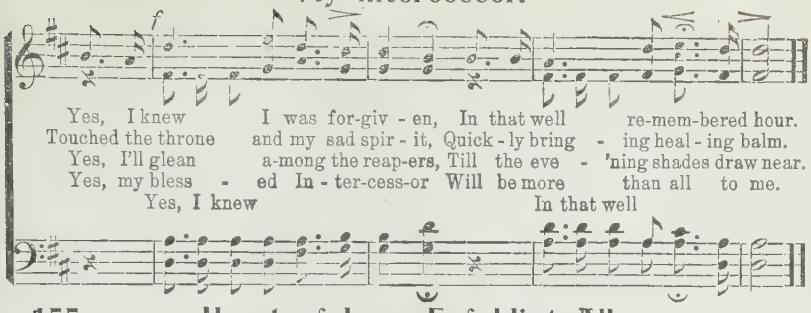
E. S. C.

Ella Southworth Clark.

Tenor and Alto Duet.

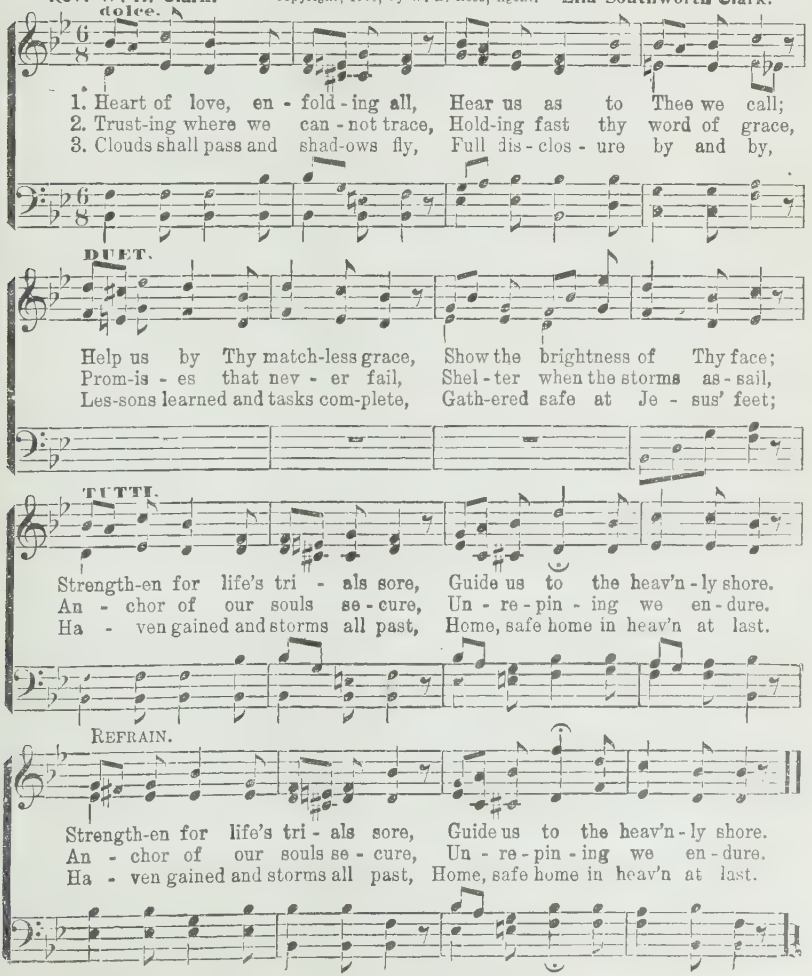

1. Once I knelt in anguish, pleading Each dear promise of the word; While for
2. Once a - gain I knelt in sor - row O'er the e - vil found with-in; While I
3. In the si - lence of com-mun-ion, Clear-ly came the Spir-it's call; "Go and
4. When I reach the Ho - ly Cit - y, And its gates be-hind me close, I shall
me was in - ter-ced - ing Je - sus Christ my gra-cious Lord. Then my
plead for per - fect cleansing From the last re-mains of sin, And the
work: lo, I am with you, Do not fear, what-e'er be - fall." So I'll
bid fare-well to con - flict, And to all my earth-ly woes. How my
soul in sweet sub-mis-sion, Yield-ed to the Spir - it's pow'r;
Christ I knew had saved me, With His out - stretched, wounded palm
la - bor with the work-ers, Where the wav - ing fields ap - pear;
heart will swell with rap-ture, When my loved ones I shall see;
1. Then my soul, Yield-ed to
And I knew I was for-giv - en, In that well re-mem-bered hour;
Touched the throne and my sad spir - it, Quick-ly bring - ing heal-ing balm;
And I'll glean a-mong the reap-ers, Till the eve - 'ning shades draw near;
But my bless - ed In - ter-cess - or Will be more than all to me;
And I knew In that well

My Intercessor.


Yes, I knew I was for-giv - en, In that well re-mem-bered hour.
Touched the throne and my sad spir - it, Quick - ly bring - ing heal - ing balm.
Yes, I'll glean a-mong the reap-ers, Till the eve - 'ning shades draw near.
Yes, my bless - ed In - ter-cess-or Will be more than all to me.
Yes, I knew
In that well

155 Heart of Love Enfolding All.

Rev. W. H. Clark. Copyright, 1918, by W. B. Rose, Agent. Ella Southworth Clark.


dolce.
1. Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Hear us as to Thee we call;
2. Trust-ing where we can - not trace, Hold-ing fast thy word of grace,
3. Clouds shall pass and shad-ows fly, Full dis - clos - ure by and by,
DUET.
Help us by Thy match-less grace, Show the brightness of Thy face;
Prom-is - es that nev - er fail, Shel - ter when the storms as - sail,
Les-sons learned and tasks com-plete, Gath-ered safe at Je - sus' feet;
TUTTI.
Strength-en for life's tri - als sore, Guide us to the heav'n - ly shore.
An - chor of our souls se - cure, Un - re - pin - ing we en - dure.
Ha - ven gained and storms all past, Home, safe home in heav'n at last.
REFRAIN.
Strength-en for life's tri - als sore, Guide us to the heav'n - ly shore.
An - chor of our souls se - cure, Un - re - pin - ing we en - dure.
Ha - ven gained and storms all past, Home, safe home in heav'n at last.

In the Hollow of His Hand.

J. B. L.

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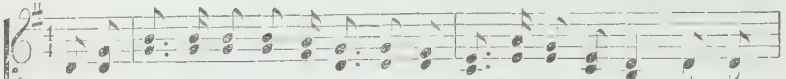
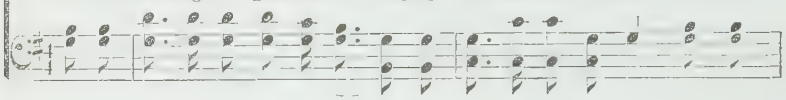
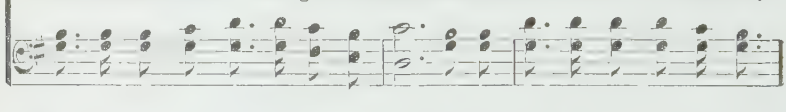
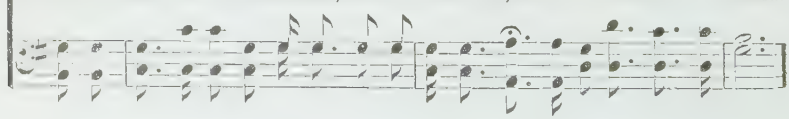
Rev. J. B. Lutz.
Har. by Ella Southworth Clark.



1. When the cares of life come thronging, When affliction press-es sore, And the
2. When the way seems strait and narrow, And the cross too much to bear, When my
3. When the eve'ning shadows gather, As the day of life is done, And my
4. And when roll-ing a - ges find me Singing pra-ises to the Lamb, With the



tempt-er tells me that I can-not stand; When my troubles would distress me,
wea - ry feet must press life's burning sand; Je-sus ten - der - ly draws near me,
fee - ble bark sets sail for yon - der land; Till I reach the heav'n be-fore me,
blood-washed over on that gold-en strand, Where no sin can ev - er harm me,

Comes this precious tho't to bless me, Christ will hold me, He will hold me in his hand.
Speaks so sweet-ly just to cheer me, "I will hold thee, I will hold thee in my hand."
With His ban-ner floating o'er me, He will hold me, He will hold me in His hand.
With E-ter-nal Love to charm me, Still He'll hold me, still He'll hold me in His hand.

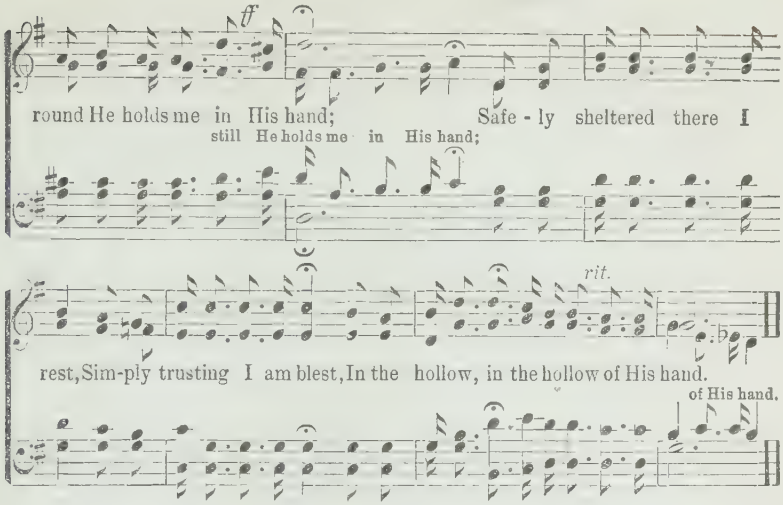


CHORUS.

pp *f*

In the hol-low of His hand, In the hol-low of His hand, When the storms sur-

In the Hollow of His Hand.


ff
round He holds me in His hand; Safe - ly sheltered there I
still He holds me in His hand;
rit.
rest, Sim-ply trusting I am blest, In the hollow, in the hollow of His hand.
of His hand.

157

Pilgrims.

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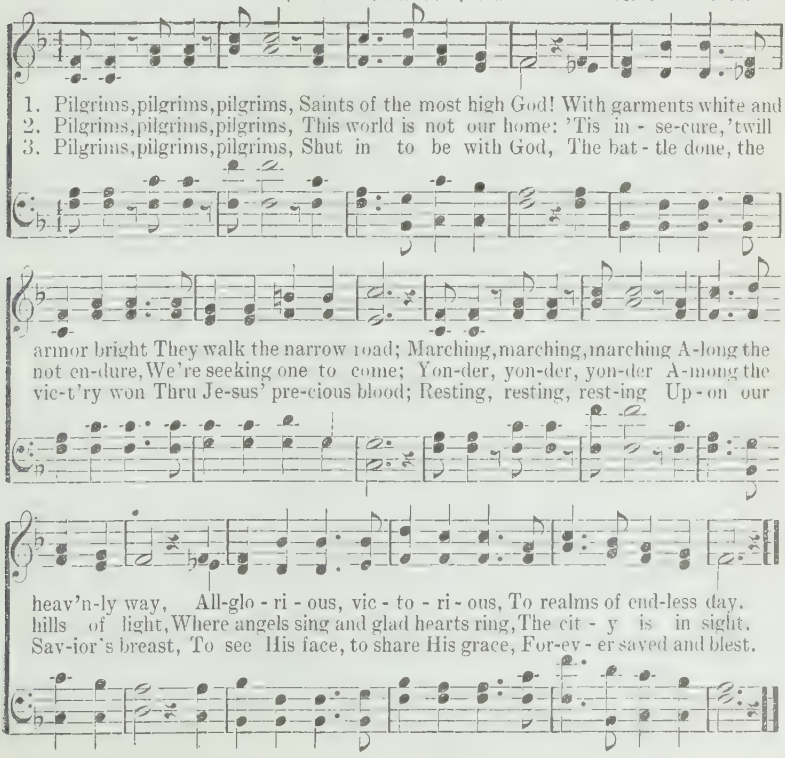
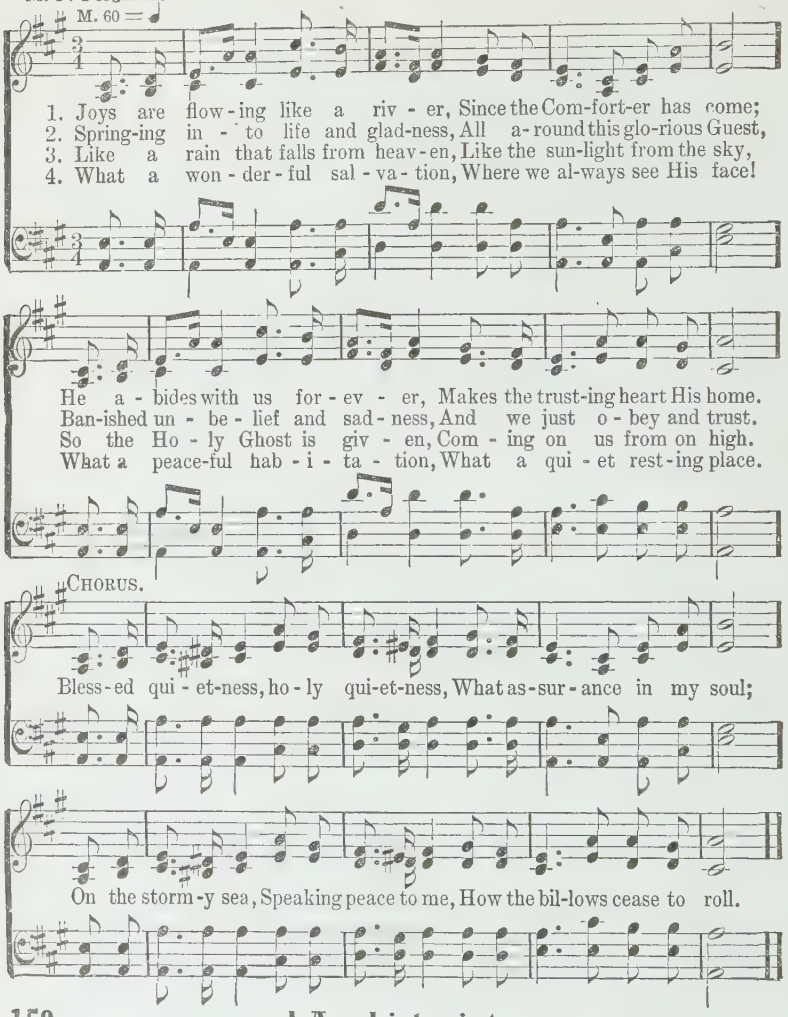

1. Pilgrims, pilgrims, pilgrims, Saints of the most high God! With garments white and
2. Pilgrims, pilgrims, pilgrims, This world is not our home: 'Tis in - se-cure, 'twill
3. Pilgrims, pilgrims, pilgrims, Shut in to be with God, The bat - tle done, the
armor bright They walk the narrow road; Marching, marching, marching A-long the
not en-dure, We're seeking one to come; Yon-der, yon-der, yon-der A-mong the
vic-t'ry won Thru Je-sus' pre-cious blood; Resting, resting, rest-ing Up - on our
heav'n-ly way, All-glo - ri - ous, vic - to - ri - ous, To realms of end-less day.
hills of light, Where angels sing and glad hearts ring, The cit - y is in sight.
Sav-ior's breast, To see His face, to share His grace, For-ev - er saved and blest.

158 Blessed Quietness.

M. P. Ferguson. Arr. from W. S. Marshall.


M. 60 = ♩
1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Spring-ing in - to life and glad-ness, All a-round this glo-rious Guest,
3. Like a rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al-ways see His face!
He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and trust.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
What a peace-ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place.
CHORUS.
Bless-ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui-et-ness, What as-sur - ance in my soul;
On the storm-y sea, Speaking peace to me, How the bil-lows cease to roll.

159 I Am Listening.

1 Do you hear the Savior calling,
By the wooings of His voice?
Do you hear the accents falling?
Will you make the precious choice?

CHORUS:
I am listening, O I'm listening,
Just to hear the accents fall;
I am listening, O I'm listening
To the Savior's gentle call.

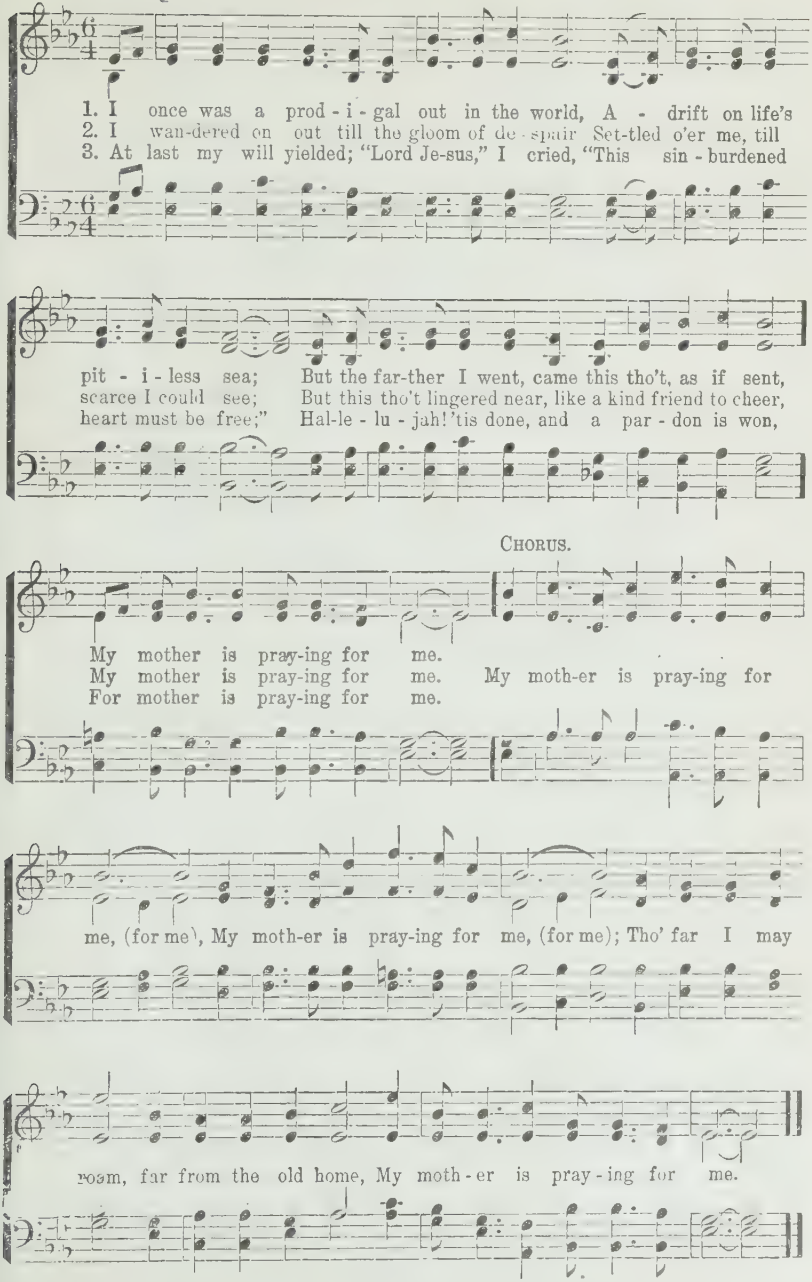
2 By this Spirit He is wooing,
Softly drawing us to Him,
Through the day and night pursuing,
With His gentle voice to win.

3 By the Word of truth He's speaking
To the wand'ring, erring ones;
List! the voice the stillness breaking!
Hear the sweet and solemn tones!

4 In His providential dealings,
Even in His stern decrees,
In the loudest thunders pealing,
Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

—W. S. Marshall.

160 My Mother is Praying for Me.

J. B. L. Copyright, 1918, by J. B. Lutz. J. B. Lutz.

1. I once was a prod - i - gal out in the world, A - drift on life's
2. I wan-dered on out till the gloom of de - spair Set-tled o'er me, till
3. At last my will yielded; "Lord Je-sus," I cried, "This sin - burdened
pit - i - less sea; But the far-ther I went, came this tho't, as if sent,
scarce I could see; But this tho't lingered near, like a kind friend to cheer,
heart must be free;" Hal-le - lu - jah! 'tis done, and a par - don is won,
CHORUS.
My mother is pray-ing for me.
My mother is pray-ing for me. My moth-er is pray-ing for
For mother is pray-ing for me.
me, (for me), My moth-er is pray-ing for me, (for me); Tho' far I may
room, far from the old home, My moth - er is pray - ing for me.

161 There's a Great Day Coming.

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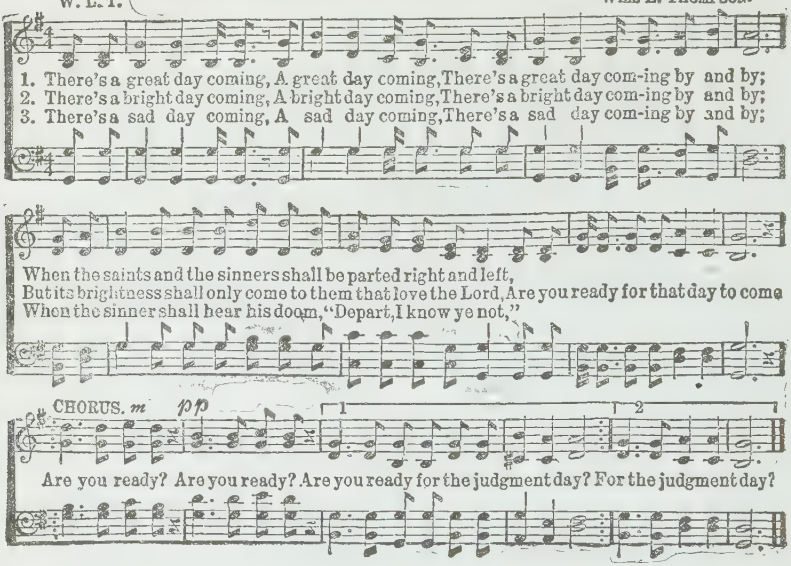
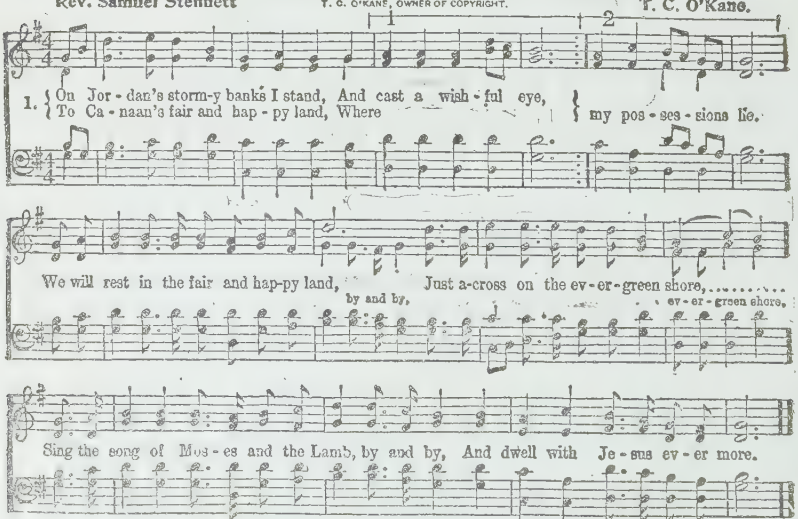
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;
When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"
CHORUS. m pp
1
2
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

162 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. T. C. O'Kane.


1
2
1. { On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, } { my pos - ses - sions lie.
{ To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where }
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the ev - er-green shore,
by and by, ev - er - green shore.
Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

163 "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B.

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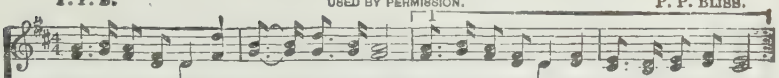
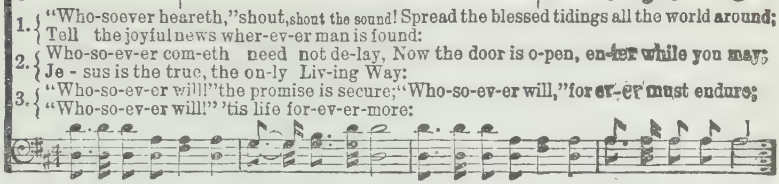
P. P. BLISS.



1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
   Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
   Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev-er must endure;
   "Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:



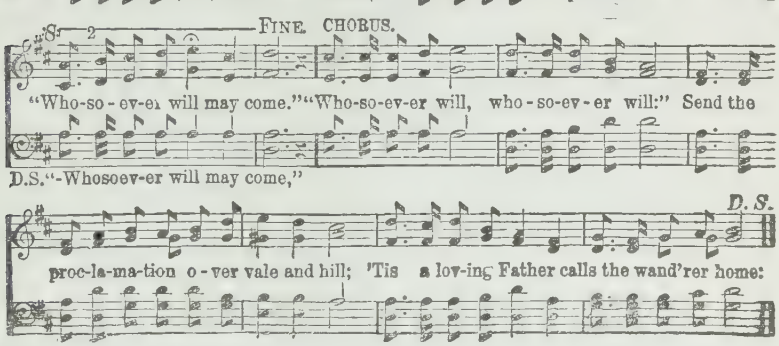
FINE. CHORUS.

"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the

D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"

D. S.

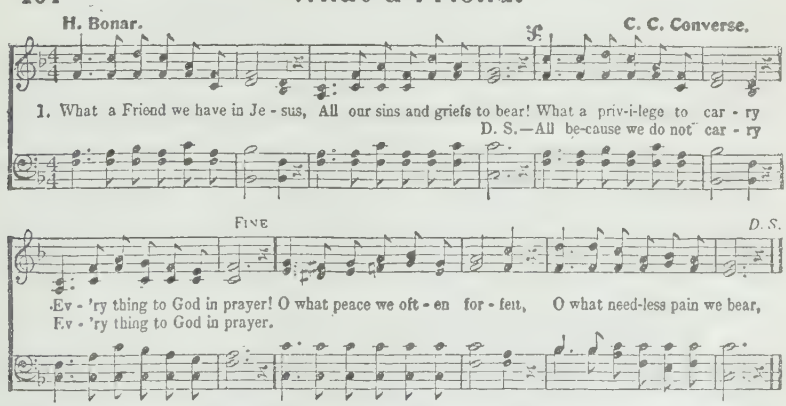
proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'rer home:



164 What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
   D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry

FINE

D. S.

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

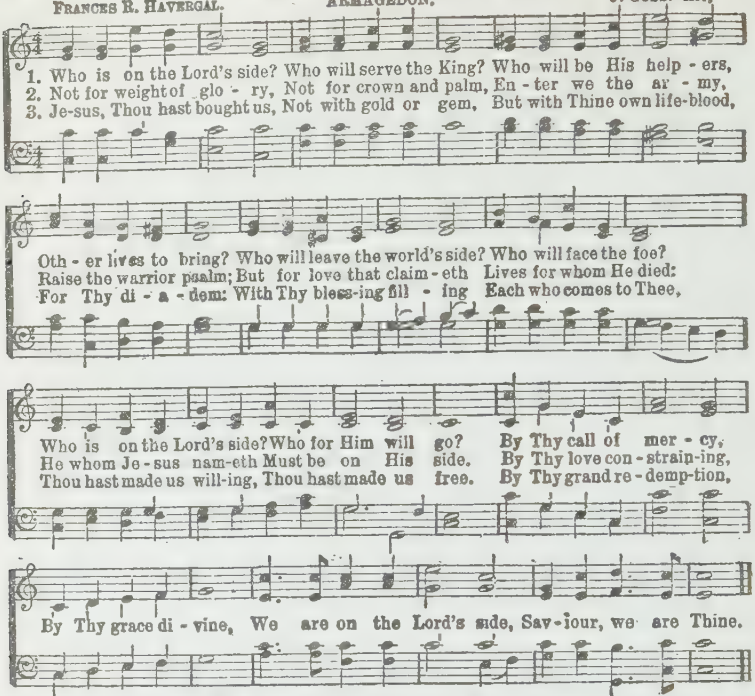
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

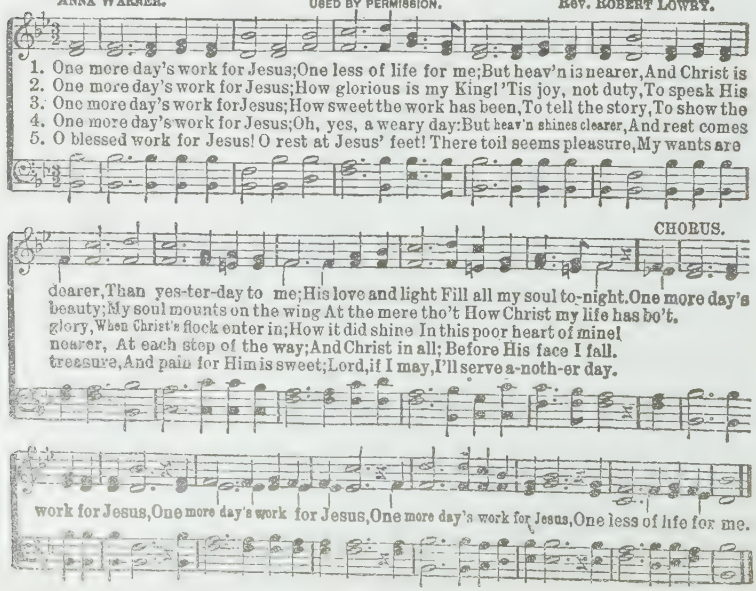
165 Who is on the Lord's Side?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. "ARMAGEDON." J. GOSS. ARR.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the warrior psalm; But for love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam-eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con - strain-ing,
Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp-tion,
By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.

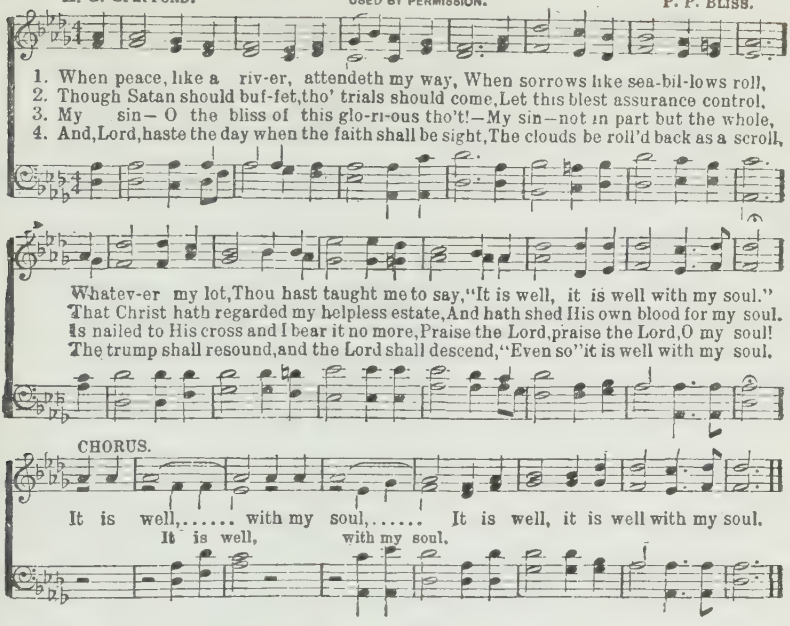
166 One More Day's Work for Jesus.

ANNA WARNER. MARY RUNYON LOWRY OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. One more day's work for Jesus; One less of life for me; But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is
2. One more day's work for Jesus; How glorious is my King! 'Tis joy, not duty, To speak His
3. One more day's work for Jesus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the story, To show the
4. One more day's work for Jesus; Oh, yes, a weary day: But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes
5. O blessed work for Jesus! O rest at Jesus' feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are
CHORUS.
dearer, Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's
beauty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bo't.
glory, When Christ's flock enter in; How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
nearer, At each step of the way; And Christ in all; Before His face I fall.
treasure, And pain for Him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve a-noth-er day.
work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

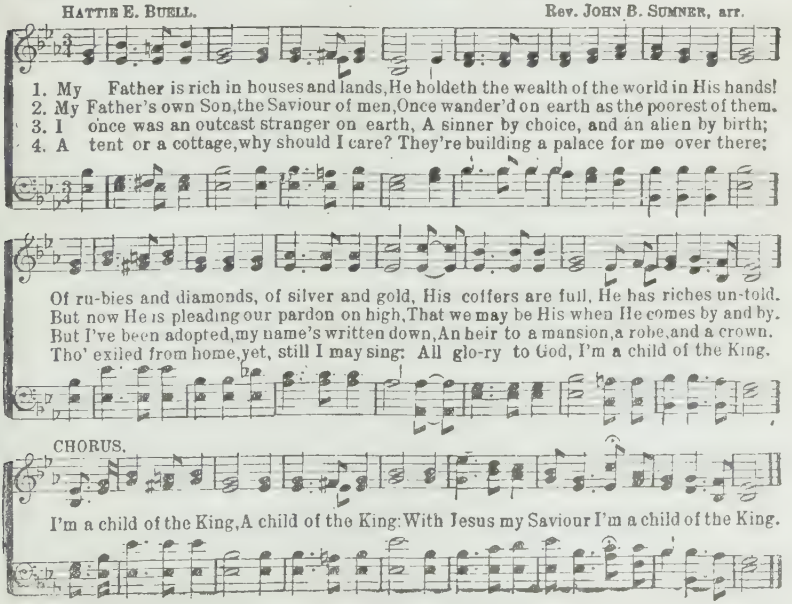
167 It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace, like a riv-er, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bil-lows roll,
2. Though Satan should buf-fet,tho' trials should come,Let this blest assurance control,
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't!—My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And,Lord,haste the day when the faith shall be sight,The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,
Whatev-er my lot,Thou hast taught me to say,"It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,Praise the Lord,praise the Lord,O my soul!
The trump shall resound,and the Lord shall descend,"Even so"it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well,..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul.

168 A Child of the King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.


1. My Father is rich in houses and lands,He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
2. My Father's own Son,the Saviour of men,Once wander'd on earth as the poorest of them.
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth;
4. A tent or a cottage,why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there;
Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His coffers are full, He has riches un-told.
But now He is pleading our pardon on high,That we may be His when He comes by and by.
But I've been adopted,my name's written down,An heir to a mansion,a robe,and a crown.
Tho' exiled from home,yet, still I may sing: All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King.
CHORUS.
I'm a child of the King,A child of the King:With Jesus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.

169. Where Are the Reapers?

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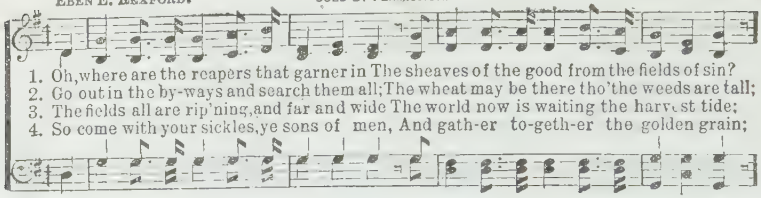
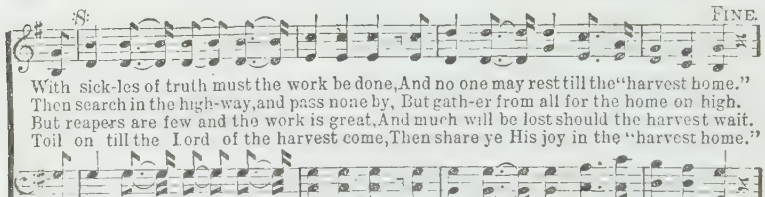
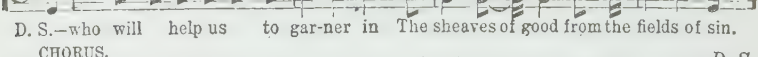
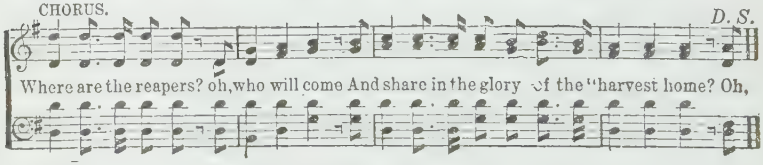
EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT


1. Oh, where are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there tho' the weeds are tall;
3. The fields all are rip'ning, and far and wide The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-er the golden grain;


S.
FINE.
With sick-les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, But gath-er from all for the home on high.
But reapers are few and the work is great, And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come, Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."





170 The Half Was Never Told.

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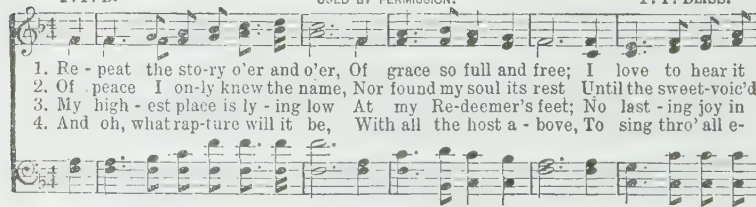
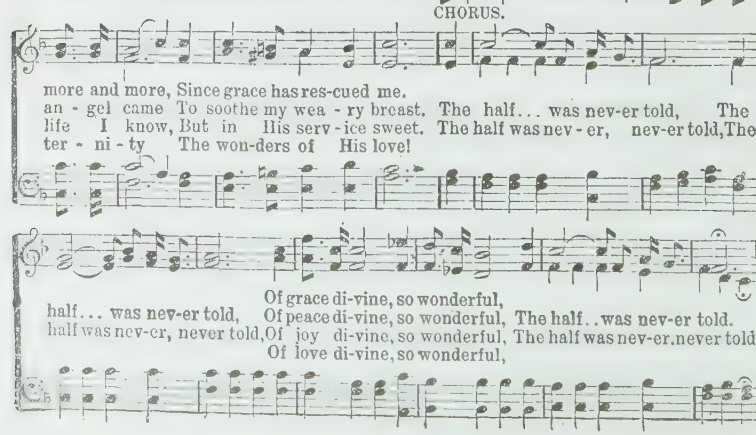
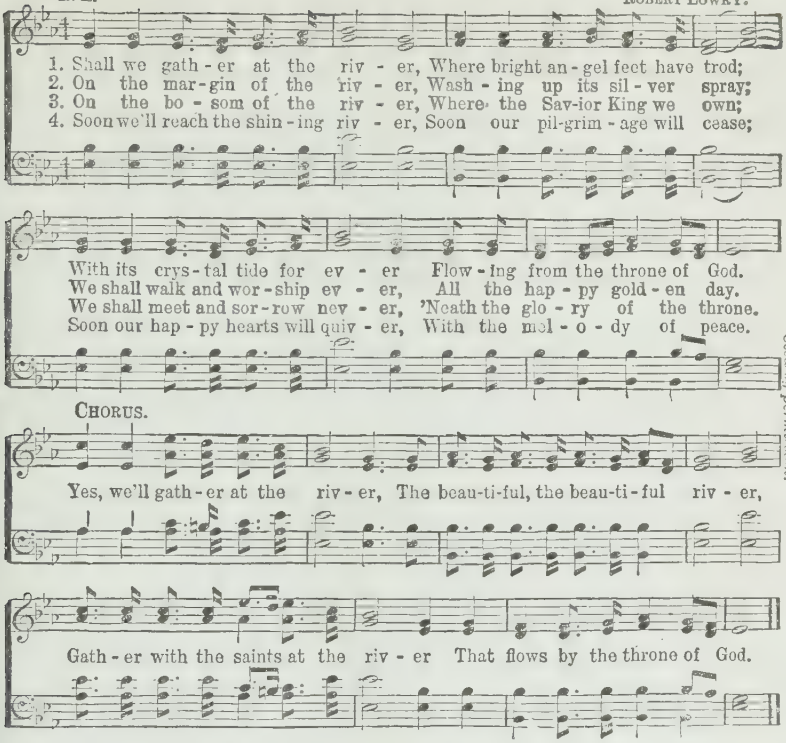
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. Re - peat the sto-ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free; I love to hear it
2. Of peace I on-ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest Until the sweet-voic'd
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deemer's feet; No last - ing joy in
4. And oh, what rap-ture will it be, With all the host a - bove, To sing thro' all e-
CHORUS.
more and more, Since grace has res-cued me.
an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast. The half... was nev-er told, The
life I know, But in His serv - ice sweet. The half was nev - er, nev-er told, The
ter - ni - ty The won-ders of His love!


Of grace di-vine, so wonderful,
half... was nev-er told, Of peace di-vine, so wonderful, The half..was nev-er told.
half was nev-er, never told, Of joy di-vine, so wonderful, The half was nev-er.never told.
Of love di-vine, so wonderful,

171 Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav-ior King we own;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil-grim - age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of God.
We shall walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
We shall meet and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er, With the mel - o - dy of peace.
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

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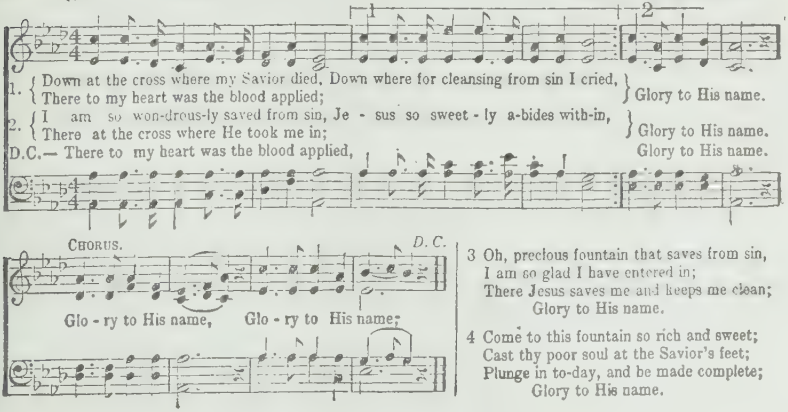
172 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name.
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glory to His name.
D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.
CHORUS.
D. C.
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

173 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

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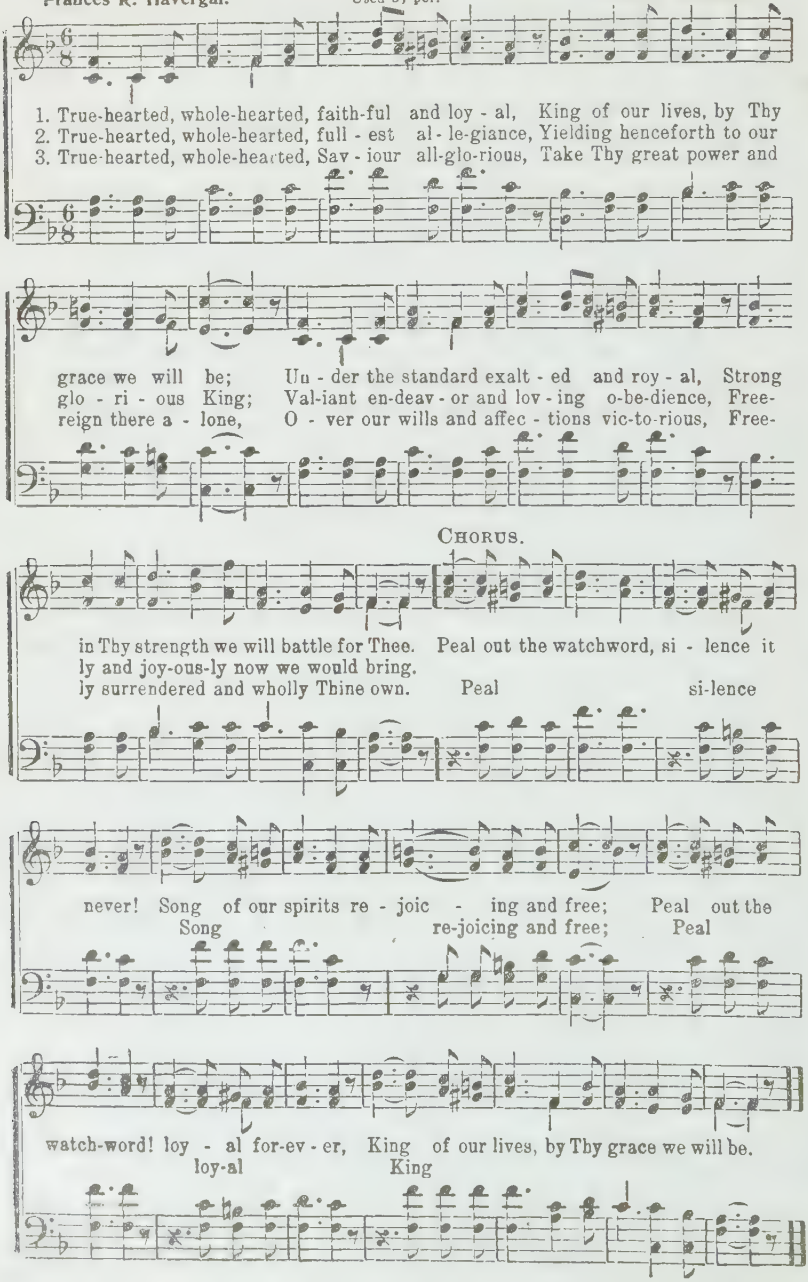
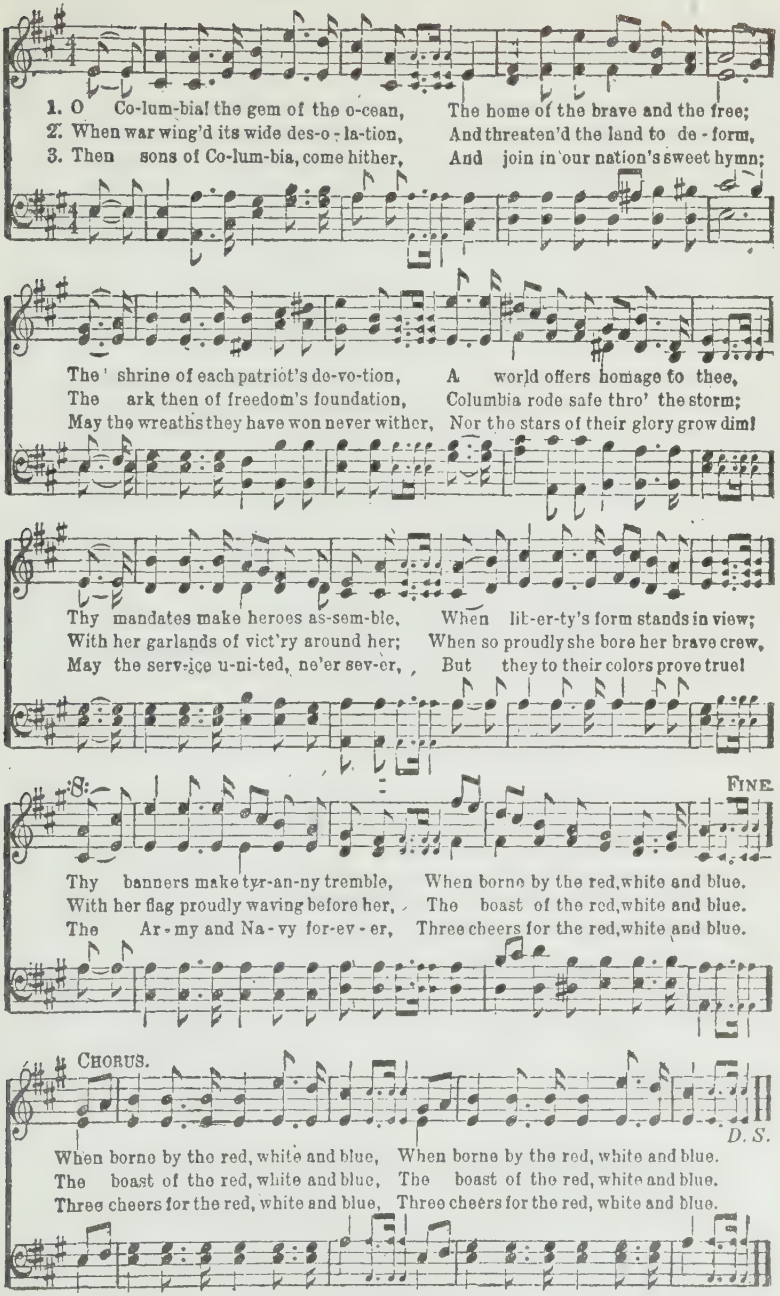
Frances R. Havergal. Used by per. Geo. C. Stebbins.

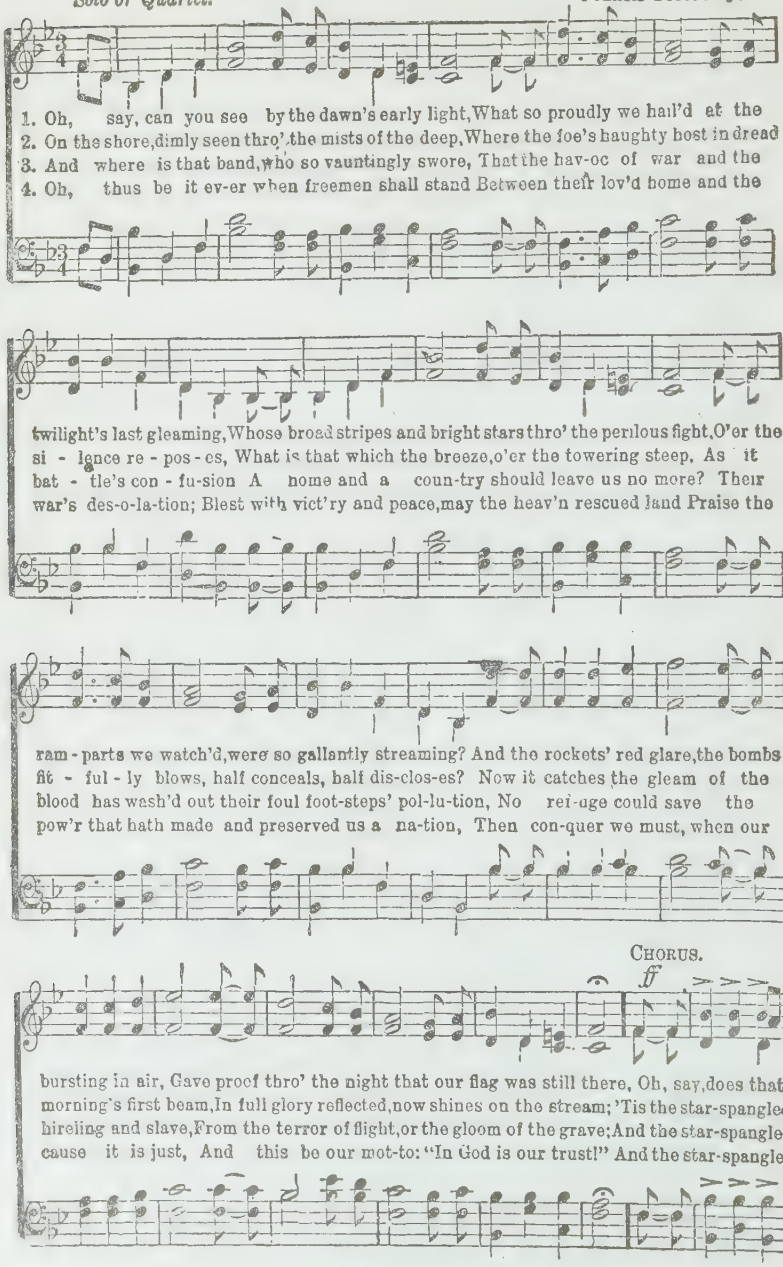

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al - le-giance, Yielding henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav - iour all-glo-rious, Take Thy great power and
grace we will be; Un - der the standard exalt - ed and roy - al, Strong
glo - ri - ous King; Val-iant en-deav - or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free-
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and affec - tions vic-to-rious, Free-
CHORUS.
in Thy strength we will battle for Thee. Peal out the watchword, si - lence it
ly and joy-ous-ly now we would bring.
ly surrendered and wholly Thine own. Peal si-lence
never! Song of our spirits re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the
Song re-joicing and free; Peal
watch-word! loy - al for-ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy-al King

The Red, White and Blue.

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form,
3. Then sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;
The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee,
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Columbia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!
Thy mandates make heroes as-sem-ble, When lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her; When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice u-ni-ted, ne'er sev-er, But they to their colors prove true!
FINE.
Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
CHORUS.
D. S.
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue.
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue.
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

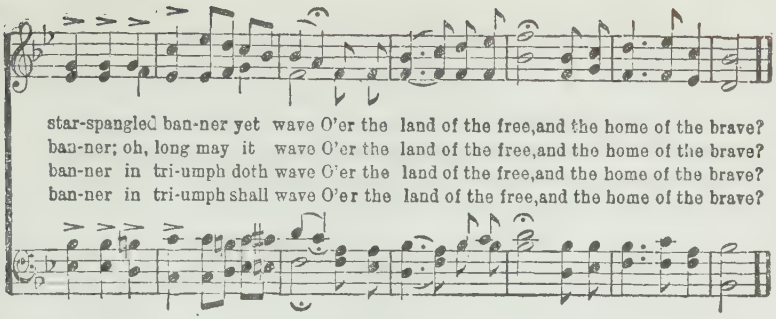
The Star-Spangled Banner.

Solo or Quartet.

Francis Scott Key.


1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their lov'd home and the
twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu-sion A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their
war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land Praise the
ram - parts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catches the gleam of the
blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol-lu-tion, No ref-uge could save the
pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion, Then con-quer we must, when our
CHORUS.
ff
bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
hireling and slave, From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.


star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

176 O Don't Stay Away.

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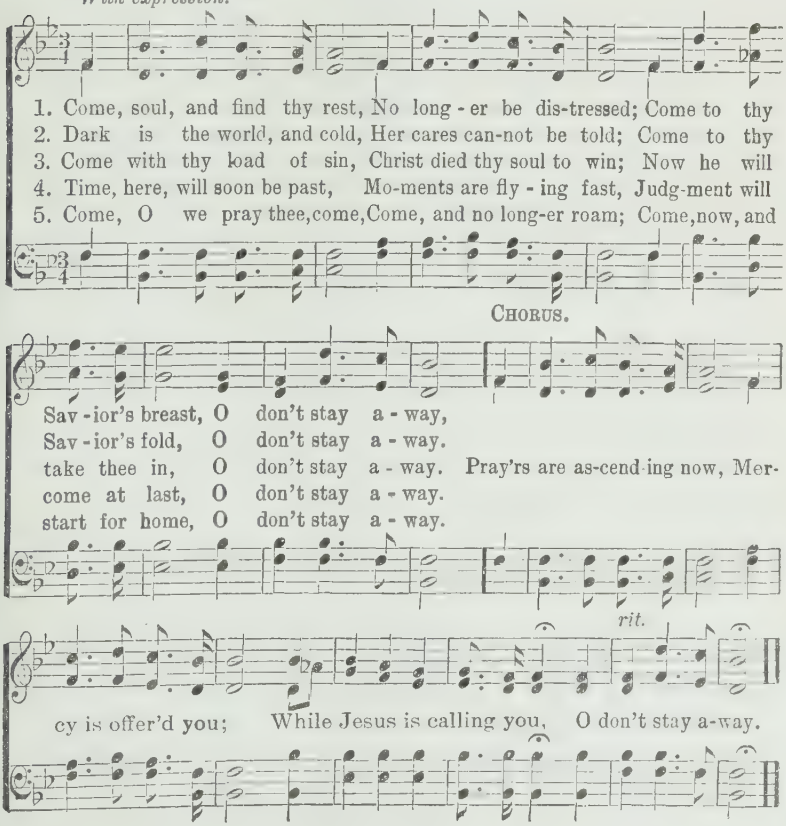
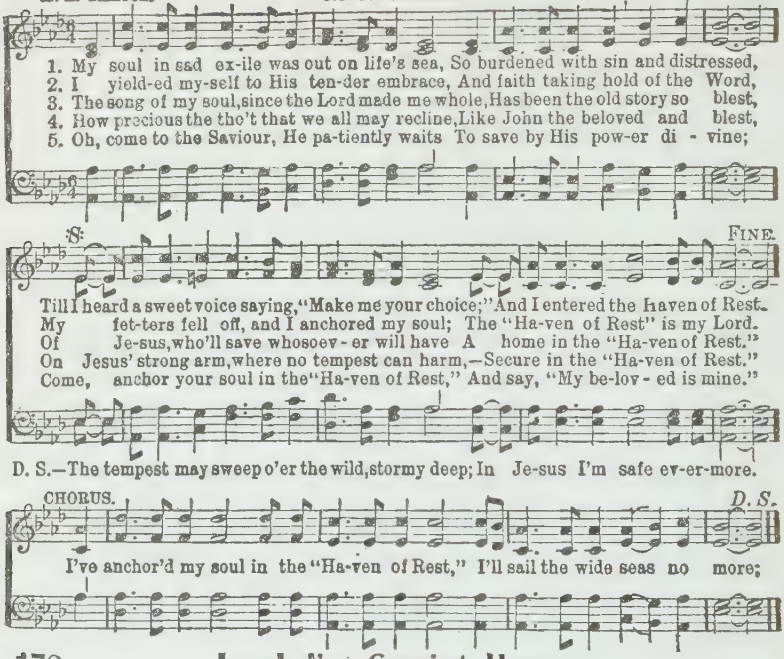
Rev. Johnson Oatman. Rev. W. J. Stuart, A. M.

With expression.


1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No long - er be dis-tressed; Come to thy
2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can-not be told; Come to thy
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will
4. Time, here, will soon be past, Mo-ments are fly - ing fast, Judg-ment will
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no long-er roam; Come, now, and
CHORUS.
Sav - ior's breast, O don't stay a - way,
Sav - ior's fold, O don't stay a - way.
take thee in, O don't stay a - way. Pray'rs are as-cend-ing now, Mer-
come at last, O don't stay a - way.
start for home, O don't stay a - way.
rit.
cy is offer'd you; While Jesus is calling you, O don't stay a-way.

177 The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION. GEO. D. MOORE.


1. My soul in sad ex-ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distressed,
2. I yield-ed my-self to His ten-der embrace, And faith taking hold of the Word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old story so blest,
4. How precious the tho't that we all may recline, Like John the beloved and blest,
5. Oh, come to the Saviour, He pa-tiently waits To save by His pow-er di - vine;
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the Haven of Rest.
My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
Of Je-sus, who'll save whosoev-er will have A home in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—Secure in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
Come, anchor your soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," And say, "My be-lov-ed is mine."
D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep; In Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-more.
CHORUS.
I've anchor'd my soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

178 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

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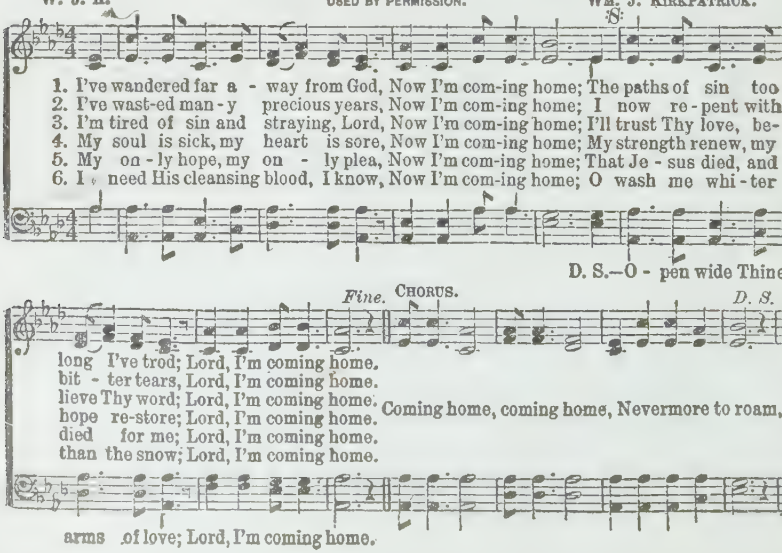
1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast-ed man-y precious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re-pent with
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength renew, my
5. My on-ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus died, and
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi-ter
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine
Fine. CHORUS. D. S.
long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.
Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,
arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

179 This is Like Heaven to Me.

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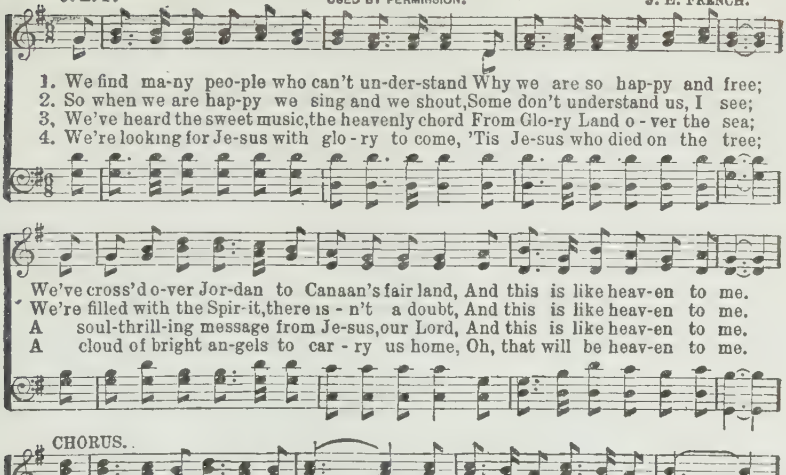
J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH.


1. We find ma-ny peo-ple who can't un-der-stand Why we are so hap-py and free;
2. So when we are hap-py we sing and we shout, Some don't understand us, I see;
3. We've heard the sweet music, the heavenly chord From Glo-ry Land o-ver the sea;
4. We're looking for Je-sus with glo-ry to come, 'Tis Je-sus who died on the tree;
We've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land, And this is like heav-en to me.
We're filled with the Spir-it, there is - n't a doubt, And this is like heav-en to me.
A soul-thrill-ing message from Je-sus, our Lord, And this is like heav-en to me.
A cloud of bright an-gels to car - ry us home, Oh, that will be heav-en to me.
CHORUS.
1-3. Oh, this is like heaven to me; (to me); Yes, this is like heav-en to me; (to me);
4. Oh, that will be heaven to me; (to me); Yes, that will be heav-en to me; (to me);
I've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land And this is like heaven to me. (to me).
A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry me home, Yes, that will be heaven to me. (to me).

180 My Prayer.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS.
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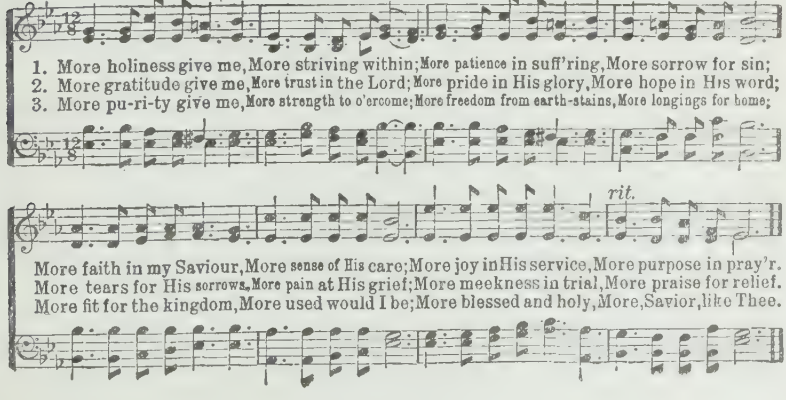
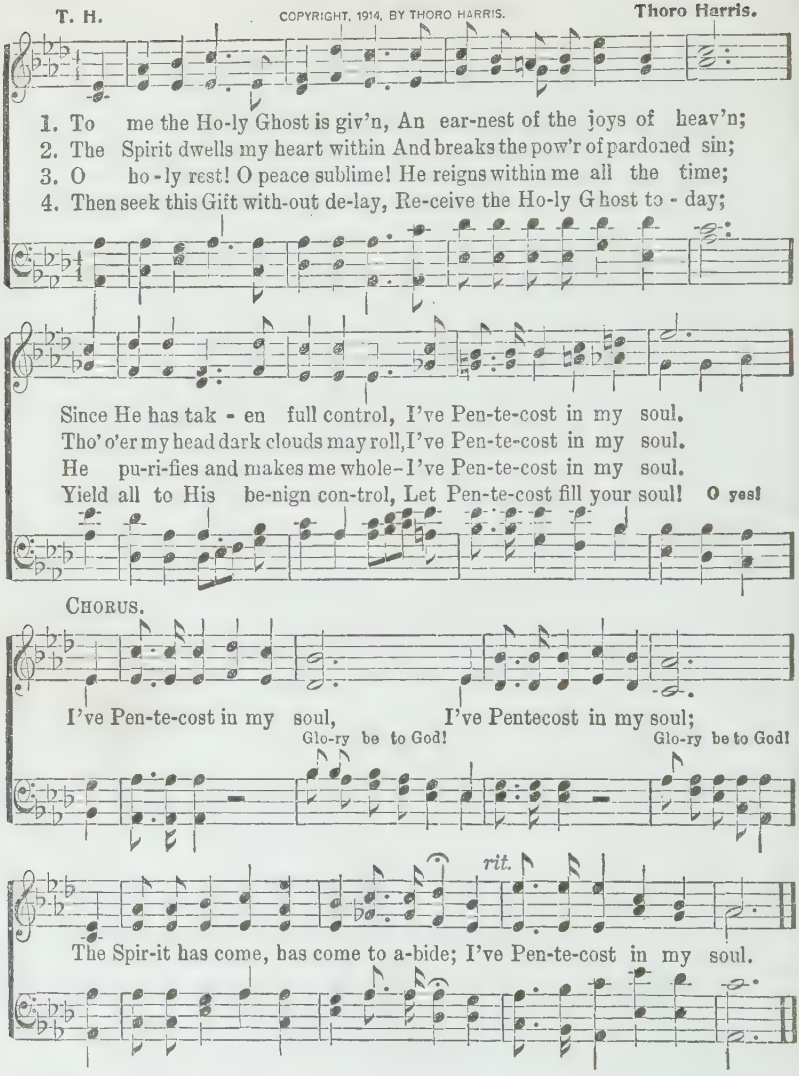
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. More holiness give me, More striving within; More patience in suff'ring, More sorrow for sin;
2. More gratitude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His glory, More hope in His word;
3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'ercome; More freedom from earth-stains, More longings for home;
rit.
More faith in my Saviour, More sense of His care; More joy in His service, More purpose in pray'r.
More tears for His sorrows, More pain at His grief; More meekness in trial, More praise for relief.
More fit for the kingdom, More used would I be; More blessed and holy, More, Savior, like Thee.

181 Pentecost in My Soul.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.


1. To me the Ho-ly Ghost is giv'n, An ear-nest of the joys of heav'n;
2. The Spirit dwells my heart within And breaks the pow'r of pardoned sin;
3. O ho-ly rest! O peace sublime! He reigns within me all the time;
4. Then seek this Gift with-out de-lay, Re-ceive the Ho-ly Ghost to-day;
Since He has tak-en full control, I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.
Tho' o'er my head dark clouds may roll, I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.
He pu-ri-fies and makes me whole—I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.
Yield all to His be-nign con-trol, Let Pen-te-cost fill your soul! O yes!
CHORUS.
I've Pen-te-cost in my soul, I've Pentecost in my soul;
Glo-ry be to God! Glo-ry be to God!
rit.
The Spir-it has come, has come to a-bide; I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.

182 Victory in My Soul.

Thoro Harris. Tune above.

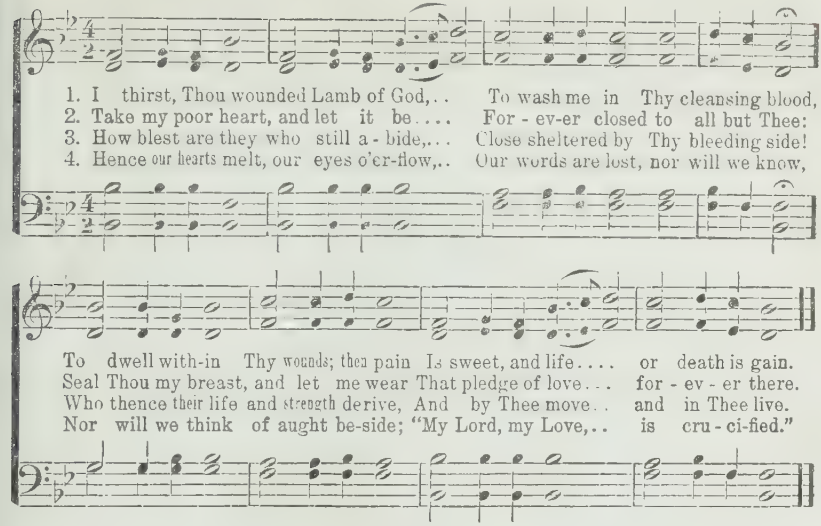
1 The Savior all my foes o'er came—
O magnify His peerless name!
For since His grace hath made me whole,
There's victory in my soul.
CHO.—I've victory in my soul,
Yes, victory in my soul;
I triumph each hour
By faith in His pow'r—
I've victory in my soul.

2 I shout aloud with holy joy;
His praises shall my tongue employ;
I yield my all to His control—
There's victory in my soul.

3 And when I reach the land of bliss
Where I shall see Him as He is,
I'll sing while countless ages roll,
There's victory in my soul.

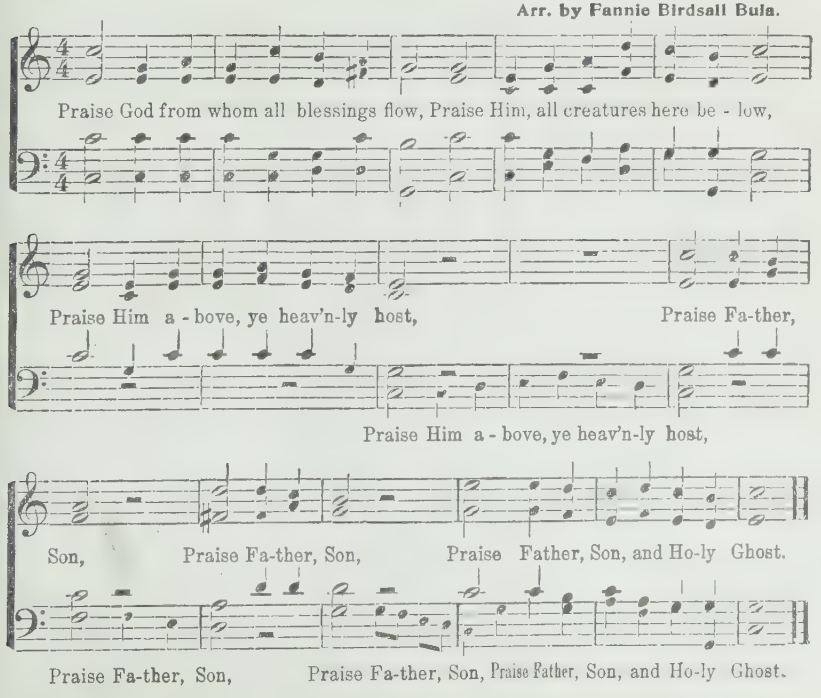
183 I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb.

Charles Wesley. Sessions. L. M. L. O. Emerson.


1. I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,.. To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
2. Take my poor heart, and let it be.... For - ev-er closed to all but Thee:
3. How blest are they who still a - bide,... Close sheltered by Thy bleeding side!
4. Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'er-flow,.. Our words are lost, nor will we know,
To dwell with-in Thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life.... or death is gain.
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love... for - ev - er there.
Who thence their life and strength derive, And by Thee move.. and in Thee live.
Nor will we think of aught be-side; "My Lord, my Love,.. is cru - ci-fied."

184 Praise God.

Arr. by Fannie Birdsall Bula.


Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be - low,
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Fa-ther,
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host,
Son, Praise Fa-ther, Son, Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.
Praise Fa-ther, Son, Praise Fa-ther, Son, Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

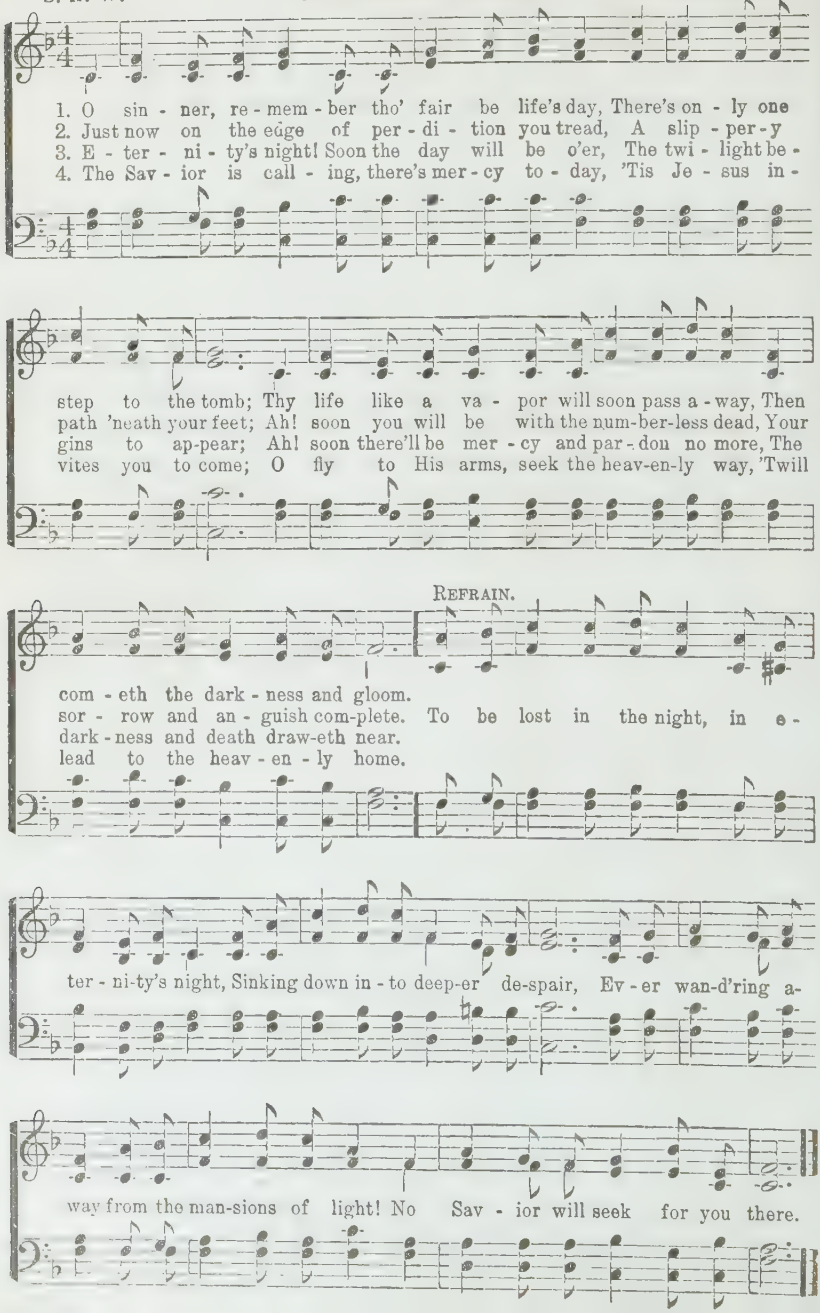
185

Lost In the Night.

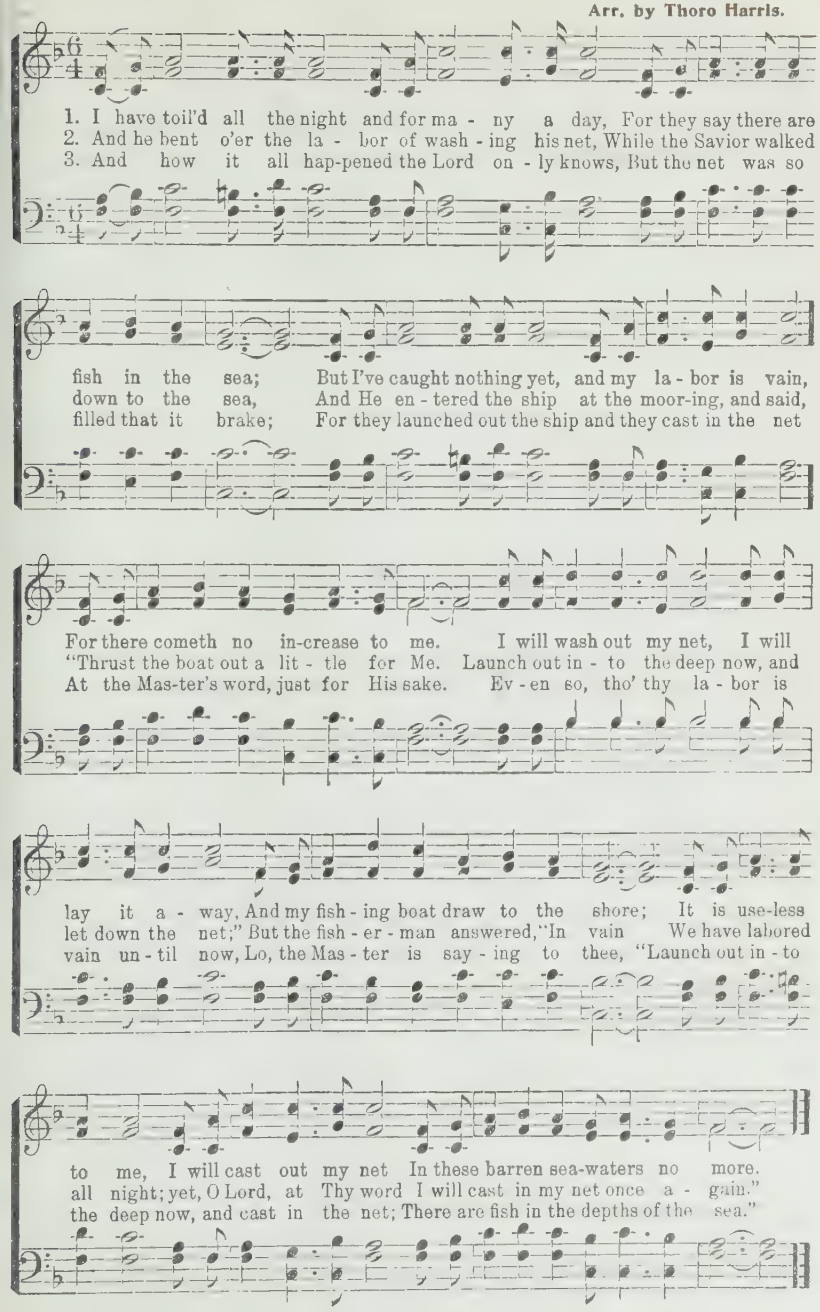
S. K. W.

Copyright, 1918, by S. K. Wheatlake.

S. K. Wheatlake.


1. O sin - ner, re - mem - ber tho' fair be life's day, There's on - ly one
2. Just now on the edge of per - di - tion you tread, A slip - per - y
3. E - ter - ni - ty's night! Soon the day will be o'er, The twi - light be -
4. The Sav - ior is call - ing, there's mer - cy to - day, 'Tis Je - sus in -
step to the tomb; Thy life like a va - por will soon pass a - way, Then
path 'neath your feet; Ah! soon you will be with the num-ber-less dead, Your
gins to ap-pear; Ah! soon there'll be mer - cy and par - don no more, The
vites you to come; O fly to His arms, seek the heav-en-ly way, 'Twill
REFRAIN.
com - eth the dark - ness and gloom.
sor - row and an - guish com-plete. To be lost in the night, in e -
dark - ness and death draw-eth near.
lead to the heav - en - ly home.
ter - ni-ty's night, Sinking down in - to deep-er de-spair, Ev - er wan-d'ring a -
way from the man-sions of light! No Sav - ior will seek for you there.

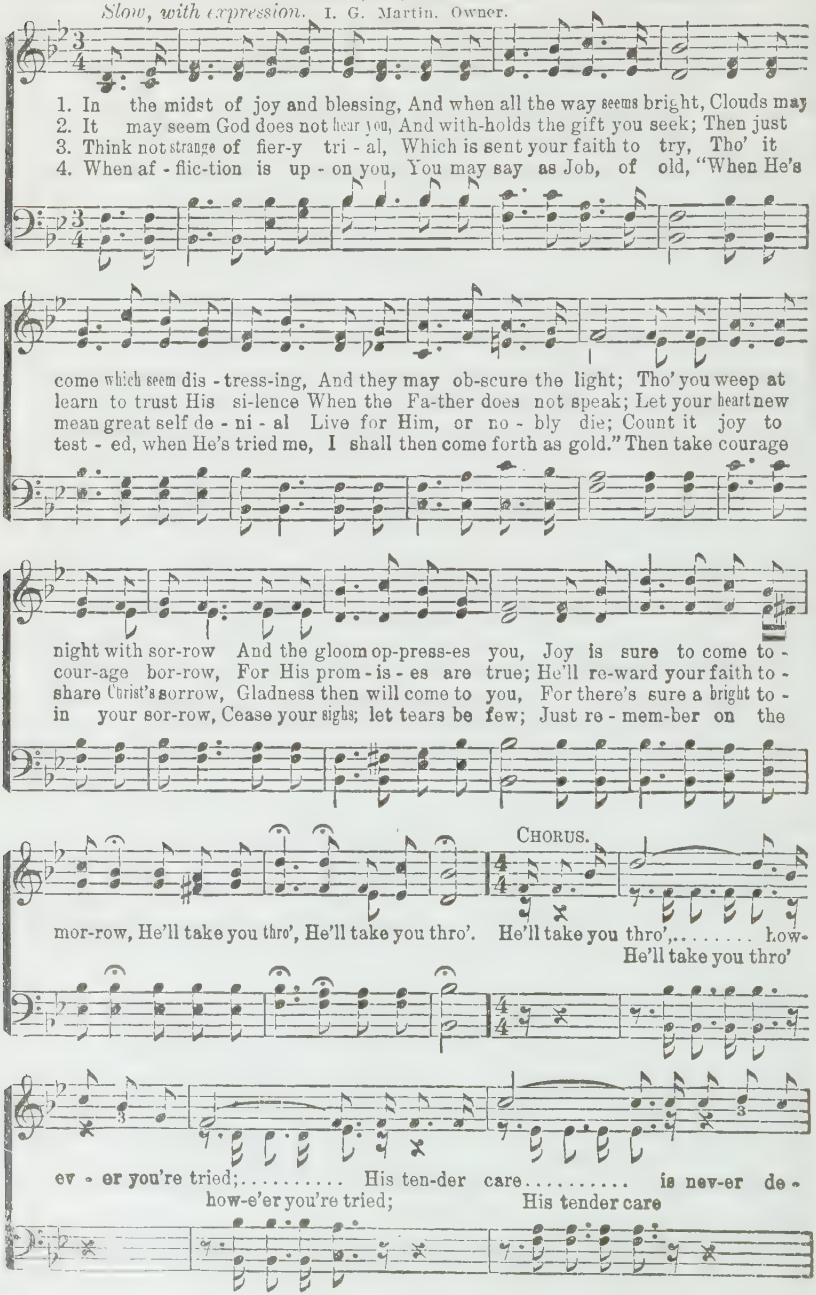
Cast Out the Net.

Arr. by Thoro Harris.

1. I have toil'd all the night and for ma - ny a day, For they say there are fish in the sea; But I've caught nothing yet, and my la - bor is vain,
2. And he bent o'er the la - bor of wash - ing his net, While the Savior walked down to the sea, And He en - tered the ship at the moor-ing, and said,
3. And how it all hap-pened the Lord on - ly knows, But the net was so filled that it brake; For they launched out the ship and they cast in the net
For there cometh no in-crease to me. I will wash out my net, I will lay it a - way, And my fish - ing boat draw to the shore; It is use-less
"Thrust the boat out a lit - tle for Me. Launch out in - to the deep now, and let down the net;" But the fish - er - man answered, "In vain We have labored
At the Mas-ter's word, just for His sake. Ev - en so, tho' thy la - bor is vain un - til now, Lo, the Mas - ter is say - ing to thee, "Launch out in - to
to me, I will cast out my net In these barren sea-waters no more.
all night; yet, O Lord, at Thy word I will cast in my net once a - gain."
the deep now, and cast in the net; There are fish in the depths of the sea."

189 He'll Take You Through.

J. V. R. Copyright, 1911, by James V. Reid. James V. Reid.

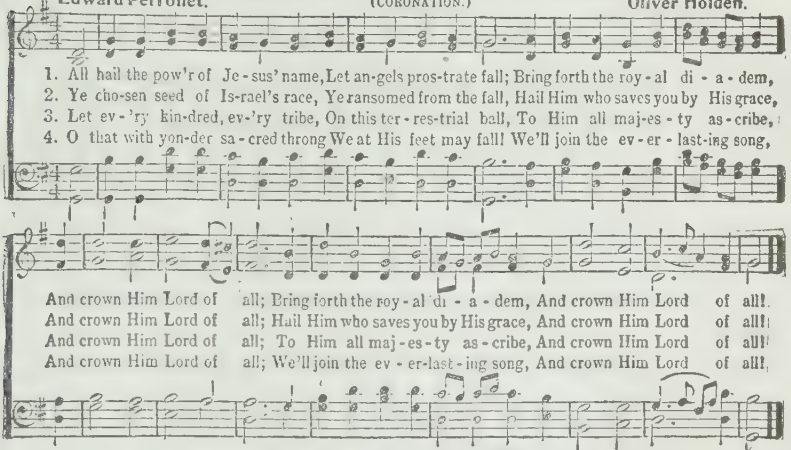
Slow, with expression. I. G. Martin. Owner.


1. In the midst of joy and blessing, And when all the way seems bright, Clouds may
2. It may seem God does not hear you, And with-holds the gift you seek; Then just
3. Think not strange of fier-y tri - al, Which is sent your faith to try, Tho' it
4. When af - flic-tion is up - on you, You may say as Job, of old, "When He's
come which seem dis - tress-ing, And they may ob-scure the light; Tho' you weep at
learn to trust His si-lence When the Fa-ther does not speak; Let your heart new
mean great self de - ni - al Live for Him, or no - bly die; Count it joy to
test - ed, when He's tried me, I shall then come forth as gold." Then take courage
night with sor-row And the gloom op-press-es you, Joy is sure to come to -
cour-age bor-row, For His prom - is - es are true; He'll re-ward your faith to -
share Christ's sorrow, Gladness then will come to you, For there's sure a bright to -
in your sor-row, Cease your sighs; let tears be few; Just re - mem-ber on the
CHORUS.
mor-row, He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'. He'll take you thro',..... how-
He'll take you thro'
ev - er you're tried;..... His ten-der care..... is nev-er de -
how-e'er you're tried; His tender care

Familiar Hymns.

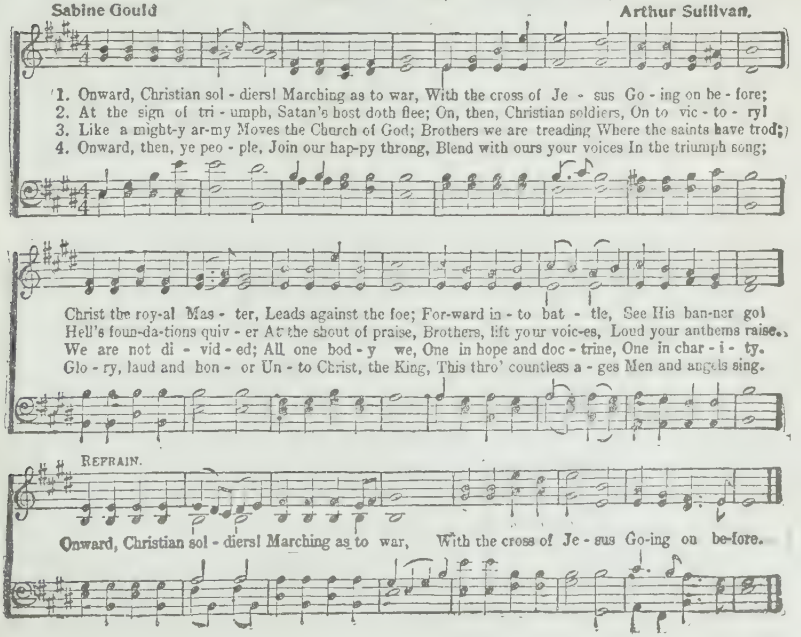
192 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.

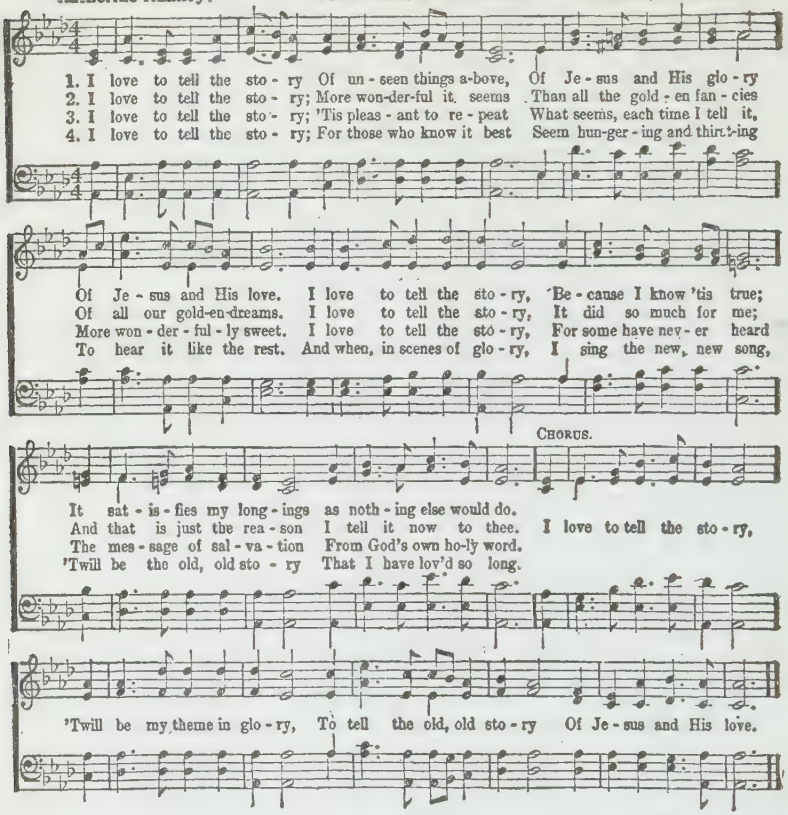

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as - cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

193 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould Arthur Sullivan.

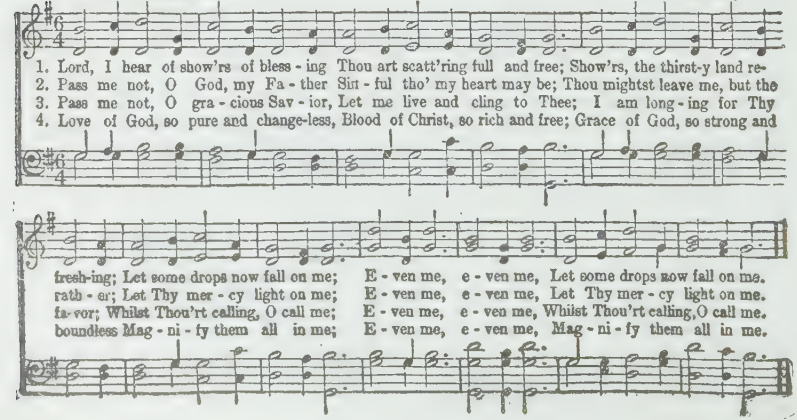

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a migh-ty ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
REFRAIN.
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

194 I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en-dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

195 Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

196 Softly and Tenderly.

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W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp *mf*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,

p *rit.* *pp*

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

197 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

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REV. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully, FINE.

1. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
   { See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child.
2. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled;
   { Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.
3. { Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
   { Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a - way, For a precious soul is born a - gain.

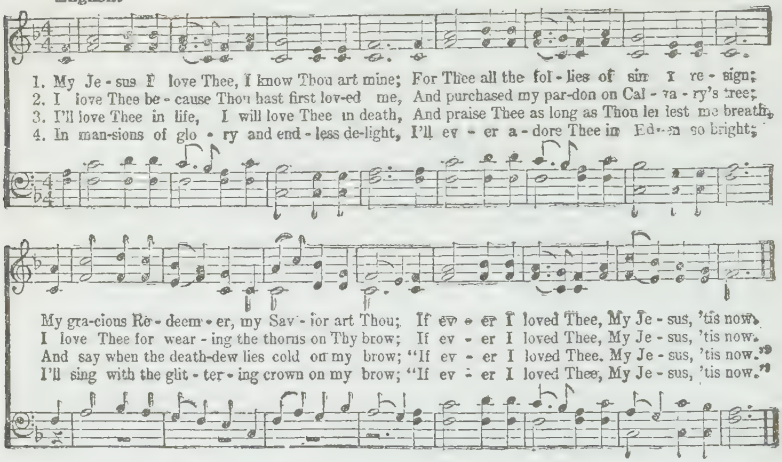
D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS. D. C.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo - ry! glo-ry! how the lond harps ring;

198 My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lei lest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in Ed-en so bright;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

199 O Turn Ye.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

200 Look to Jesus.

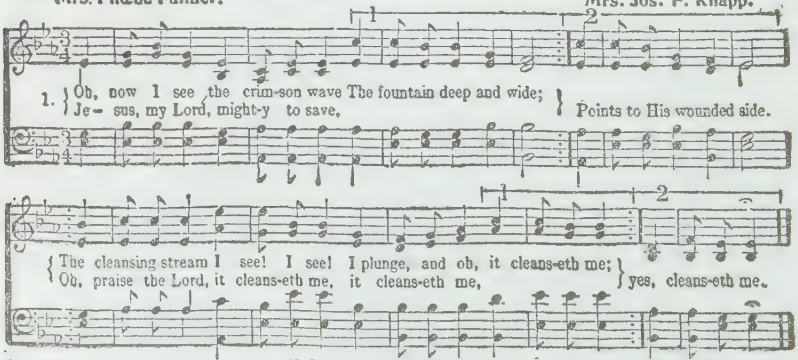
1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away

201 The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.


1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave The fountain deep and wide; Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wounded side.
The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me; Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me, yes, cleans-eth me.

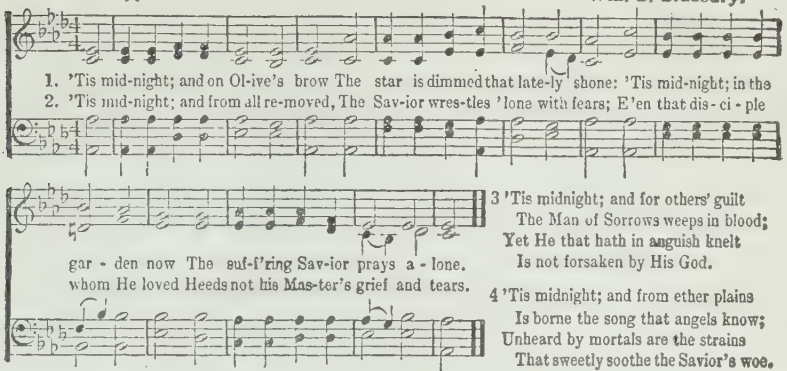
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! polluted nature dies,
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

202 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow.

W. B. Tappan. Wm. B. Bradbury.

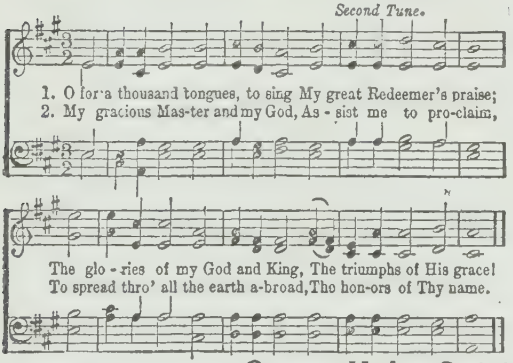

1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone: 'Tis mid-night; in the
2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all re-moved, The Sav-ior wres-tles 'lone with fears; E'en that dis-ci-ple
gar-den now The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a-lone.
whom He loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

203 O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise;
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.

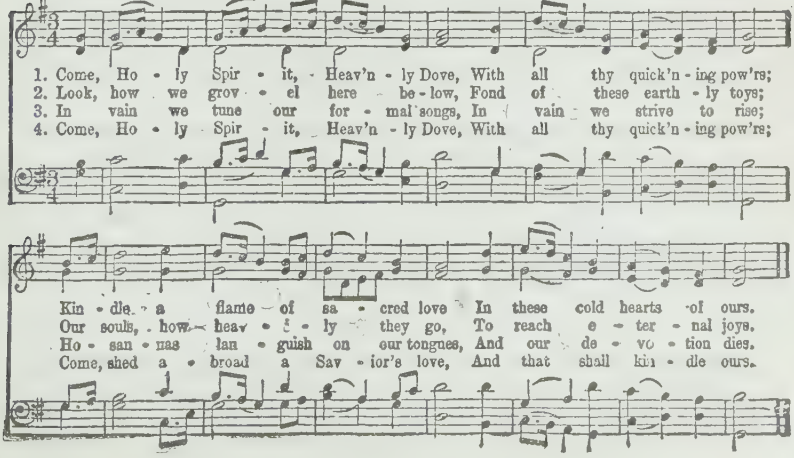
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

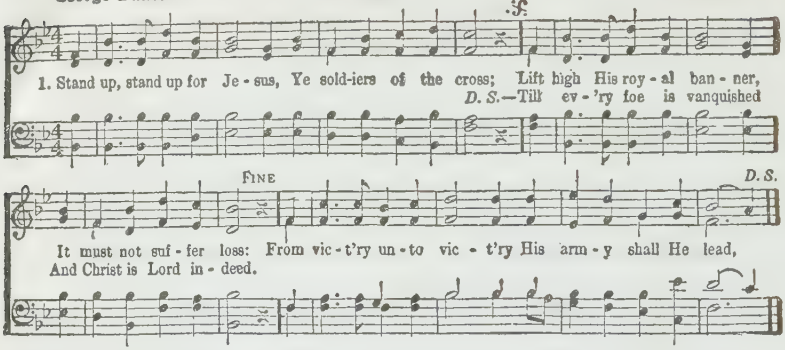
204 Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. Wm. Tansur.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all thy quick'n-ing pow'rs;
2. Look, how we grov-el here be-low, Fond of these earth-ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for-mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all thy quick'n-ing pow'rs;
Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav-i-ly they go, To reach e-ter-nal joys.
Ho-san-nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de-vo-tion dies.
Come, shed a broad a Sav-ior's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

205 Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished
FINE
D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

206 The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

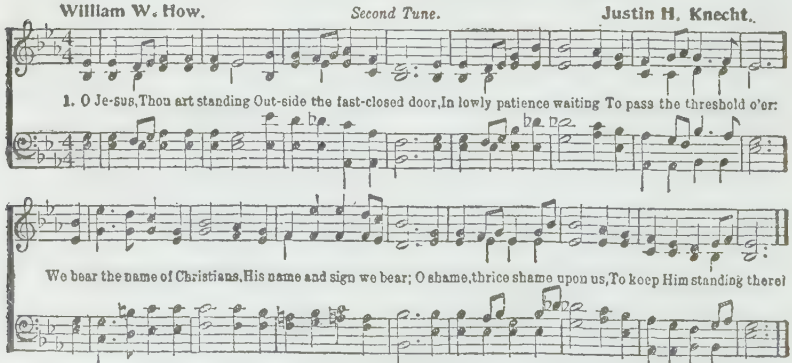
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

207 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.

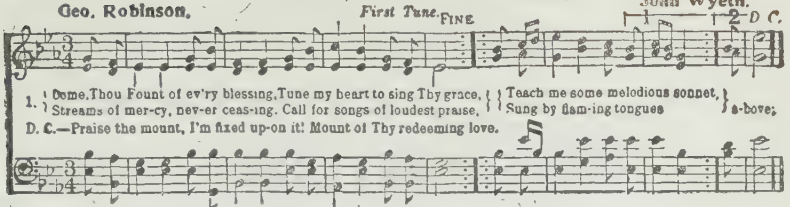

1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

208 Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* John Wyeth.

FINE
1
2
D. C.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

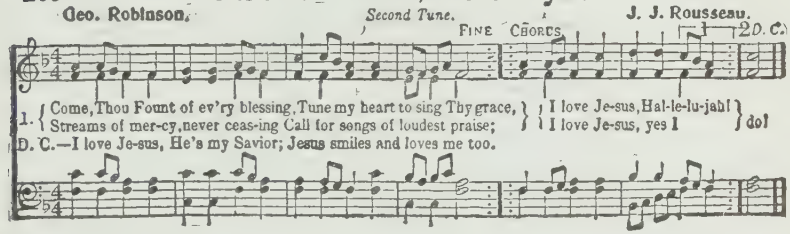
1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

209 I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.


FINE
CHORUS.
1
2
D. C.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah!
Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; I love Je-sus, yes I do!
D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

210 Nothing But the Blood.

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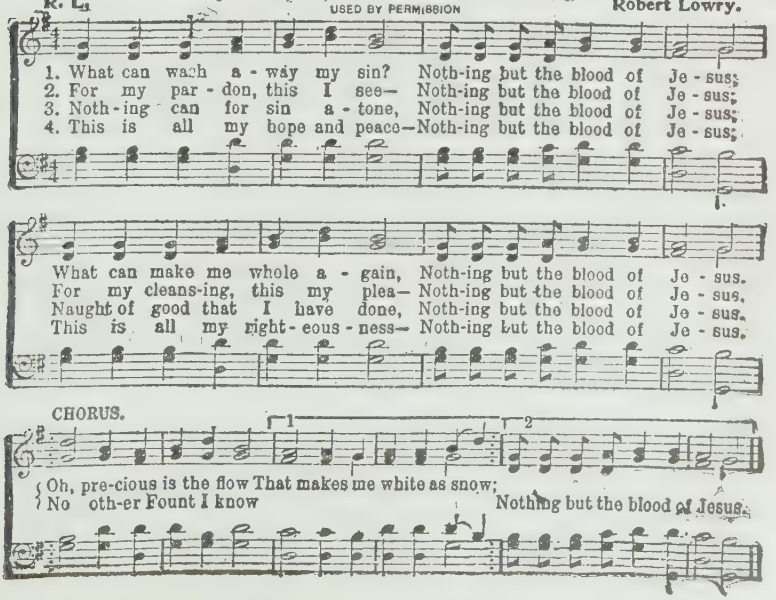
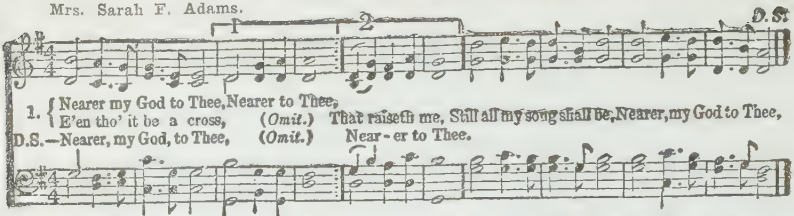

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don, this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
1.
What can make me whole a - gain, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right - eous - ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
CHORUS.
1
2
Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth-er Fount I know Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

211 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
   E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

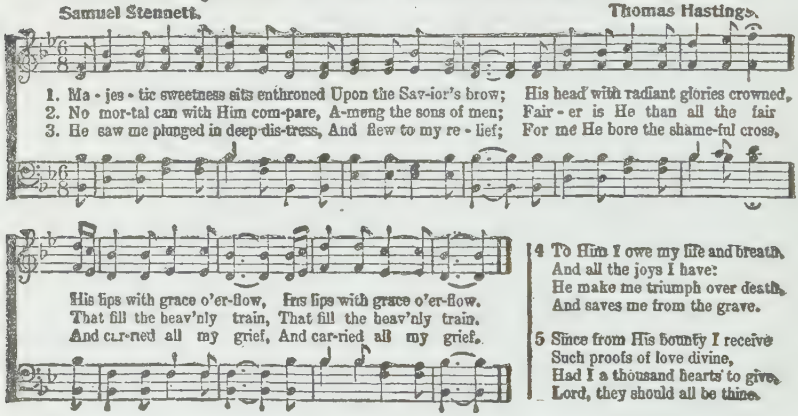
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

212 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,

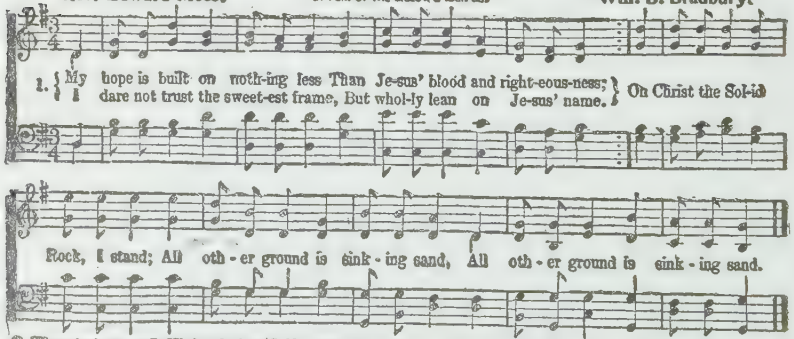
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

213 The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id

Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

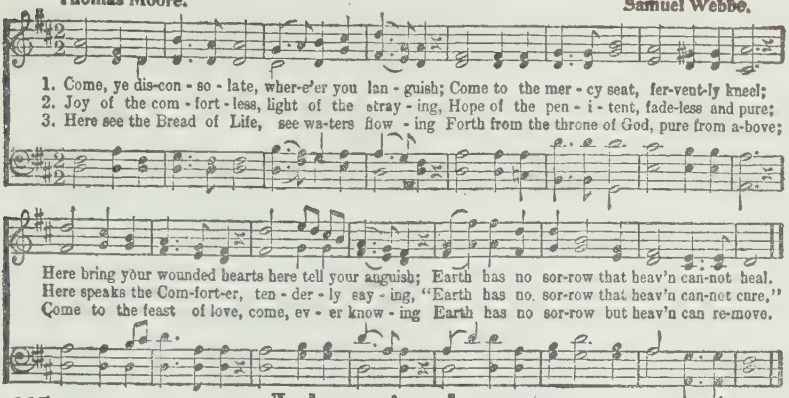
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Dress'd in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

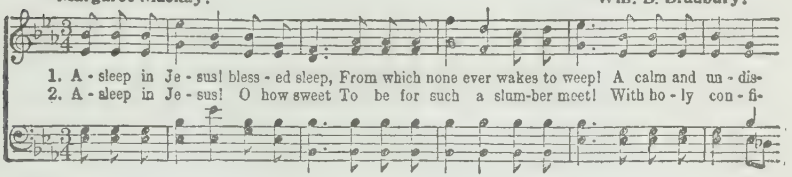
214 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

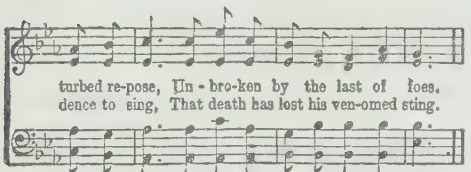
Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.


1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;
Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure,"
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

215 Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-

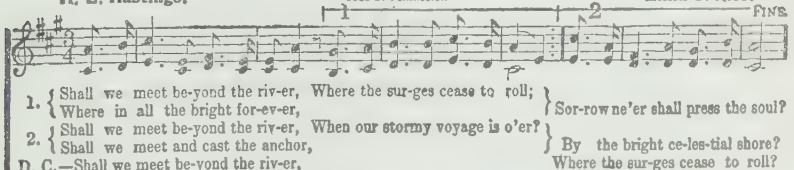


3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

216 Shall We Meet?

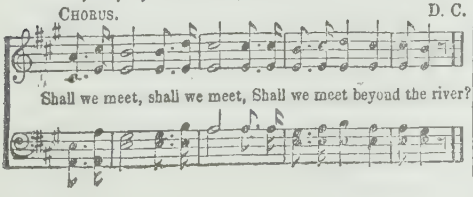
H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.



1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll; / Where in all the bright for-ev-er, } Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er? / Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } By the bright ce-les-tial shore? Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er,

CHORUS. D. C.

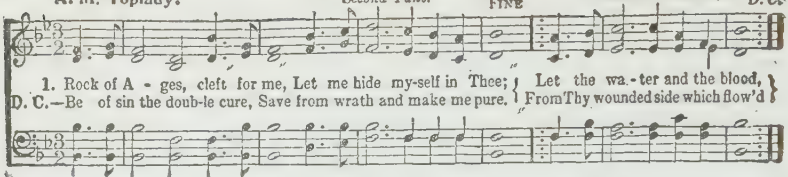


3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

217 Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* FINE Thomas Hastings. D. C.

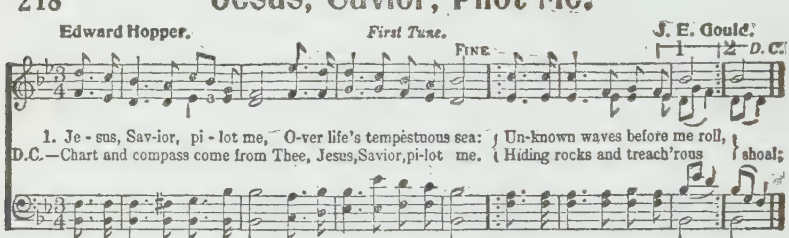

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

218 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* FINE J. E. Gould. 1 2 D. C.

1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea:
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me.
Un-known waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

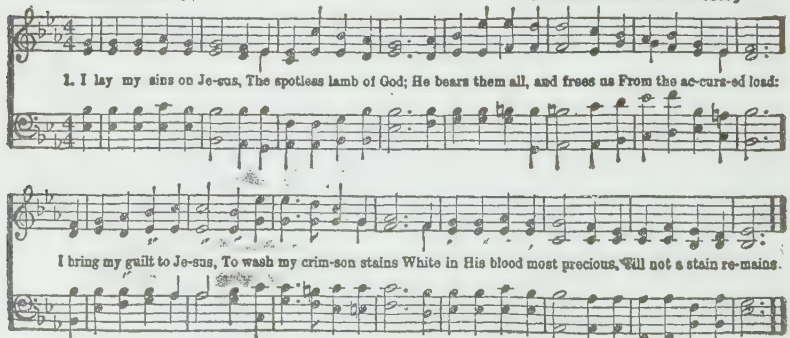
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

219 I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. Samuel Sebastian Wesley


1. I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load:
I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crim-son stains White in His blood most precious, Till not a stain re-mains.

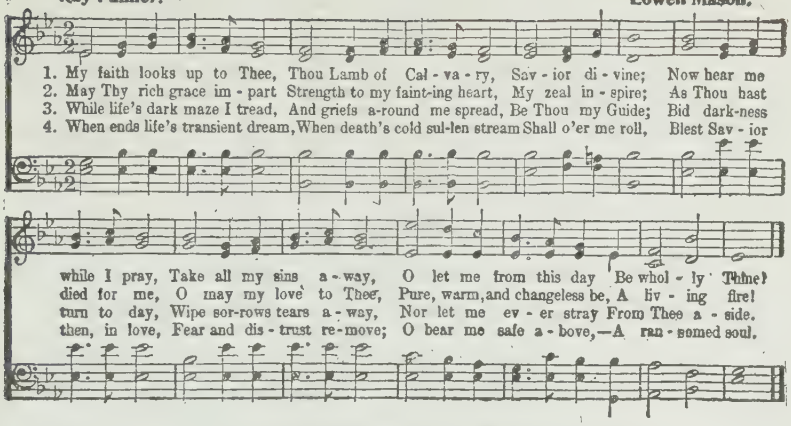
2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

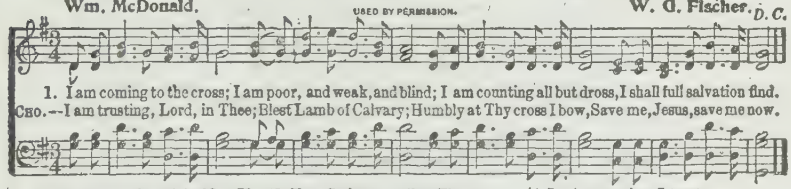
220 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

221 I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. O. Fischer. D. C.


1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

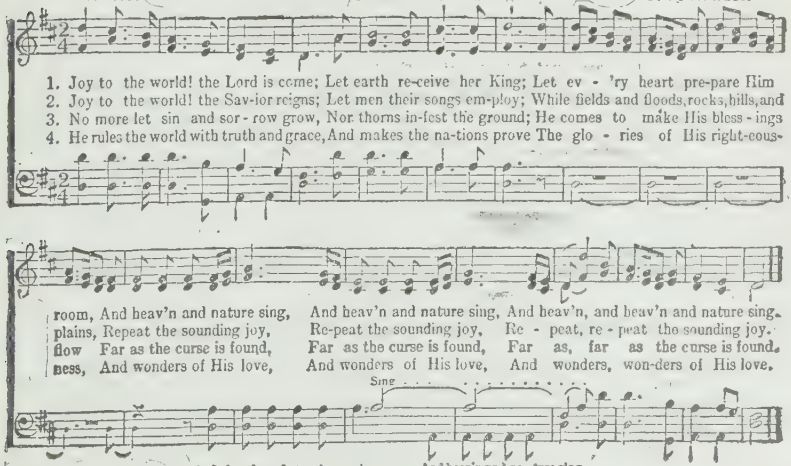
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

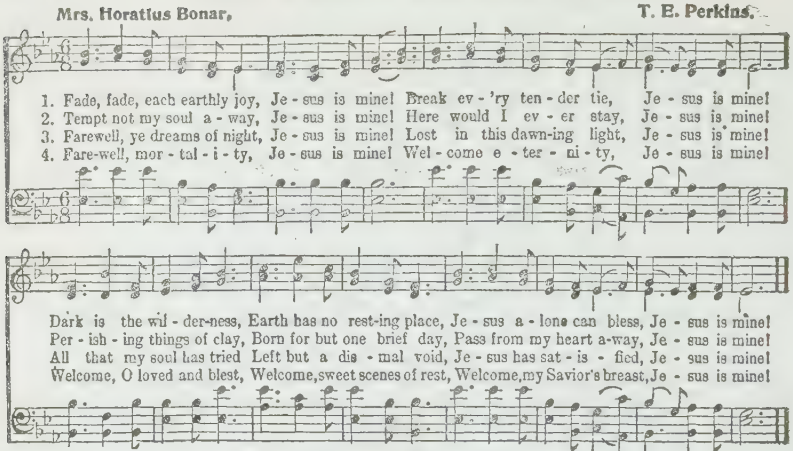
222 Joy to the World.

Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.
Sing
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

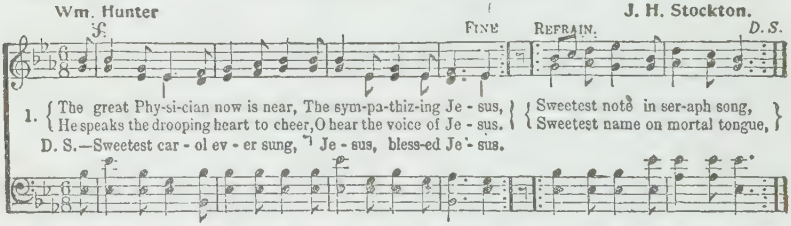
223 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.


1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!
Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

224 The Great Physician.

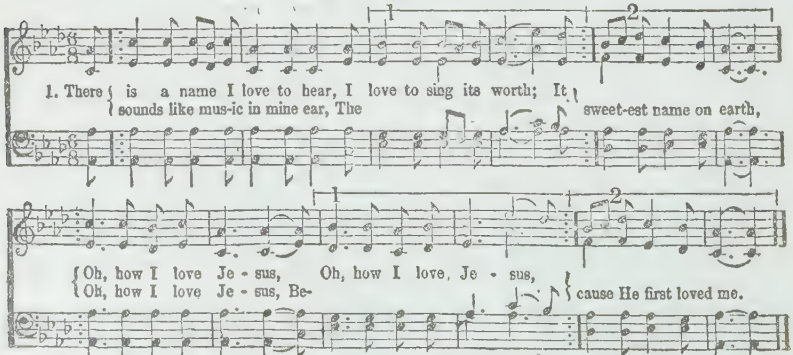
Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.


FINE
REFRAIN.
D. S.
1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song, }
{ He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

225 Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1
2
1. There { is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It }
{ sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,
{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love, Je - sus,
{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- cause He first loved me.

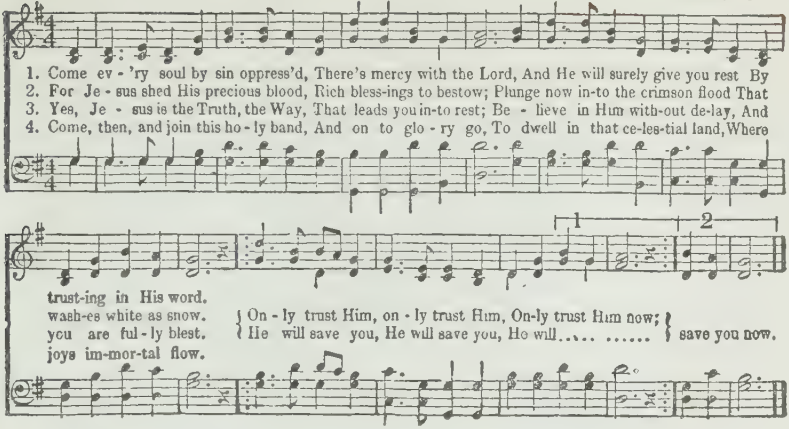
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

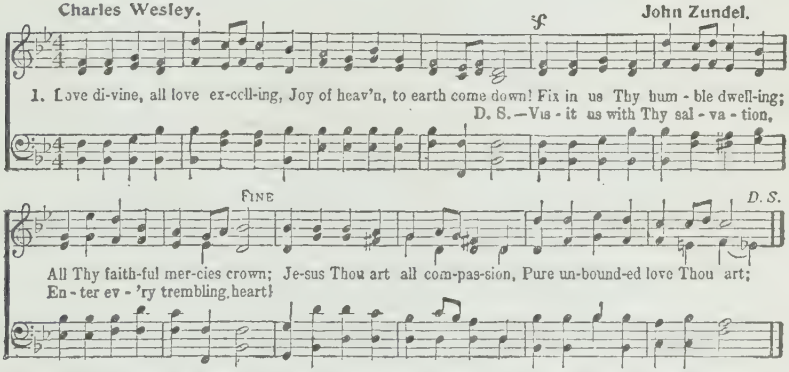
226 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where
1
2
trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will..... .....
save you now.

227 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,
FINE
D. S.
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart!

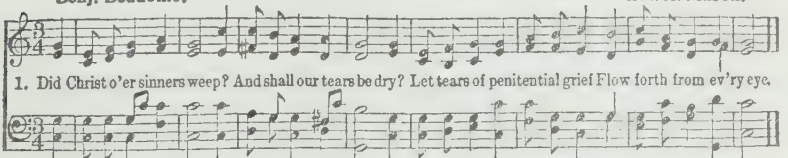
2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

228 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. Lowell Mason.



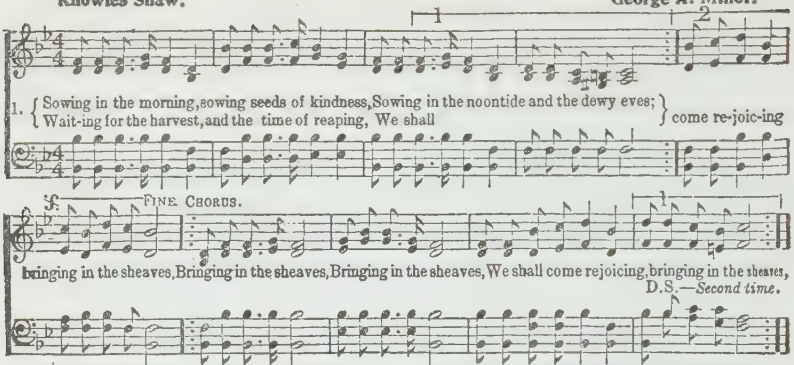
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

229 Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

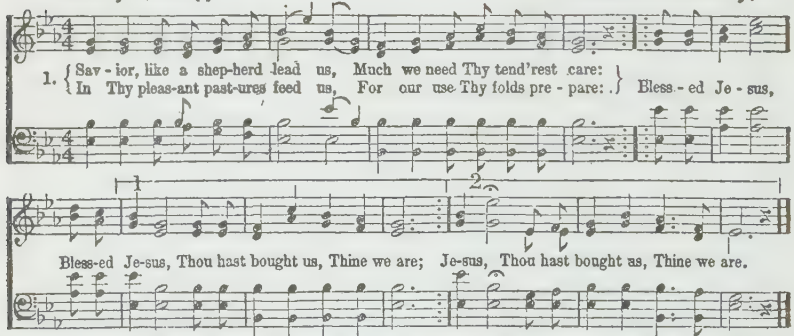

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;
Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come re-joic-ing
FINE. CHORUS.
bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
D.S.—Second time.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

230 Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.


1. Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care:
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Bless-ed Je-sus,
Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

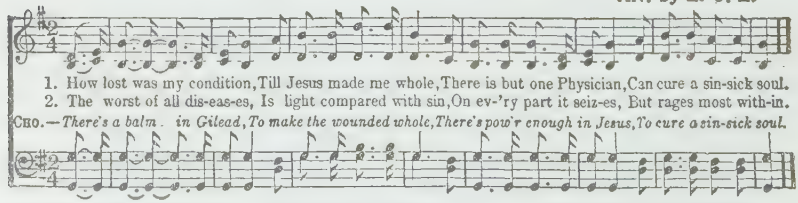
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosome fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

231 Balm in Gilead.

Arr. by E. O. E.


1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Physician, Can cure a sin-sick soul.
2. The worst of all dis-eas-es, Is light compared with sin, On ev-'ry part it seiz-es, But rages most with-in.
CHO.—There's a balm in Gilead, To make the wounded whole, There's pow'r enough in Jesus, To cure a sin-sick soul.

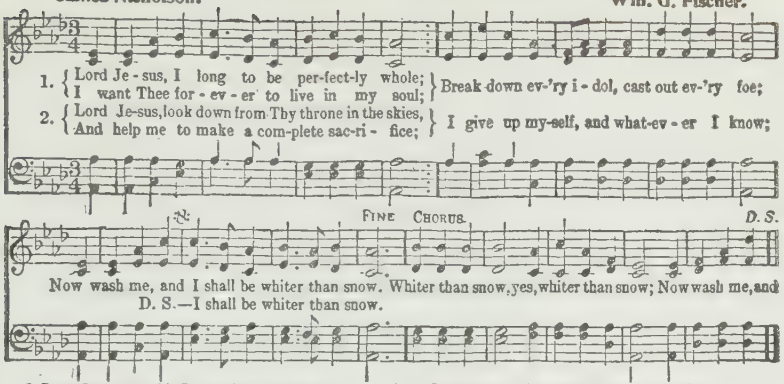
3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

232 Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

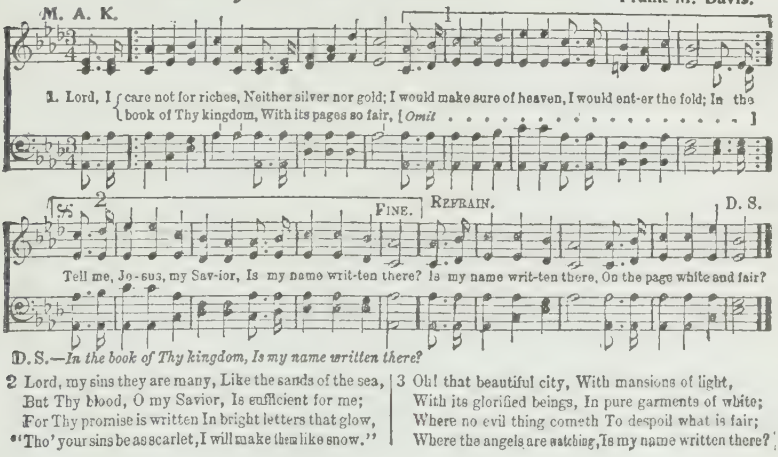

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;
FINE CHORUS. D. S.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

233 Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. Frank M. Davis.

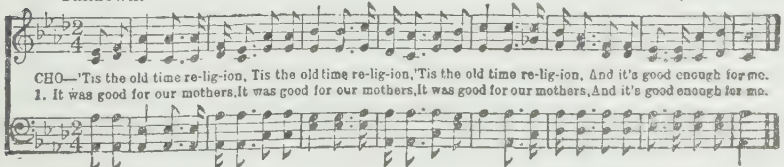

1. Lord, I { care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would ent-er the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, { Omit . . . . . }
FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.
Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

234 The Old Time Religion.

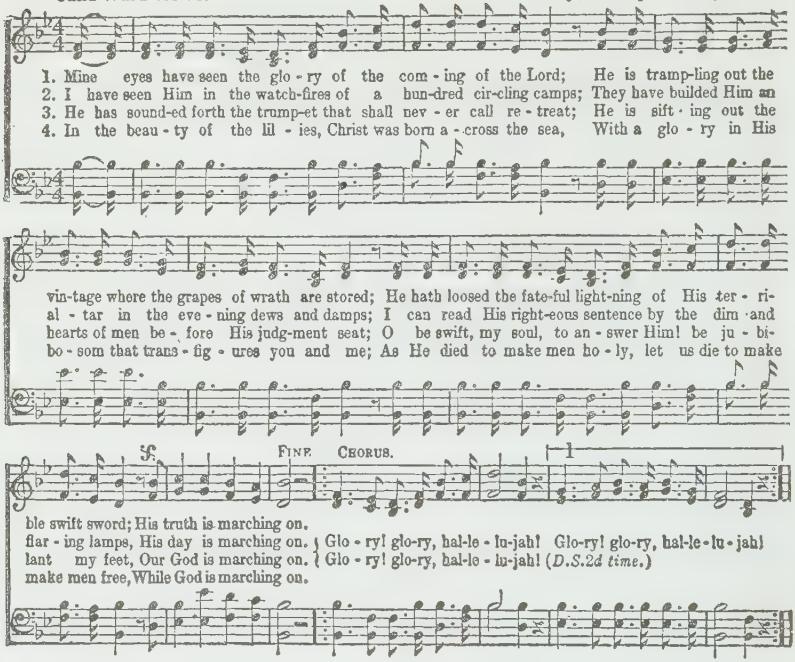
Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.


CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

3 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.

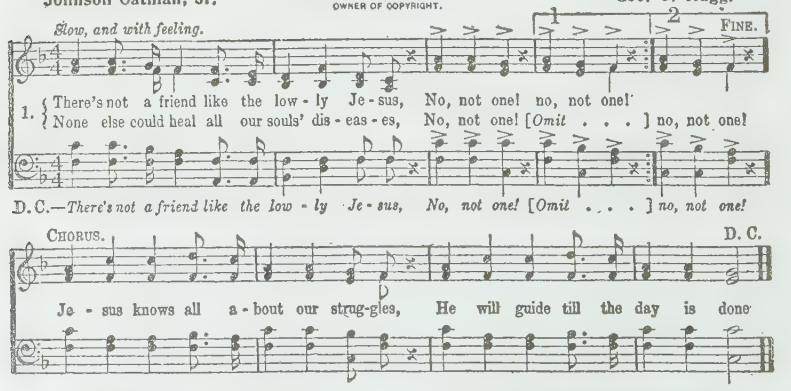
235 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His
vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make
FINE. CHORUS.
ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (D.S.2d time.)
make men free, While God is marching on.

236 No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Geo. C. Hugg.


Slow, and with feeling.
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!
D.C.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!
CHORUS.
D. C.
Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done

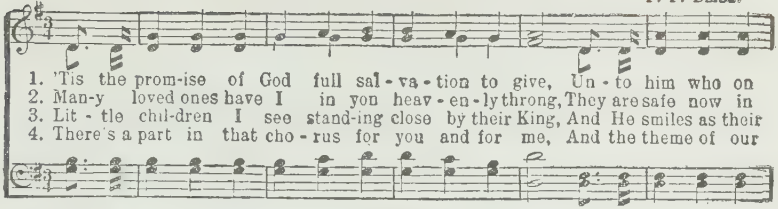
2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

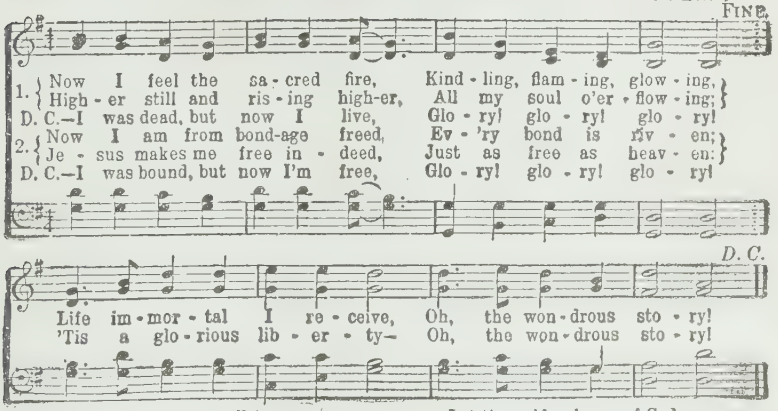
237 Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

P. P. B. *Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co.* P. P. Bliss.


1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God full sal-va-tion to give, Un-to him who on
2. Man-y loved ones have I in yon heav-en-ly throng, They are safe now in
3. Lit-tle chil-dren I see stand-ing close by their King, And He smiles as their
4. There's a part in that cho-rus for you and for me, And the theme of our
REFRAIN.
Je-sus, His Son, will be-lieve.
glo-ry, and this is their song: Hal-le-lu-jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the
song of sal-va-tion they sing.
prais-es for-ev-er shall be.
1
2
Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru-ci-fied One; cru-ci-fied One.

238 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Old Melody.


FINE.
1. Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kind-ling, flam-ing, glow-ing,
High-er still and ris-ing high-er, All my soul o'er-flow-ing;
D. C.—I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!
2. Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev-'ry bond is riv-en;
Je-sus makes me free in-deed, Just as free as heav-en:
D. C.—I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!
D. C.
Life im-mor-tal I re-ceive, Oh, the won-drous sto-ry!
'Tis a glo-rious lib-er-ty— Oh, the won-drous sto-ry!

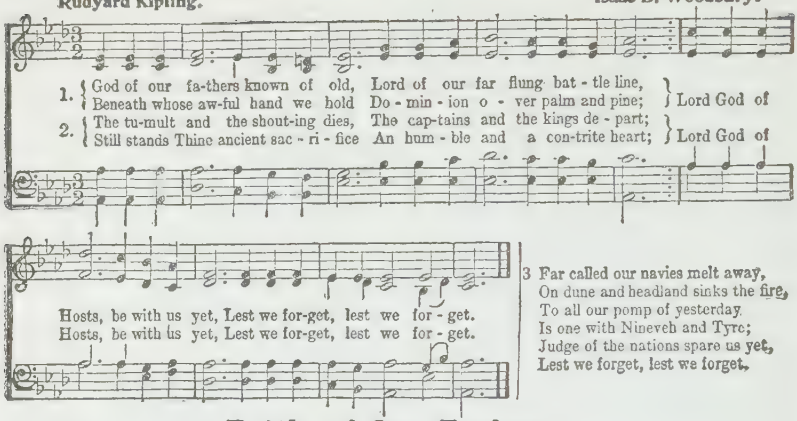
3 Let the testimony roll,'
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This complete salvation.
Now I know 'tis full and free;
Oh, the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us.
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free;
Bursts their bonds asunder;
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
Glory! glory! glory!

239 Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling. Isaac B. Woodbury.


1. God of our fa-thers known of old, Lord of our far flung bat-tle line,
Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine; Lord God of
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part;
Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice An hum-ble and a con-trite heart; Lord God of
Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.

3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

240 Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

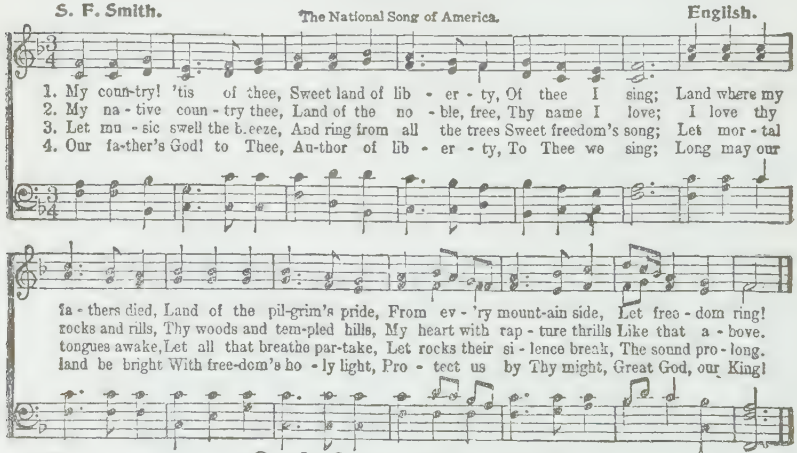
1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword: [joy
O how our hearts beat high with
Whene'er we hear that glorious word
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free; [fate,
How sweet would be their children's
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife: [how,
And preach Thee, too, as love knows
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

241 America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.


1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry mount-ain side, Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
land be bright With free-dom's ho-ly light, Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

242 God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

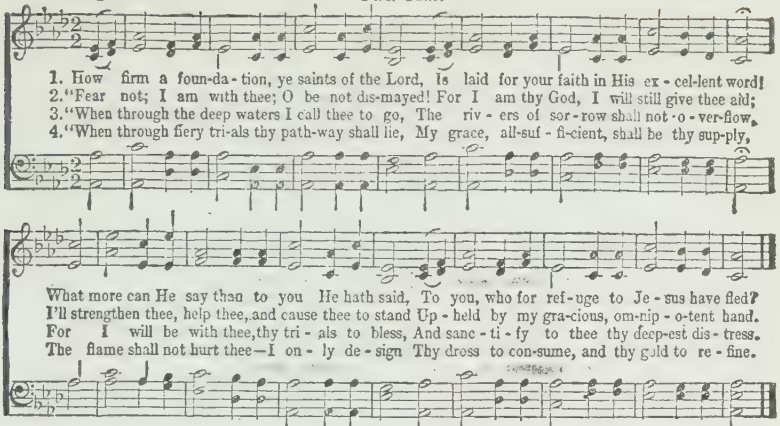
1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2 Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

243 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.*


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,
What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

244 My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

245 Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

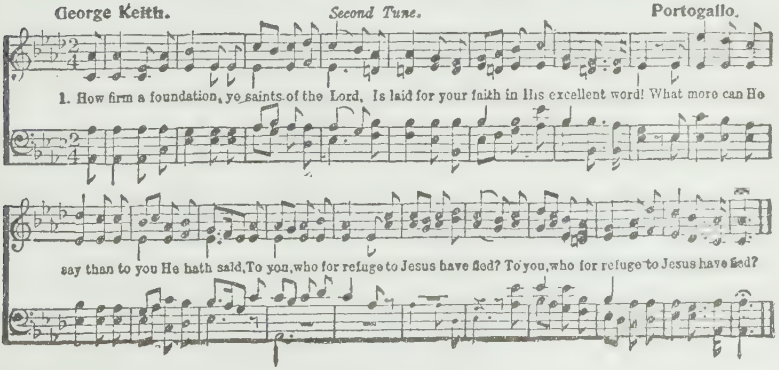
1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

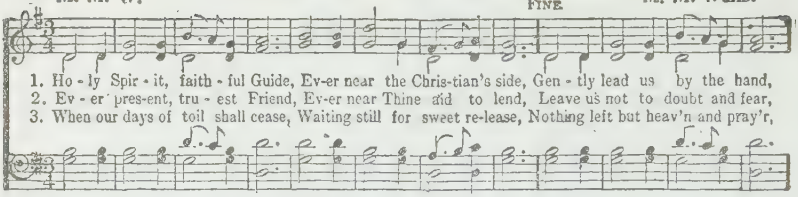
How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.

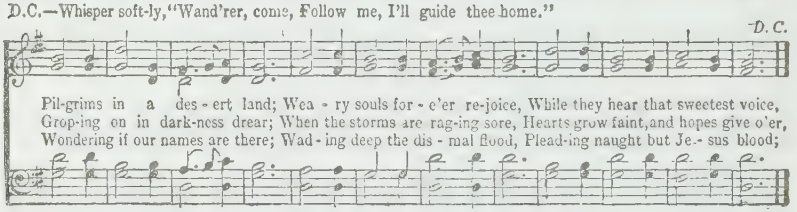

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He
say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

246 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

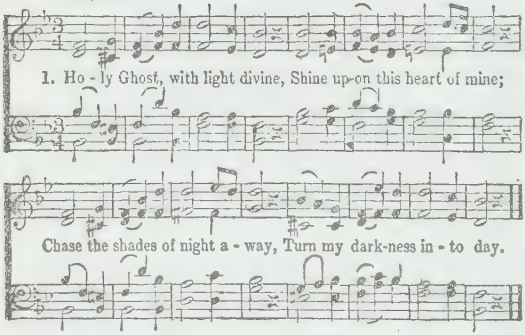

FINE
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."


D. C.
Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wond'ring if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

247 Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



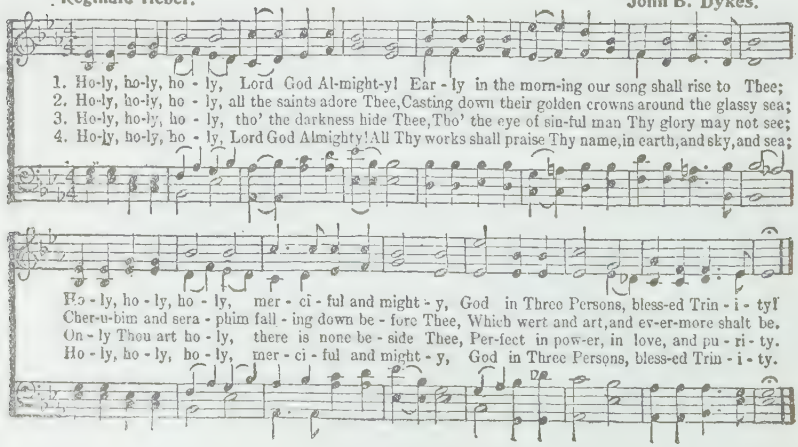
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

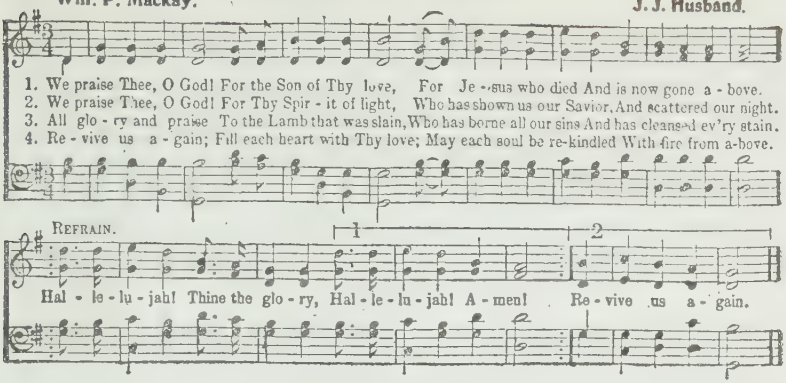
248 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

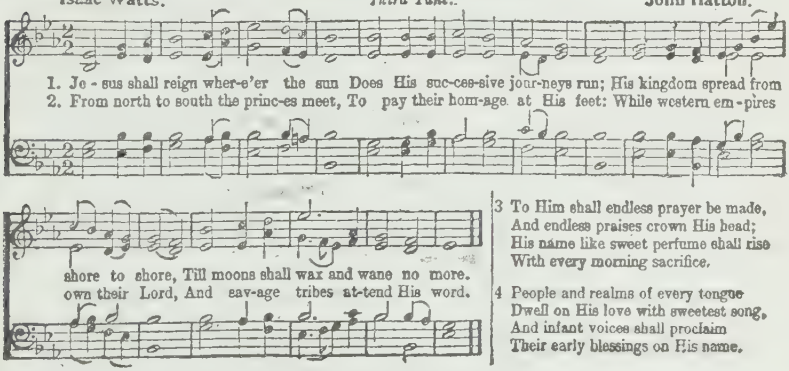
249 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.


1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

250 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

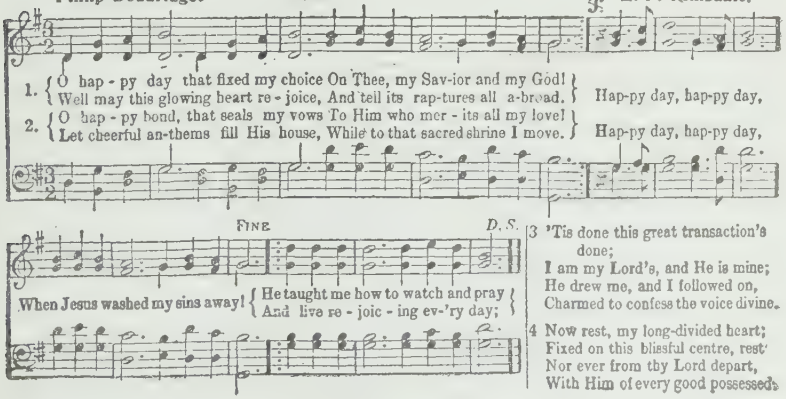

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires
shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And eav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

251 Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

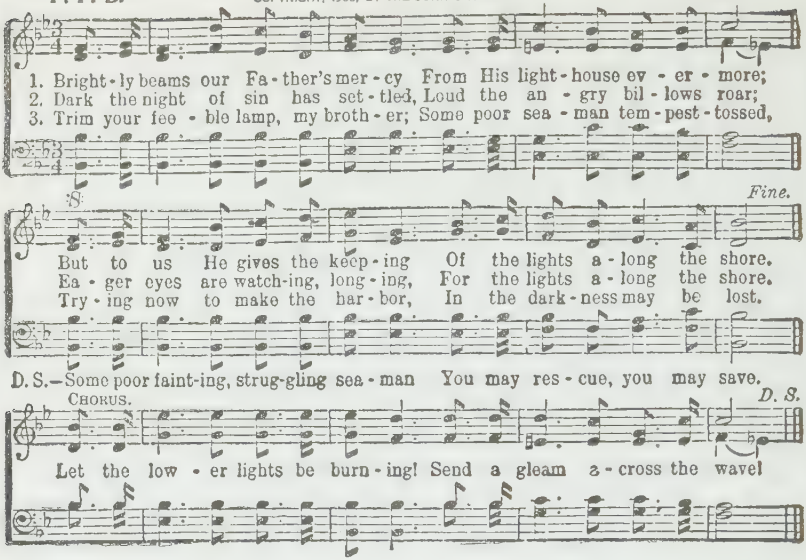

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! / Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
FINE
D. S.
When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray / And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

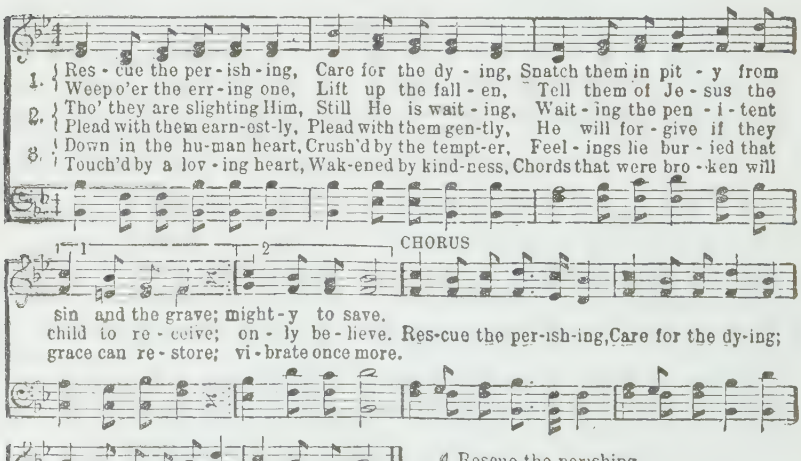
252 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea-man tem-pest-tossed,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
Fine.
D. S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
D. S.
CHORUS.
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

253 Rescue the Perishing.

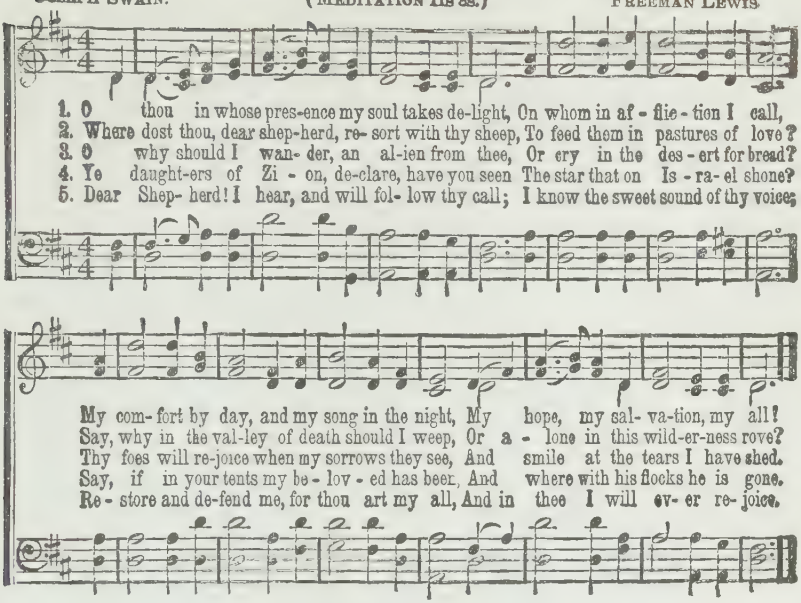
Fanny J. Crosby PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus the
3. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
Plead with them earn-est-ly, Plead with them gen-tly, He will for-give if they
Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness, Chords that were bro-ken will
CHORUS
sin and the grave; might-y to save.
child to re-ceive; on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing;
grace can re-store; vi-brate once more.
Je-sus is mer-ci-ful Je-sus will save.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

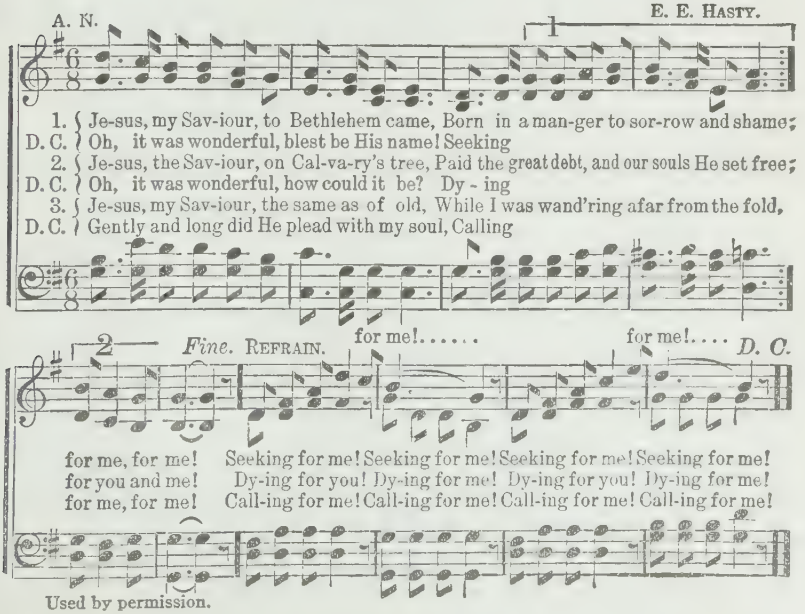
254 O Thou in Whose Presence.

JOSEPH SWAIN. (MEDITATION 11s 8s.) FREEMAN LEWIS.


1. O thou in whose pres-ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call,
2. Where dost thou, dear shep-herd, re- sort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. O why should I wan- der, an al-ien from thee, Or cry in the des - ert for bread?
4. Ye daught-ers of Zi - on, de-clare, have you seen The star that on Is - ra- el shone?
5. Dear Shep- herd! I hear, and will fol- low thy call; I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
My com- fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal- va-tion, my all!
Say, why in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wild-er-ness rove?
Thy foes will re-joice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my be - lov - ed has been, And where with his flocks he is gone.
Re - store and de-fend me, for thou art my all, And in thee I will ev- er re- joice.

255 Seeking For Me.

A. N. E. E. HASTY.


1. (Je-sus, my Sav-iour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a man-ger to sor-row and shame;
D. C.) Oh, it was wonderful, blest be His name! Seeking
2. (Je-sus, the Sav-iour, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and our souls He set free;
D. C.) Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy - ing
3. (Je-sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring afar from the fold,
D. C.) Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling
for me!..... for me!.... D. C.
Fine. REFRAIN.
for me, for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
for you and me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for you! Dy-ing for me!
for me, for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me!

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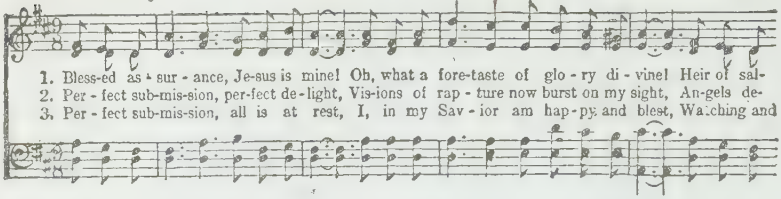
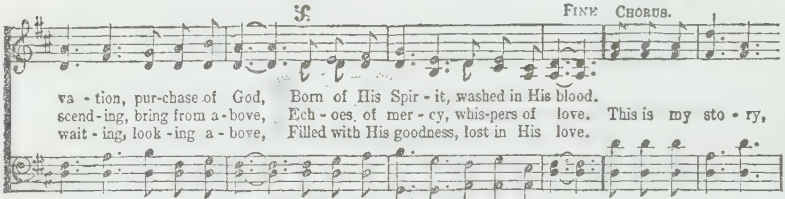
256 Blessed Assurance.

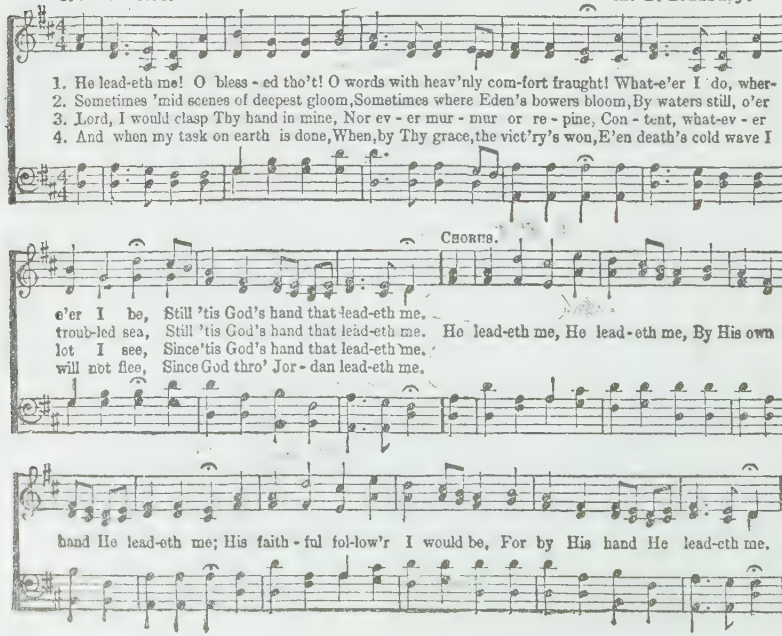
F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and


FINE CHORUS.
va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.
D. S.
this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

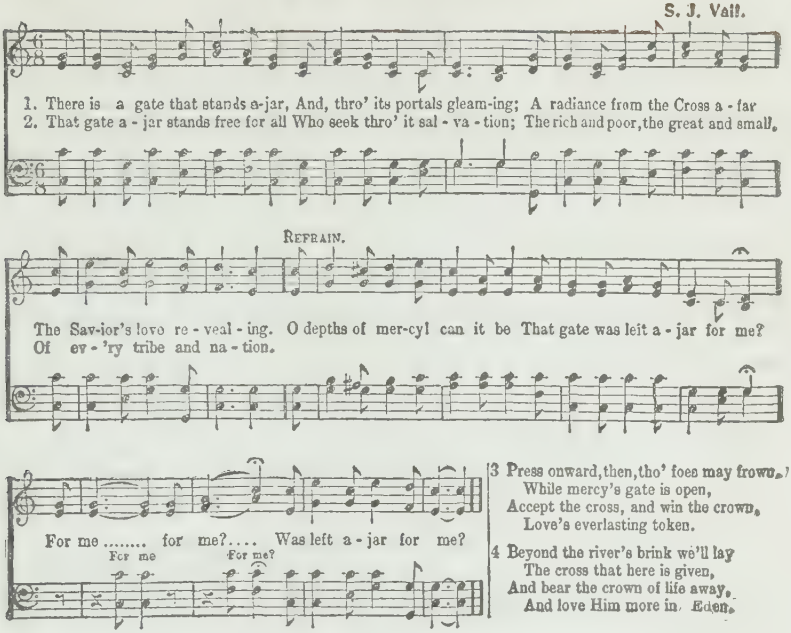
257 He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I
CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

258 The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.


1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a - far
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the great and small,
REFRAIN.
The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
For me ..... for me?.... Was left a - jar for me?
For me
For me?

3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in Eden.

259 God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

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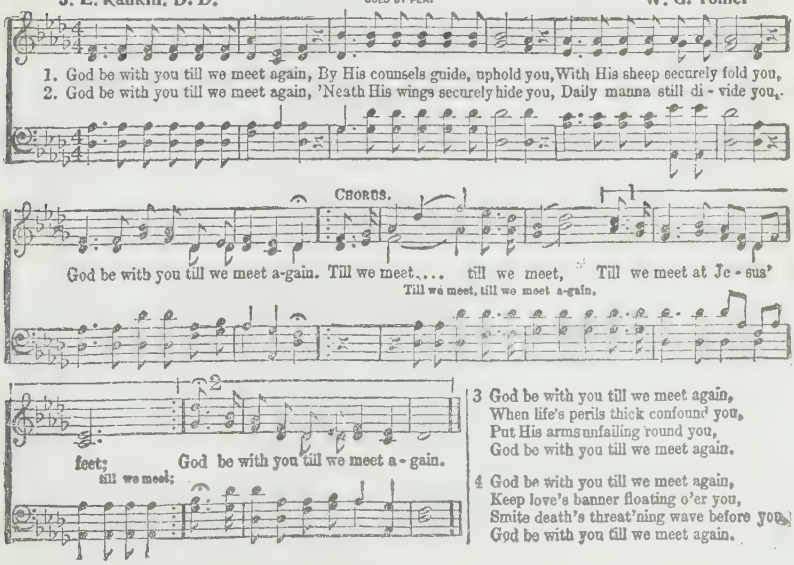
W. G. Tomer

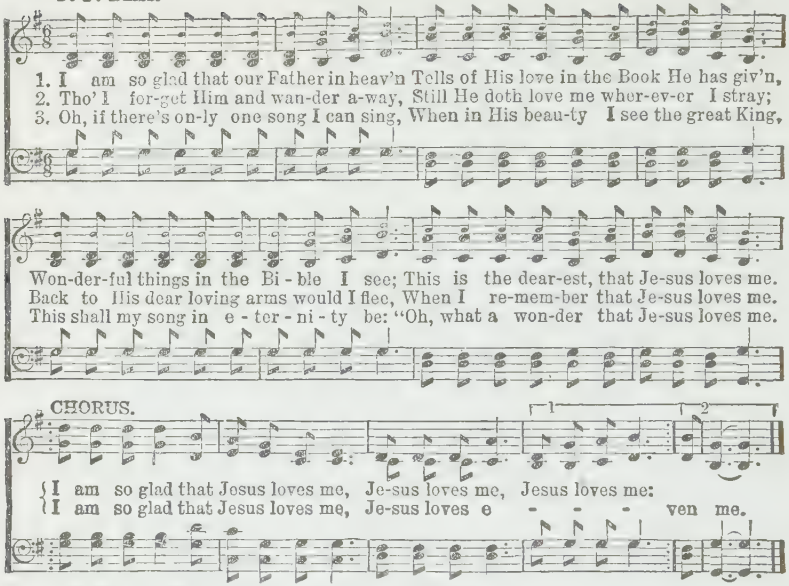

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,
CHORUS.
God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet,... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.
feet;
till we meet;
God be with you till we meet a - gain.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

260 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. Bliss. "God is love."—1 John 4: 8. P. P. Bliss.


1. I am so glad that our Father in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n,
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-ev-er I stray;
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King,
Won-der-ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be: "Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me.
CHORUS.
1
2
I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Jesus loves me:
I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves e - - - ven me.

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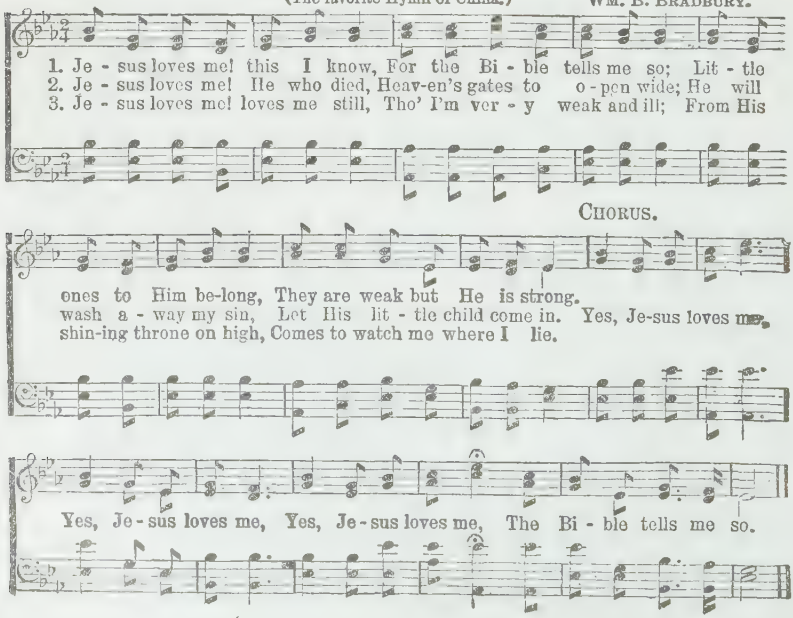
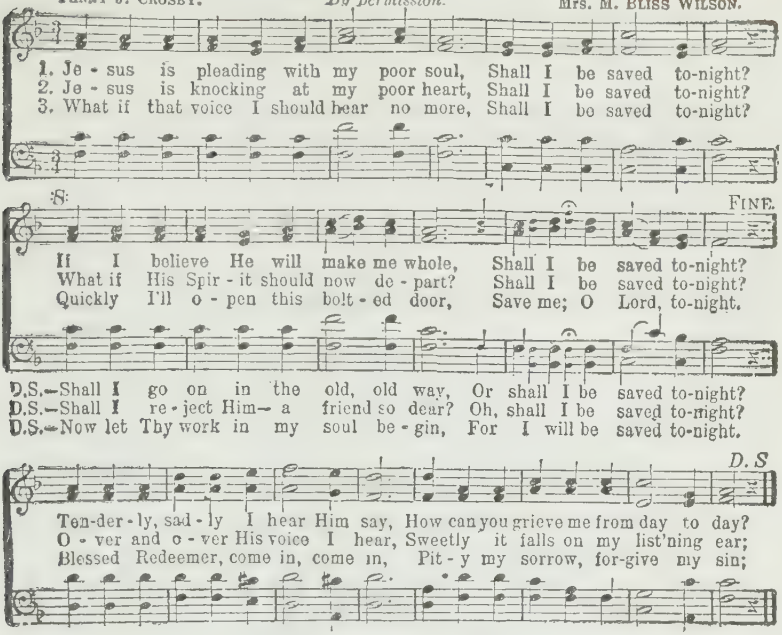
261 Jesus Loves Me

(The favorite Hymn of China.) Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gates to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
CHORUS.
ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

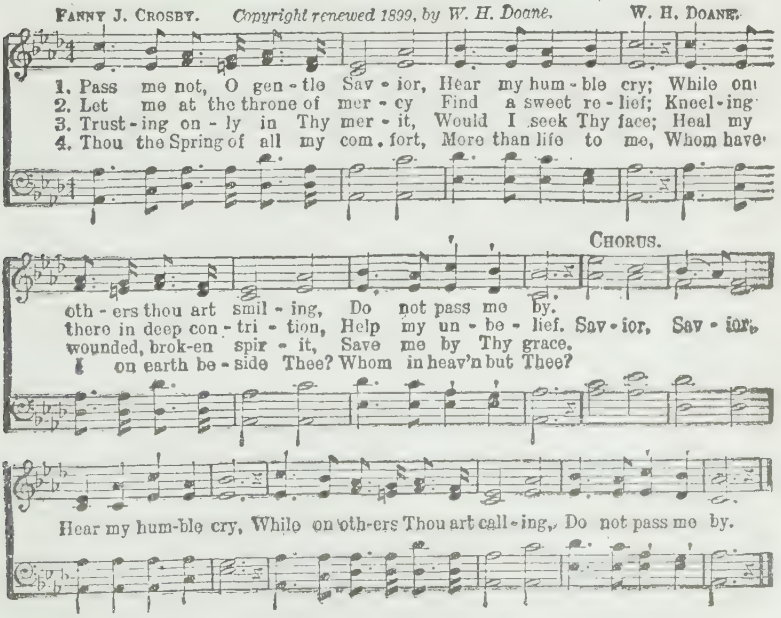
262 Shall I Be Saved To-night?

FANNY J. CROSBY. *By permission.* Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON.

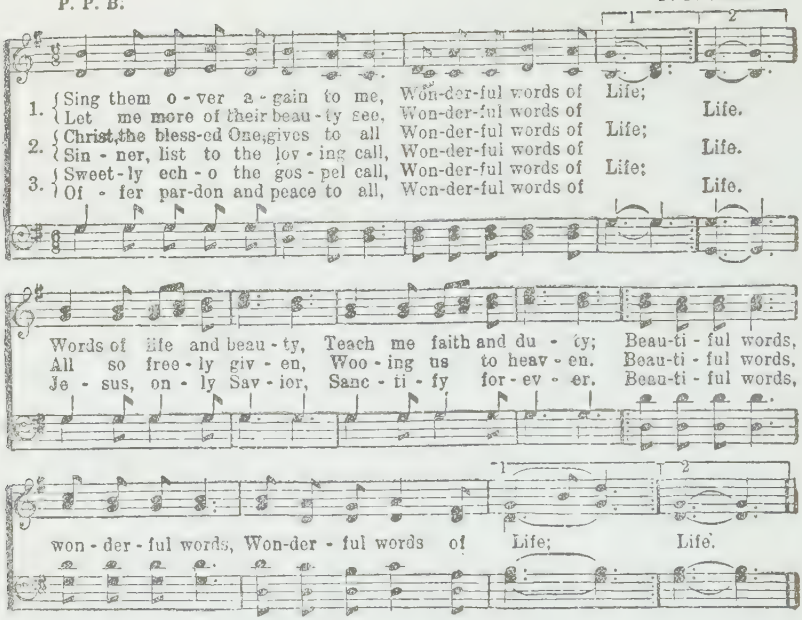

1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
2. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
3. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?
If I believe He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His Spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to-night?
Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me; O Lord, to-night.
D.S.—Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
D.S.—Shall I re - ject Him— a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
D.S.—Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.
Ten-der - ly, sad - ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sorrow, for-give my sin;

263 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *Copyright renewed 1899, by W. H. Doane.* W. H. DOANE.

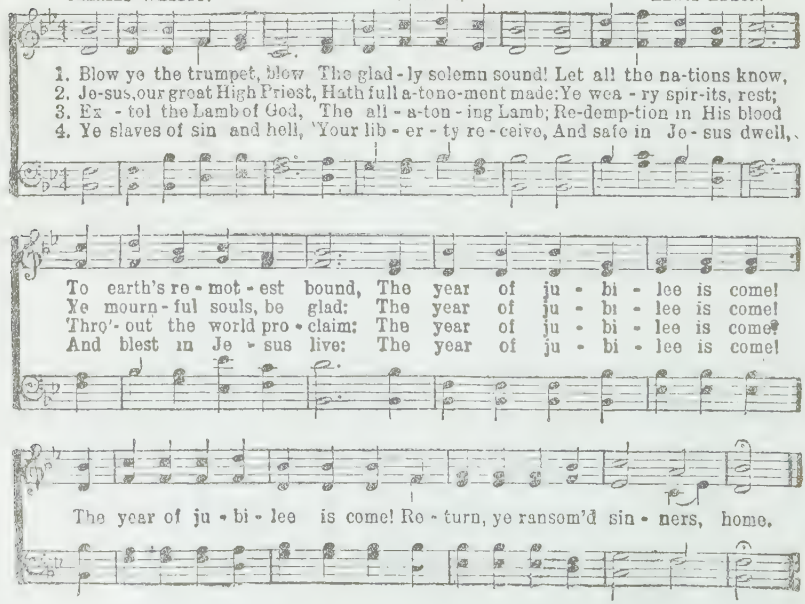

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have
CHORUS.
oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
wounded, brok-en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Hear my hum-ble cry, While on oth-ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

264 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; Beau-ti - ful words,
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. Beau-ti - ful words,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. Beau-ti - ful words,
won - der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life; Life.

265 The Year of Jubilee.

Charles Wesley. LENOX. H. M. Lewis Edson.


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad - ly solemn sound! Let all the na-tions know,
2. Je-sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a-tone-ment made: Ye wea - ry spir-its, rest;
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a-ton - ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion in His blood
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty re - ceive, And safe in Je - sus dwell,
To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Ye mourn - ful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Thro'-out the world pro - claim: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
And blest in Je - sus live: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
The year of ju - bi - lee is come! Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

266 Jesus Saves!

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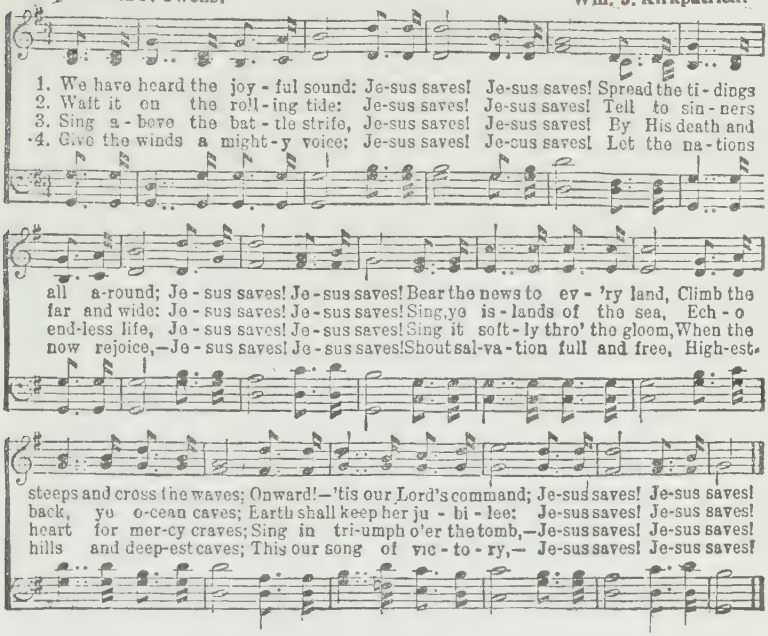
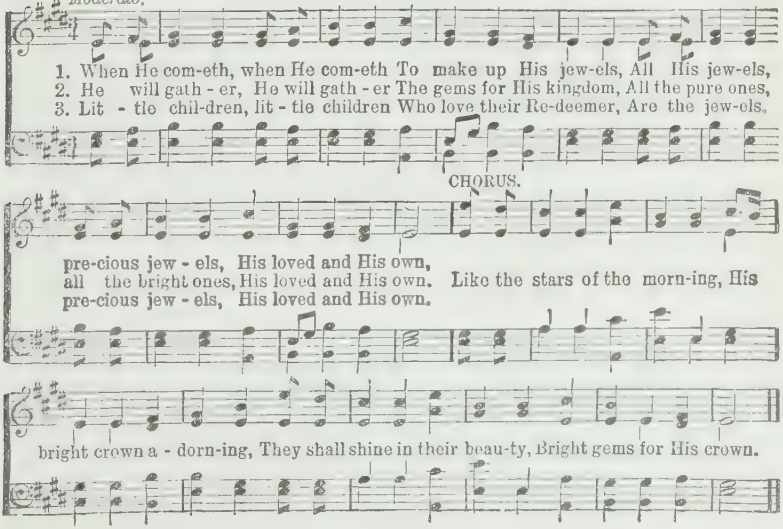
Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Spread the ti - dings
2. Wait it on the roll - ing tide: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Tell to sin - ners
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! By His death and
4. Give the winds a might - y voice; Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves! Let the na - tions
all a-round; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
end-less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
now rejoice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Shout sal-va - tion full and free, High-est
steeps and cross the waves; Onward!—'tis our Lord's command; Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
back, ye o-cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
heart for mer-cy craves; Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb,—Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!
hills and deep-est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je-sus saves! Je-sus saves!

267 Jewels.

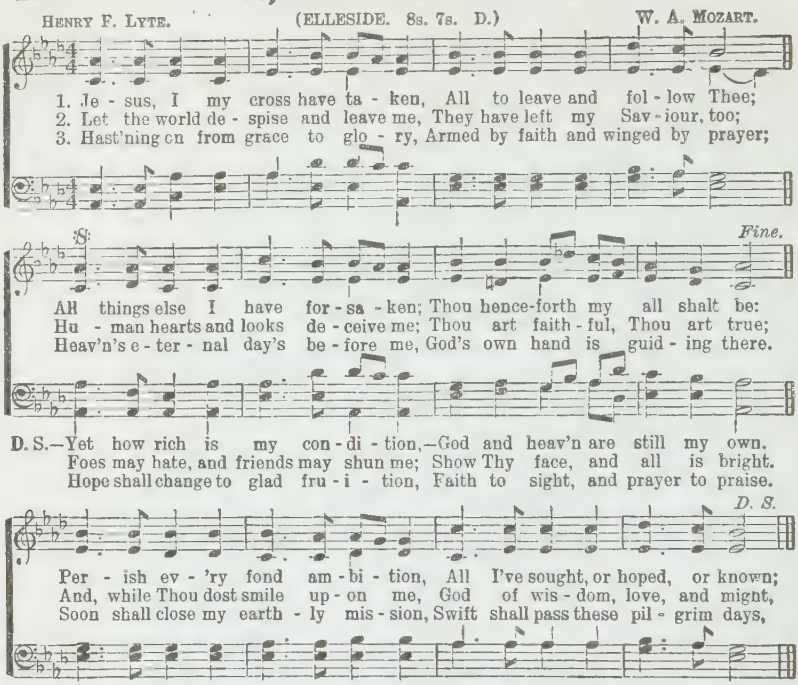
Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.


1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els, All His jew-els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His kingdom, All the pure ones,
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle children Who love their Re-deemer, Are the jew-els.
CHORUS.
pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own,
all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn-ing, His
pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
bright crown a - dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

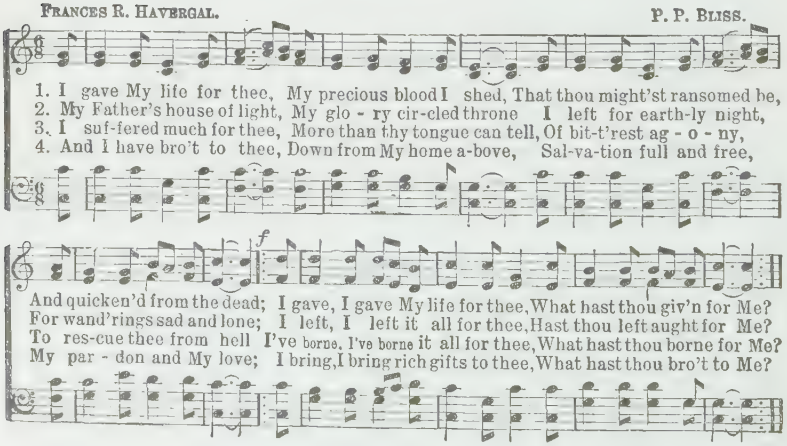
268 I My Cross Have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. (ELLESIDE. 8s. 7s. D.) W. A. MOZART.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;
3. Hast'ning on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
8
Fine.
All things else I have for - sa - ken; Thou hence-forth my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art faith - ful, Thou art true;
Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore me, God's own hand is guid - ing there.
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion,—God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
D. S.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And, while Thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
Soon shall close my earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass these pil - grim days,

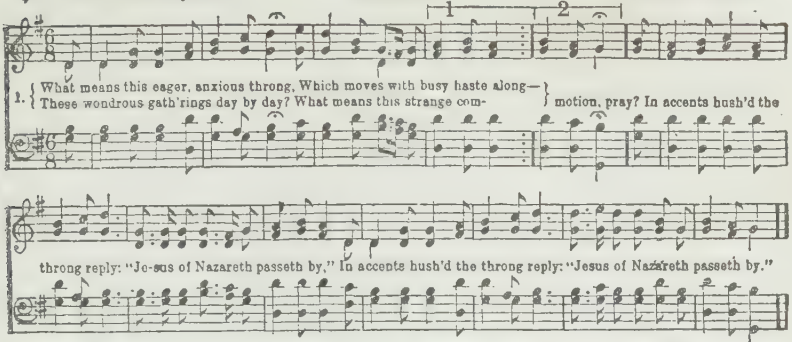
269 I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.


1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be,
2. My Father's house of light, My glo - ry cir-cled throne I left for earth-ly night,
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bit-t'rest ag - o - ny,
4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from My home a-bove, Sal-va-tion full and free,
f
And quicken'd from the dead; I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
For wand'rings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
To res-cue thee from hell I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
My par - don and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou bro't to Me?

270 Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.


1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange com-
motion, pray? In accents hush'd the
throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by." In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

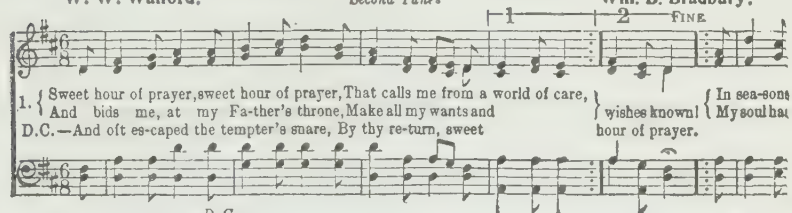
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

271 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

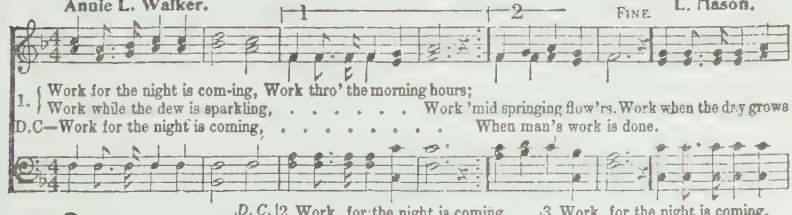

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known!
In sea-sons
My soul hat
D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
FINE.
D. C.
of dis-tress and grief
oft - en found re-
lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

272 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

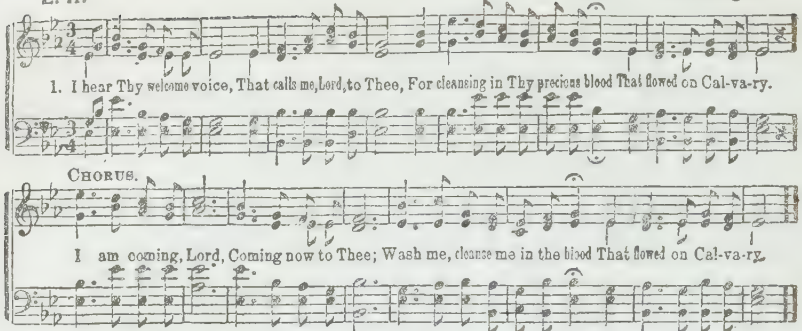

1. Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, ... Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C—Work for the night is coming, ... When man's work is done.
FINE.
D. C.
brighter, Work in the glowing sun,

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

273 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
Chorus.
I am coming, Lord, Coming now to Thee; Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

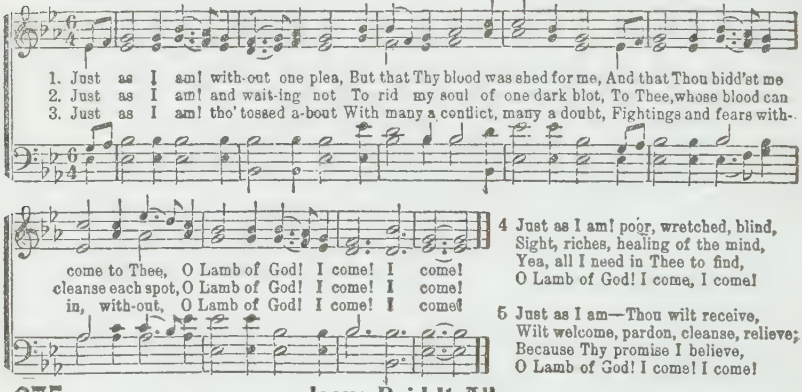
2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That every promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

274 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

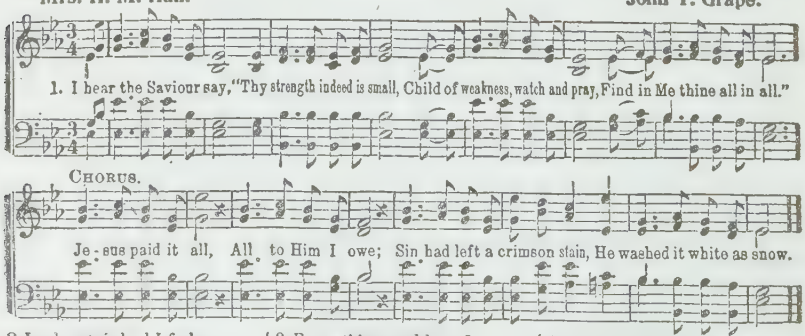

1. Just as I am! without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears with-
come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

275 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
Chorus.
Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

276 Is Thy Heart Right with God?

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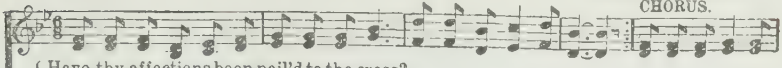
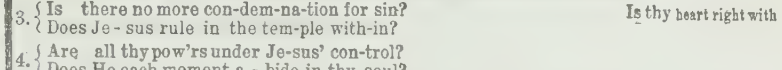
E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

CHORUS.



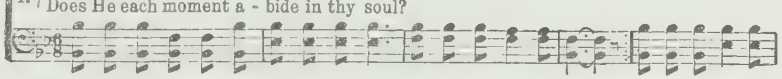
1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross?
   Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin?
   O - ver all e - vil without and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin?
   Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol?
   Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul?

Is thy heart right with



God, Wasd'd in the crimson flood, Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?

of God.

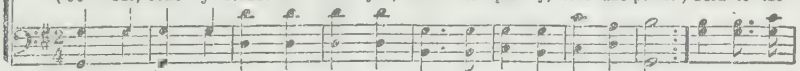


277 Come, Ye Sinners.

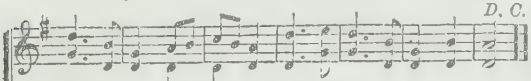
Hart. J. Ingalls.

FINE. CHORUS.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
   Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. Turn to the



D.C.—*Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

D. C.

Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name,

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

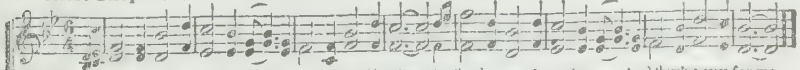
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

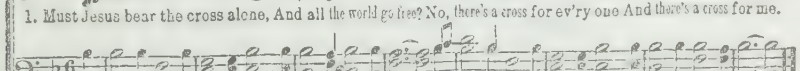
5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies.

278 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.



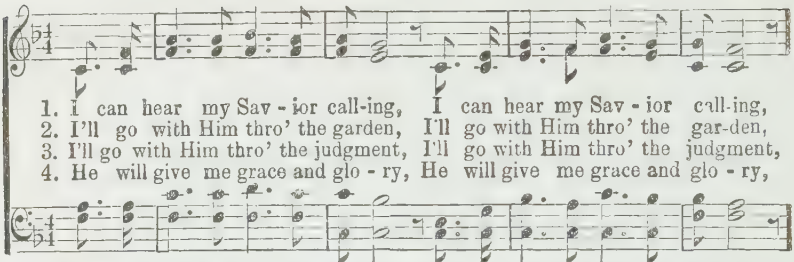
2 How happy are the saints above.
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

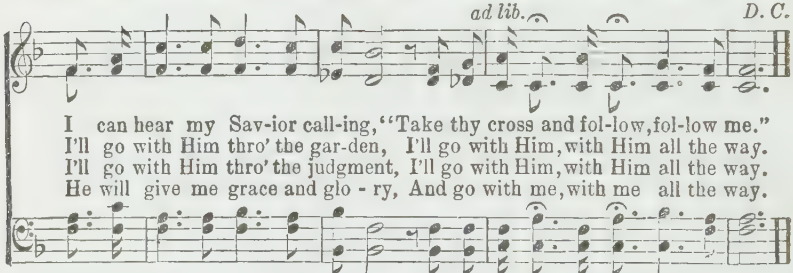
3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

279 The Way of the Cross.

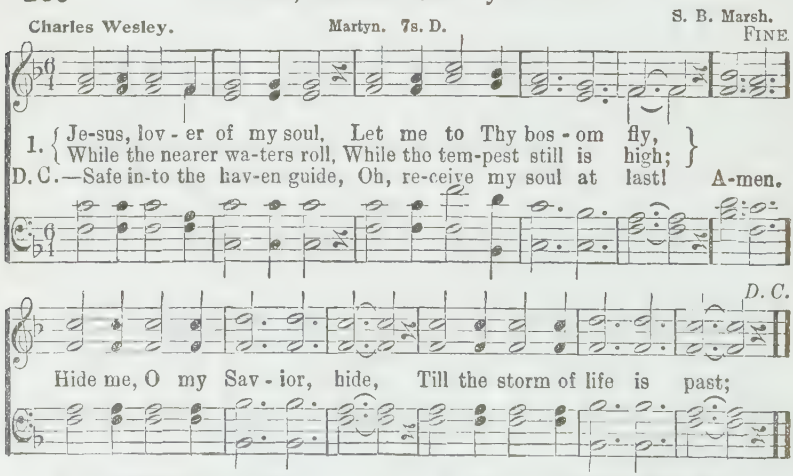
E. W. BLANDLY; Arr. from P. P. BLISS.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D.C.-Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,


ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

280 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. Martyn. 7s. D. S. B. Marsh.

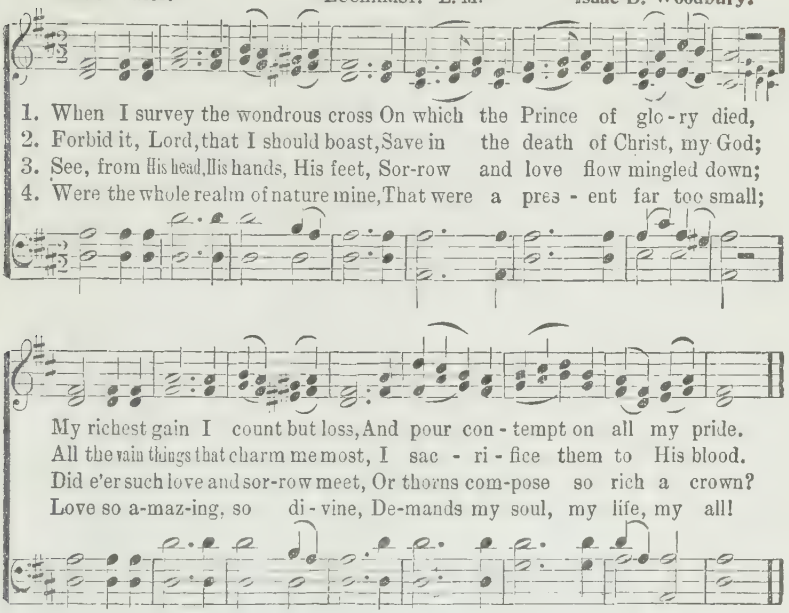

FINE
1. { Je-sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high; }
D. C.—Safe in-to the hav-en guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last! A-men.
D. C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

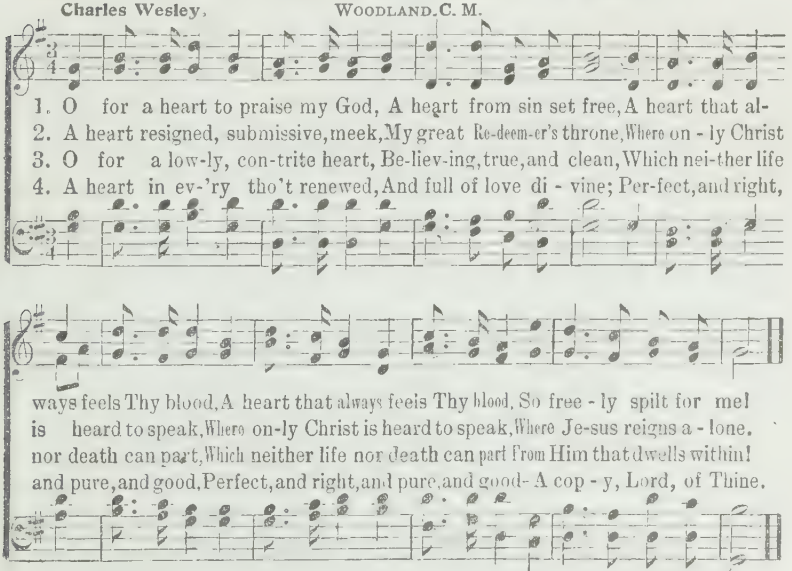
281 When I Survey the Wondrous Gross.

Isaac Watts. EUCHARIST. L. M. Isaac B. Woodbury.


1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all!

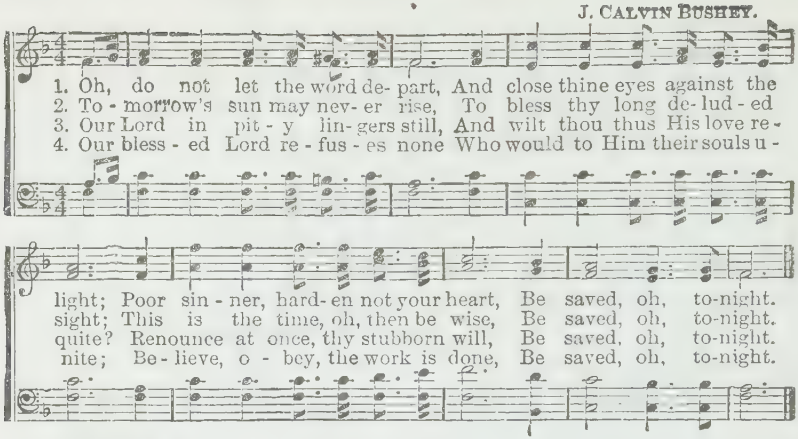
282 O for a Heart to Praise My God!

Charles Wesley. WOODLAND. C. M.

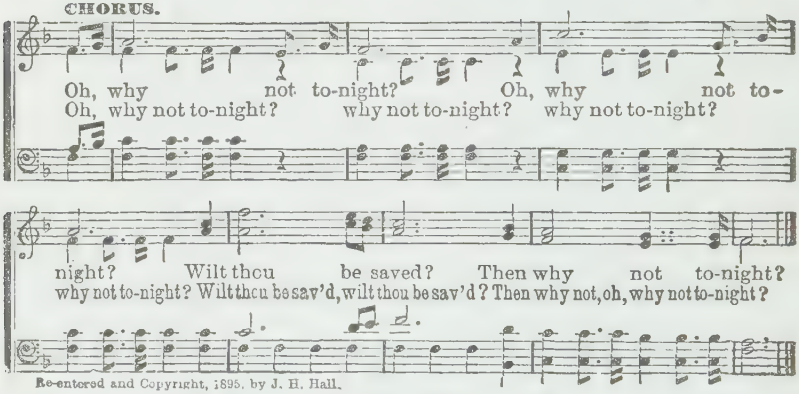

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A heart that al-
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne, Where on - ly Christ
3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean, Which nei-ther life
4. A heart in ev-'ry tho't renewed, And full of love di - vine; Per-fect, and right,
ways feels Thy blood, A heart that always feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!
is heard to speak, Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a - lone.
nor death can part, Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within!
and pure, and good, Perfect, and right, and pure, and good- A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

283 Oh, Why Not To-night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.


1. Oh, do not let the word de- part, And close thine eyes against the
2. To - morrow's sun may nev- er rise, To bless thy long de- lud - ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin- gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re -
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u -
light; Poor sin - ner, hard- en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
quite? Renounce at once, thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.


Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
why not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

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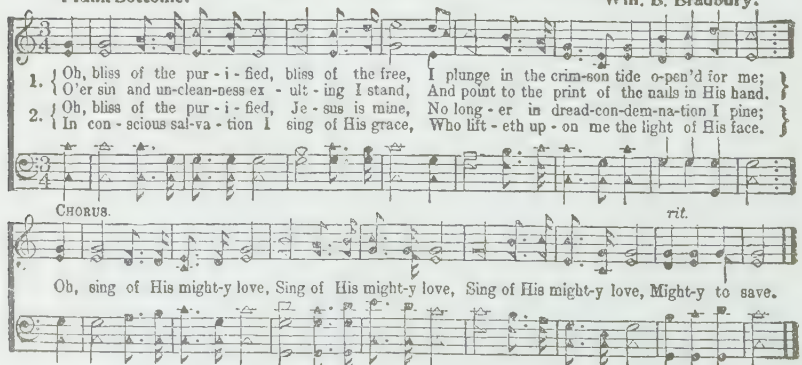
284 O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
2. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
In con - scious sal-va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.
CHORUS.
rit.
Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

285 While Jesus Whispers.

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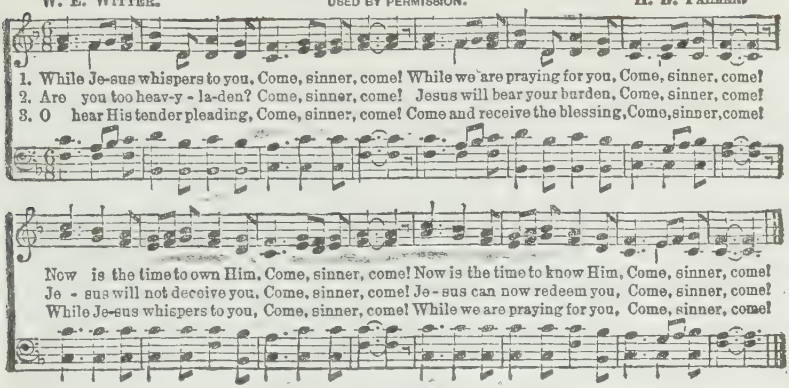
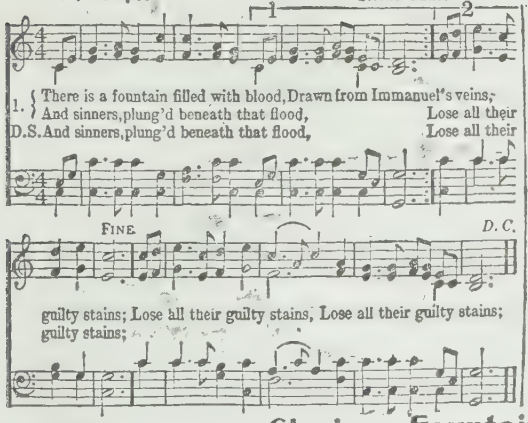

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

286 There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
FINE
D.C.
guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

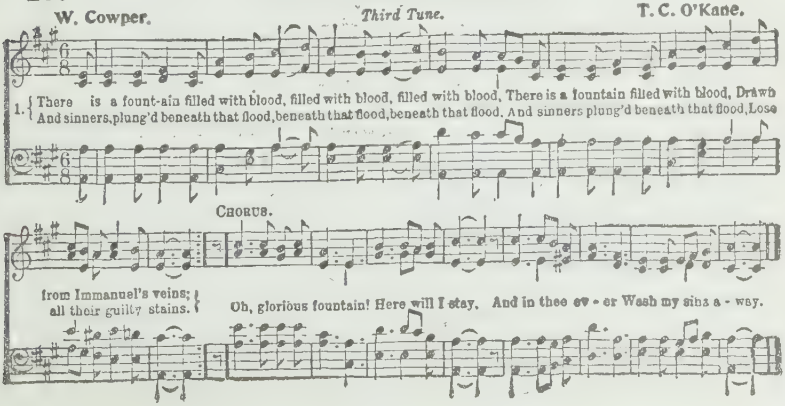
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

287 Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.


1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood. And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose
CHORUS.
from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains.
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay. And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

288 Have You Been to Jesus?

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Cho.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

289 Satisfied.

8s & 7s.

1 All my life long I had panted
For a draught from some cool spring
That I hoped would quench the burning
Of the thirst I felt within.

Cho.—Hallelujah! I have found Him—
Whom my soul so long has craved!
Jesus satisfies my longings;
Through His blood I now am saved.

2 Feeding on the husks around me,
Till my strength was almost gone,
Longed my soul for something better,
Only still to hunger on.

3 Poor I was, and sought for riches,
Something that would satisfy,
But the dust I gathered round me
Only mocked my soul's sad cry.

4 Well of water, ever springing,
Bread of life, so rich and free,
Untold wealth that never faileth,
My Redeemer is to me.

290 The Precious Name.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

Cho.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven,
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

291 It Reaches Me.

8s & 7s.

1 O this uttermost salvation,
'Tis a fountain full and free,
Pure, exhaustless, ever-flowing,
Wondrous grace! it reaches me.

Cho.—It reaches me, it reaches me;
Wondrous grace! it reaches me;
Pure, exhaustless, ever-flowing,
Wondrous grace! it reaches me.

2 How amazing, God's compassion,
That so vile a worm should prove
This stupendous bliss of heaven,
This unmeasured wealth of love.

3 Jesus, Savior, I adore Thee!
How Thy love I will proclaim;
I will tell the blessed story,
I will magnify Thy name.

292 Believing and Receiving.

1 Sins of years are washed away,
Blackest stains become as snow,
Darkest night is changed to day,
When I to the fountain go.

Cho.—I'm believing and receiving,
While I to the fountain go;
And my heart the blood is cleansing
Whiter than the driven snow.

2 Doubts and fears are borne along
On the current's ceaseless flow;
Sorrow changes into song,
When I to the fountain go.

3 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love I know;
All my treasure is above,
When I to the fountain go.

293 Inward Holiness.

C. M.

1 What is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till He shall touch me clean.
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin.
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners—me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to Him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart His home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! He saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart."

6 Be it according to Thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

294 The Christian Warfare.

C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb.
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

295 Entire Consecration.

7s.

1 Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift to ever follow Thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

4 Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord—I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

296 Victorious Faith.

C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

297 A Charge to Keep.

S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fuifil,
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

298 Consecration.

1 My body, soul and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee;
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.

Cho.—My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire;
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I'm waiting for the fire.

2 O Jesus, mighty Savior,
I trust in Thy great name,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

3 Oh, let the fire, descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy cleansing blood;
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.

299 Why Do You Wait?

1 Why do you wait, dear brother,
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Savior is waiting to give you
A place in His sanctified throng.

Cho.—Why not, why not?
Why not come to Him now?

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but His way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept His salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away,
Your Savior is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay.

300 All for Jesus.

1 All for Jesus, all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers:
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours.

Ref.—All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.

2 Let my hands perform His bidding,
Let my feet run in His ways.
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.

301 To Be Lost in the Night.

1 Oh, come to the Savior, thou poor, weary soul,
'Tis Je-sus invites thee to come;
By the power of His blood would He now make thee whole,
And fit thee to dwell in His home.

2 His great, loving heart beats in pity for Thee,
He anxiously waits for thee now;
Oh, turn not away, but His bleeding hands see,
They'll smooth the dark clouds from thy brow.

3 Your time now is passing, eternity's near,
The sun hangs low o'er thy way;
Oh, turn to Him now, the glad gospel word hear,
Oh, hasten while yet there is day.

4 To be lost in the night, in eternity's night,
To sink in despair and in woe!
But such is thy doom, if thou turn from the light,
Refusing His mercy to know.

302 Arise, My Soul.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

303 We're Marching to Zion.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround His throne.

Cho.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

304 Fill Me Now.

1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit,
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence;
Come, O come and fill me now.

Cho.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now;
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence;
Come, O come and fill me now.

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;
Come, O come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness,
At Thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me,
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

305 Take Me As I Am.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
Unless Thou help me, I must die:
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

Cho.—Take me as I am,
Take me as I am,
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
But take me as I am!

3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove,
But since to Thee I cannot move,
O take me as I am!

4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am!

306 The Ancient Days.

L. M.

1 O for that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and sealed him Thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?

3 That Spirit which from age to age
Proclaimed Thy love and taught Thy ways?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4 Is not Thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore;
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

307 Near the Cross.

1 Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Cho.—In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and Morning Star
Sheds its beams around me.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting, ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

308 Yielding All.

S. M.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled
And own Thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion, Thou;
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

309 Linger Not.

Tune: Sweet By and By.

1 Thine iniquity swells like the tide.
And the day of His vengeance is come;
Canst thy spirit His coming abide?
Canst thou bear the impenitent's doom?

Cho.—Precious soul, linger not!
Linger not on the storm-covered plain;
Precious soul, linger not,
Or thy life will be lost with the slain.

2 Oh, escape to the mountain of God!
Linger not on the storm-covered plain,
For the cloud of His wrath spreads abroad,
And 'tis death to thy soul to remain.

3 There are loved ones who stay with the lost!
There are treasures to think of and leave;
But thy soul is of infinite cost;
Break away from thine idols and live.

310 Missionary Hymn.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

311 Mighty to Save.

1 All glory to Jesus be given,
That life and salvation are free;
And all may be washed and forgiven,
And Jesus can save even me.

Cho.—Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
And all His salvation may know;
On His bosom I lean,
And His blood makes me clean.
For His blood can wash whiter than snow.

2 From darkness and sin and despair,
Out into the light of His love,
He has brought me and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 The rapturous heights of His love,
The measureless depths of His grace,
My soul all His fulness would prove,
And live in His loving embrace.

4 In Him all my wants are supplied;
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely His blood is applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow.

312 Backsliding Deplored.

C. M.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

313 Blest Be the Tie.

S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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